MARVEL

VOL 2

DEADPOOL©

CLASSIC

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HE'S THE MERC WITH A MOUTH, THE ASSASSIN WITH ELAN, THE WRYEST WISECRACKER OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, NOW IN A COLLECTION OF HIS EARLIEST SAGAS!

Landau, Luckman, and Lake want Deadpool to rebuild himself as a hero — but he'll be lucky to pull himself together as he is! His healing factor's down, and the only thing that'll juice it up is a dose of the Incredible Hulk's blood, administered by the Weapon X alumnus who helped make Deadpool what he is in the first place! Not even mad science can mend a torn heart, though, as Deadpool's infatuation with X-Force's Siryn (later of X-Factor) is challenged by Typhoid — who turns heads as easily as she cracks skulls! When she sets off on a grudge match against Daredevil, can Deadpool contain a killing machine even more off kilter than he is? Also featuring wily weapon-boy Weasel, hostage extraordinaire Blind Al and the Taskmaster, later of *Avengers: The Initiative*!

Collecting *Deadpool #2-8* and *#-1*, and *Daredevil/Deadpool Annual 1997* — written by JOE KELLY; and illustrated by ED McGUINNESS, KEVIN LAU, PETE WOODS, SHANNON DENTON, JOHN FANG, AARON LOPRESTI and BERNARD CHANG.

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MARVEL COMICS
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FEB '97
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DEAD-POOL
cutting class...
...at NINJA HIGH!
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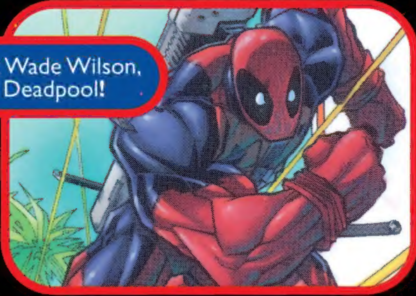
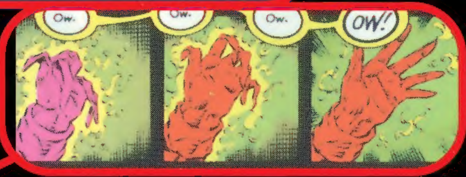
LIQUID!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW

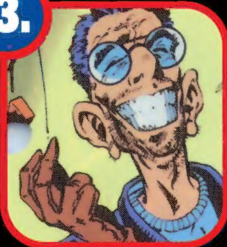
1. Meet Wade Wilson, a.k.a. Deadpool!

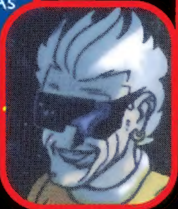


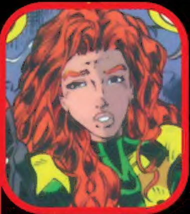
2. Imbued with an artificial derivative of Wolverine's healing factor, Deadpool can heal almost any wound. Embittered by his life experiences, he has chosen to pursue the life of a mercenary.



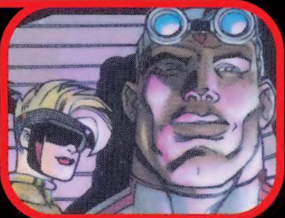
3. Deadpool has only two known confidants: his pal (and arms supplier) **Weasel,** and his prisoner/roommate, **Blind Alfred.** As her name suggests, Al is blind, but that never stops her from setting Deadpool straight. 'Pool also has a thing for the lovely **Siryn** of **X-Force.**



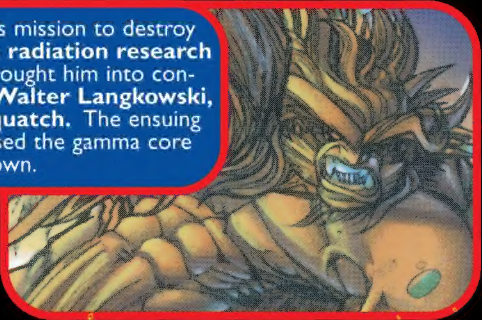




4. Last time, Deadpool was hired by **Noah** and **Zoe,** representatives of the intergalactic holding company, **Landau, Luckman & Lake.**

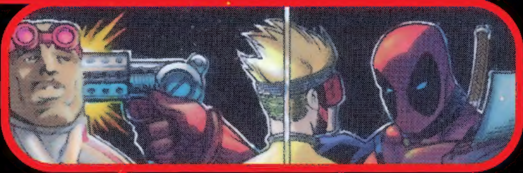


5. Deadpool's mission to destroy a **gamma radiation research facility** brought him into conflict with **Walter Langkowski,** a.k.a. **Sasquatch.** The ensuing battle caused the gamma core to melt down.



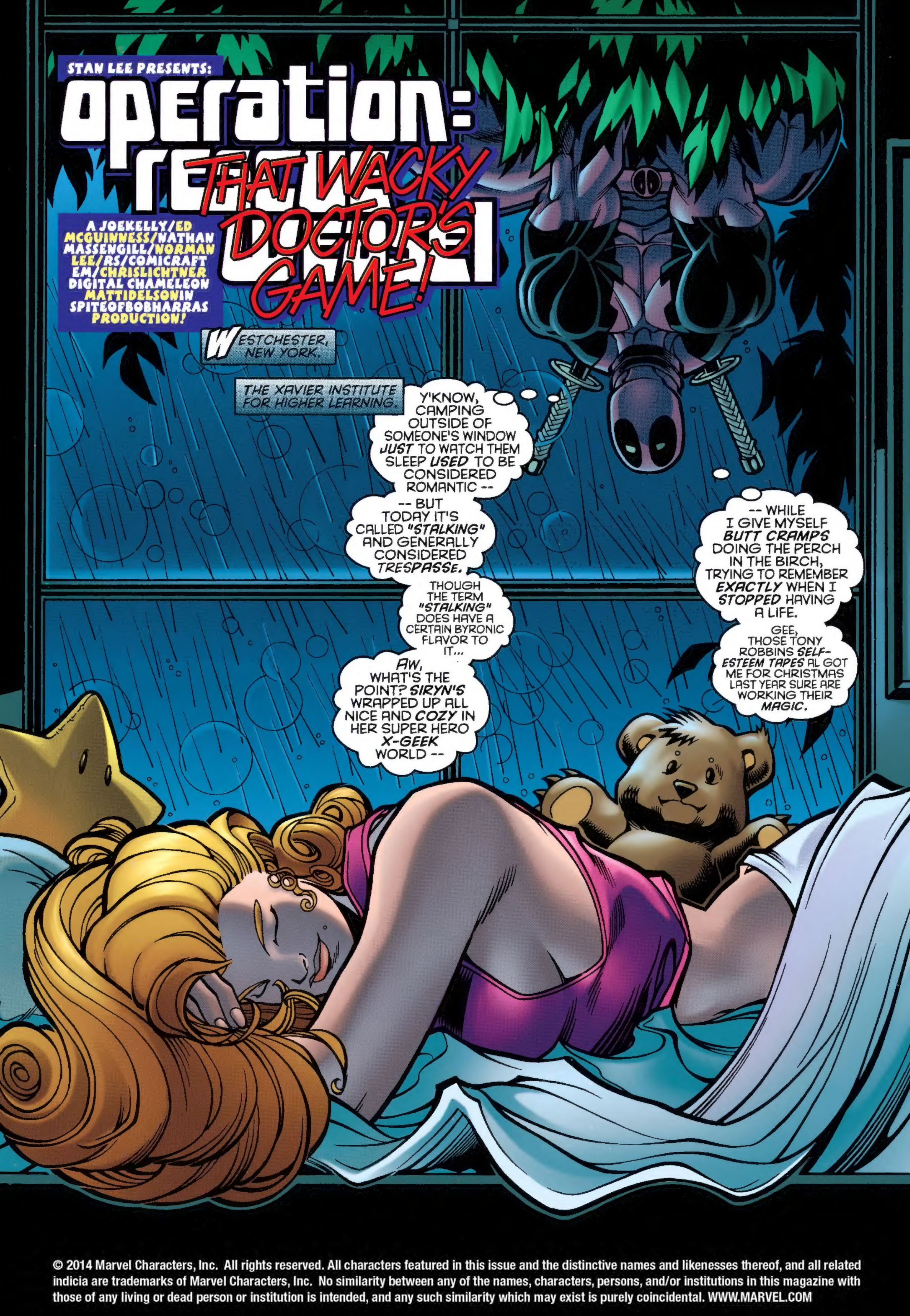
6. Realizing that thousands would perish in the ensuing explosion, Deadpool nearly gave his life to avert tragedy.

7. Once healed of his wounds, Deadpool came looking for answers. Noah and Zoe revealed that the mission was a test designed to see if, below his tough exterior, there might beat the heart of a hero.



8. Unable to confront his inner feelings, Deadpool rejected their offer to work for Landau, Luckman & Lake, his journey towards inner peace still unfulfilled.

9. Which brings us to the present...


STAN LEE PRESENTS:
operation:
THAT WACKY DOCTOR'S GAME!
A JOEKELLY/ED MCGUINNESS/NATHAN MASSENGILL/NORMAN LEE/RS/COMICRAFT EM/CHRISLICHTNER DIGITAL CHAMELEON MATTIDELSONIN SPITEOFBOBHARRAS PRODUCTION!
WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.
THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
Y'KNOW, CAMPING OUTSIDE OF SOMEONE'S WINDOW JUST TO WATCH THEM SLEEP USED TO BE CONSIDERED ROMANTIC --
-- BUT TODAY IT'S CALLED "STALKING" AND GENERALLY CONSIDERED TRESPASSE.
THOUGH THE TERM "STALKING" DOES HAVE A CERTAIN BYRONIC FLAVOR TO IT...
AW, WHAT'S THE POINT? SIRYN'S WRAPPED UP ALL NICE AND COZY IN HER SUPER HERO X-GEEK WORLD --
-- WHILE I GIVE MYSELF BUTT CRAMPS DOING THE PERCH IN THE BIRCH, TRYING TO REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN I STOPPED HAVING A LIFE.
GEE, THOSE TONY ROBBINS SELF-ESTEEM TAPES AL GOT ME FOR CHRISTMAS LAST YEAR SURE ARE WORKING THEIR MAGIC.

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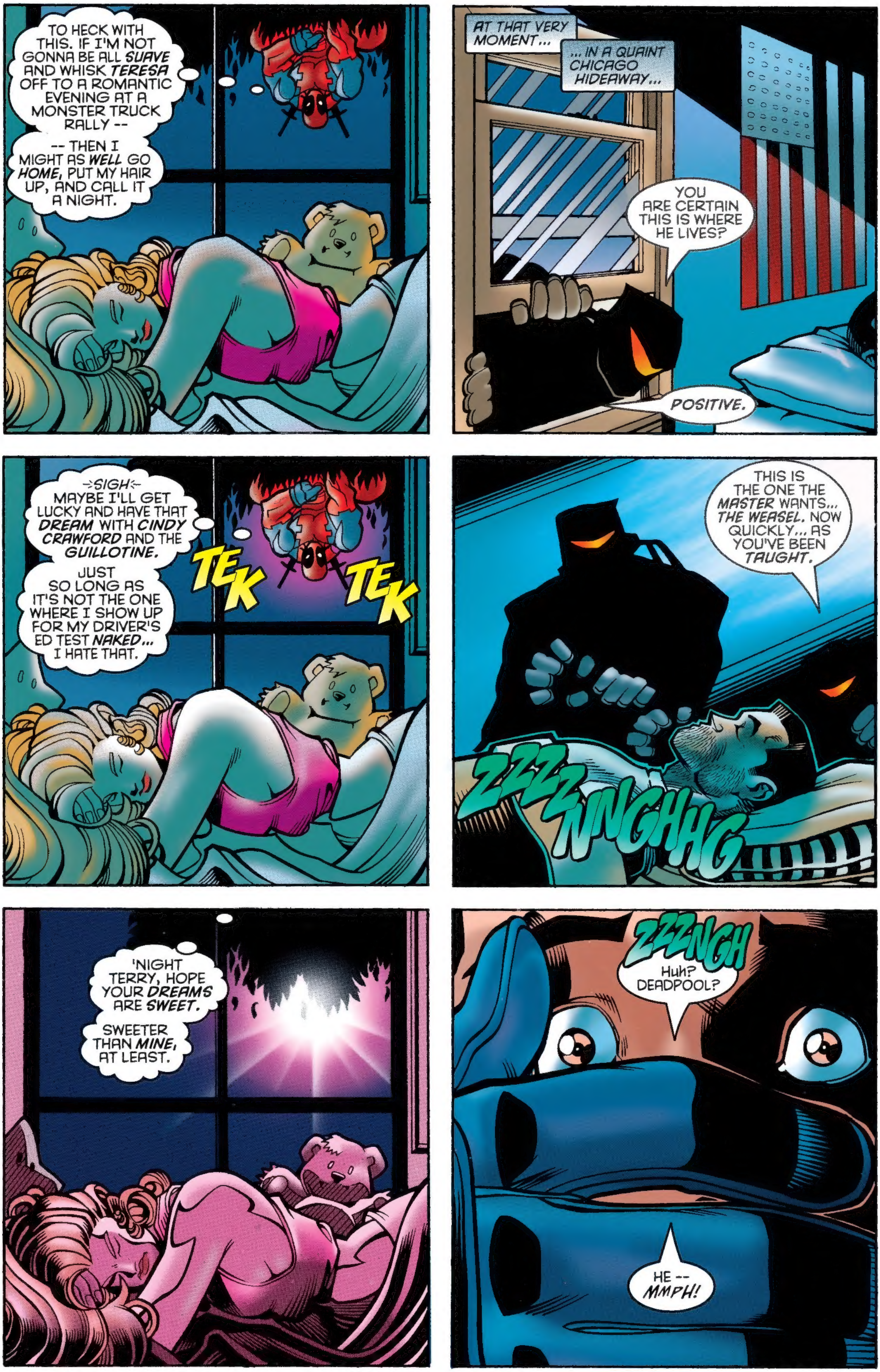
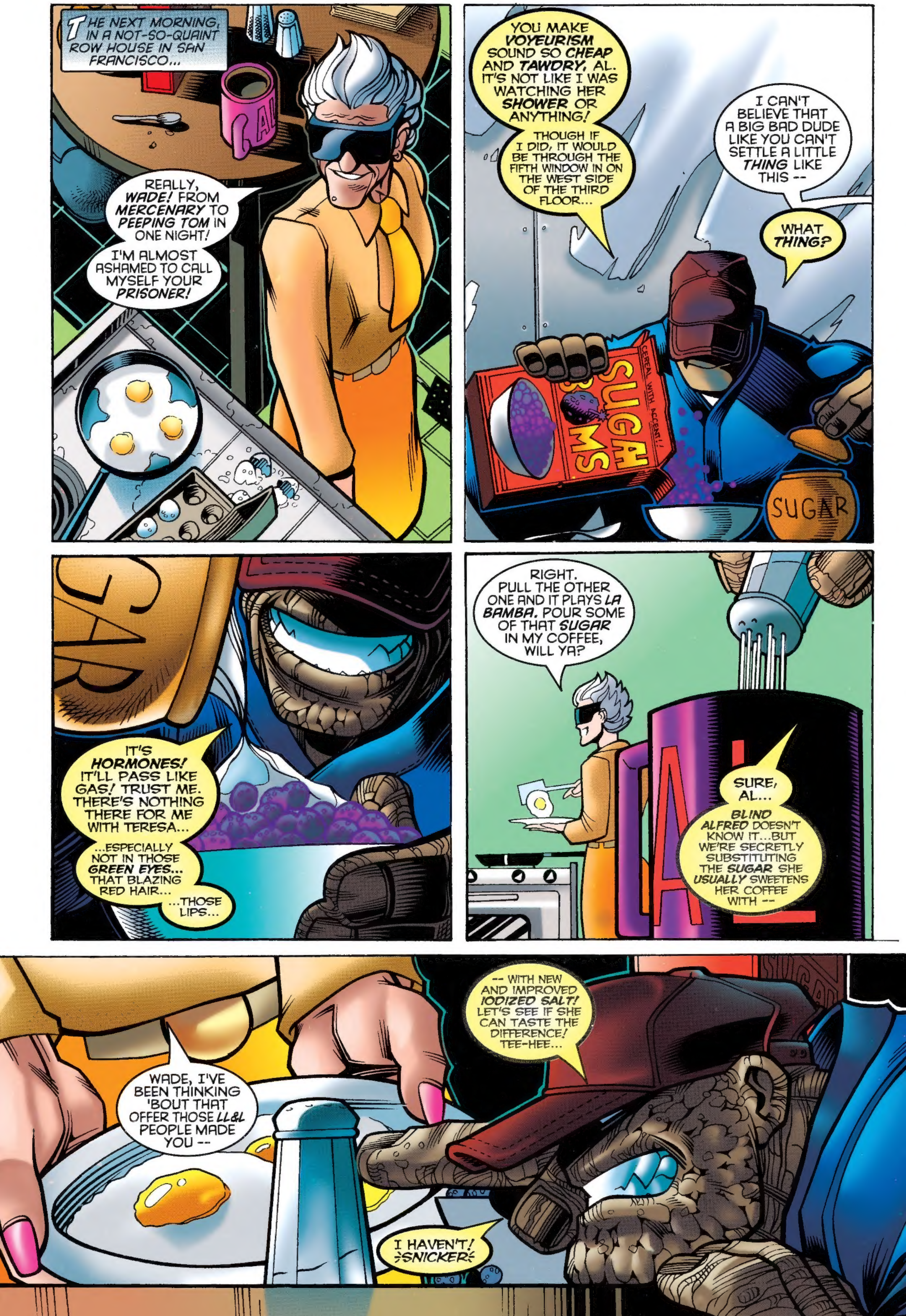
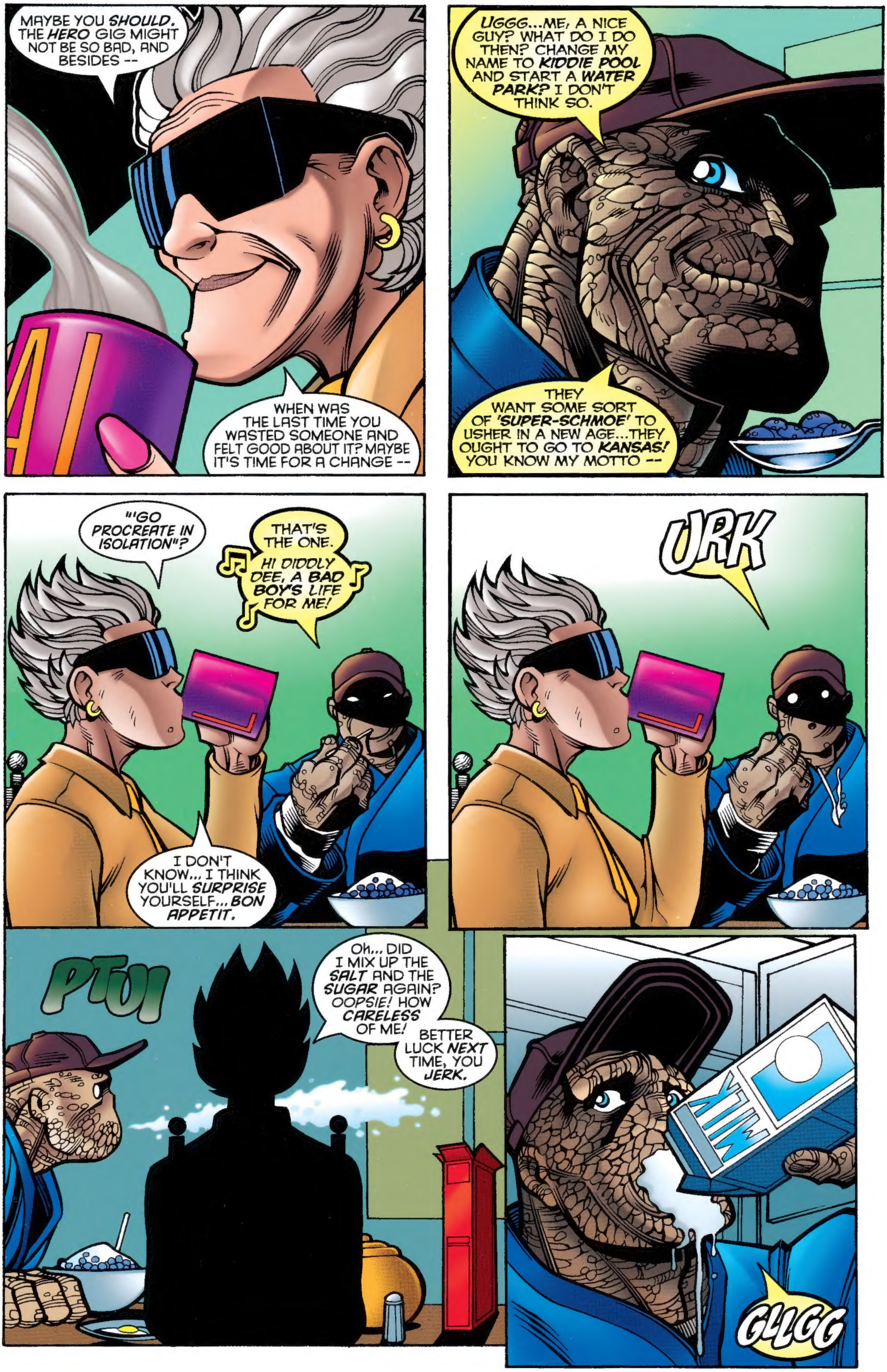
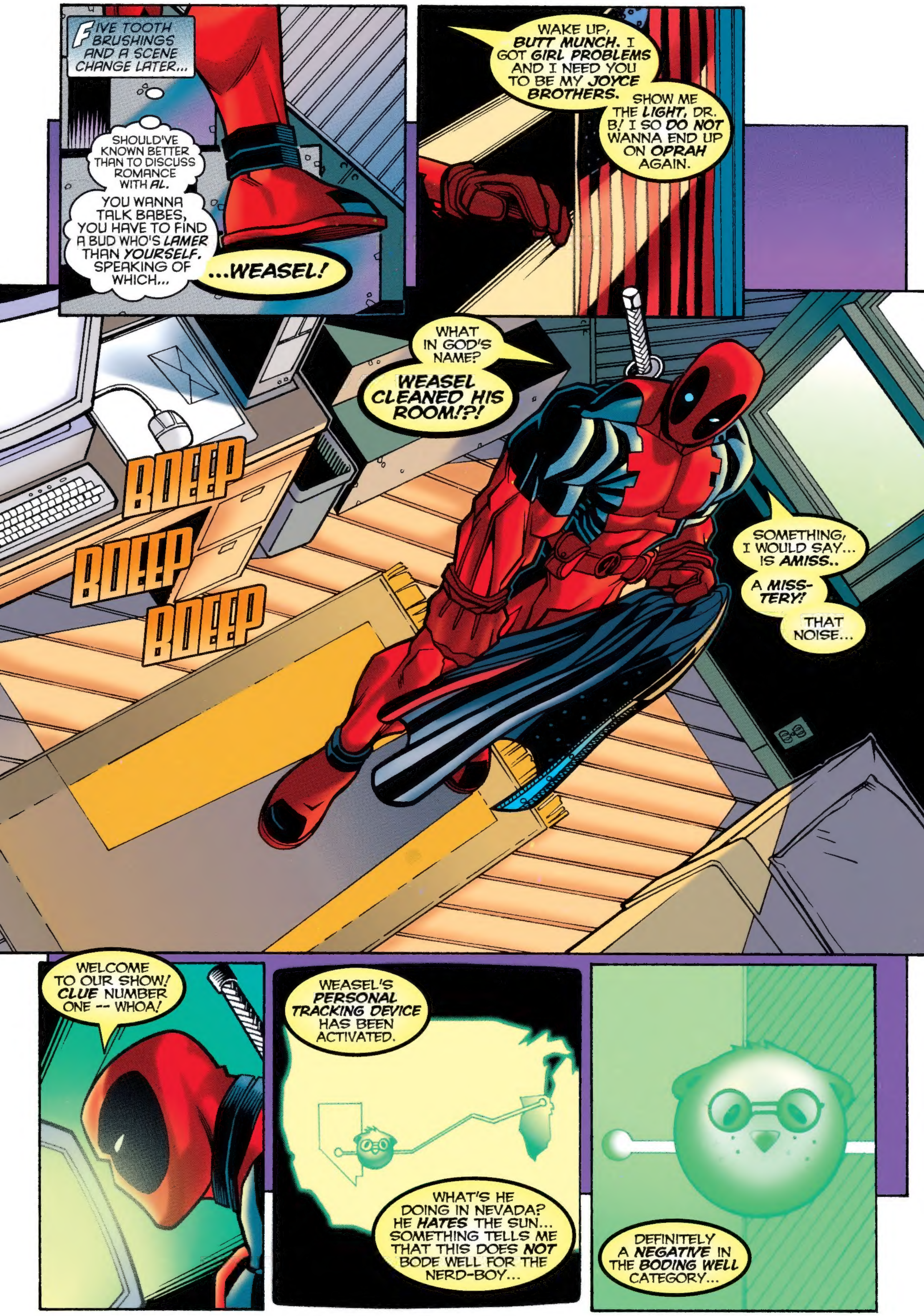
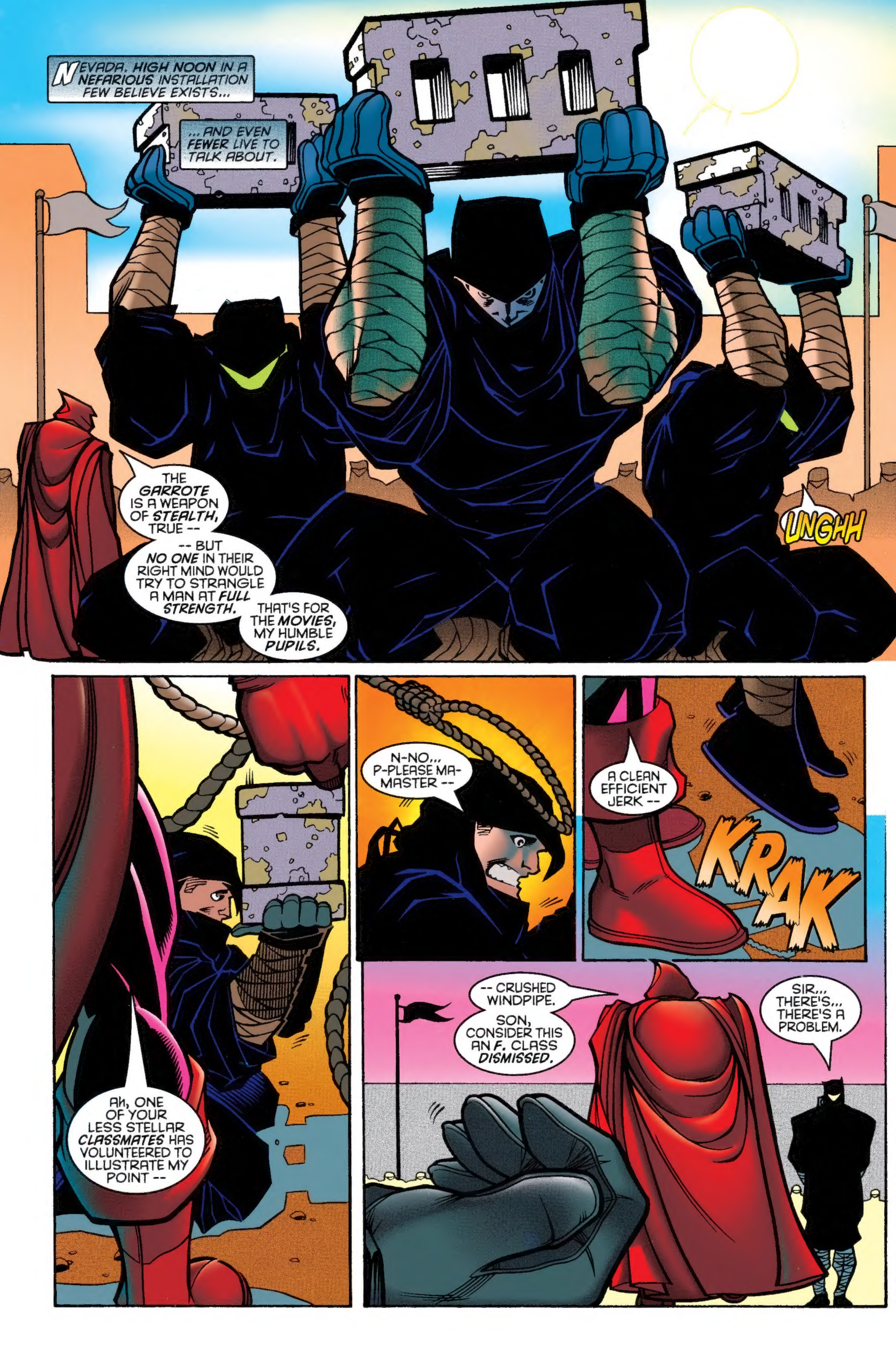
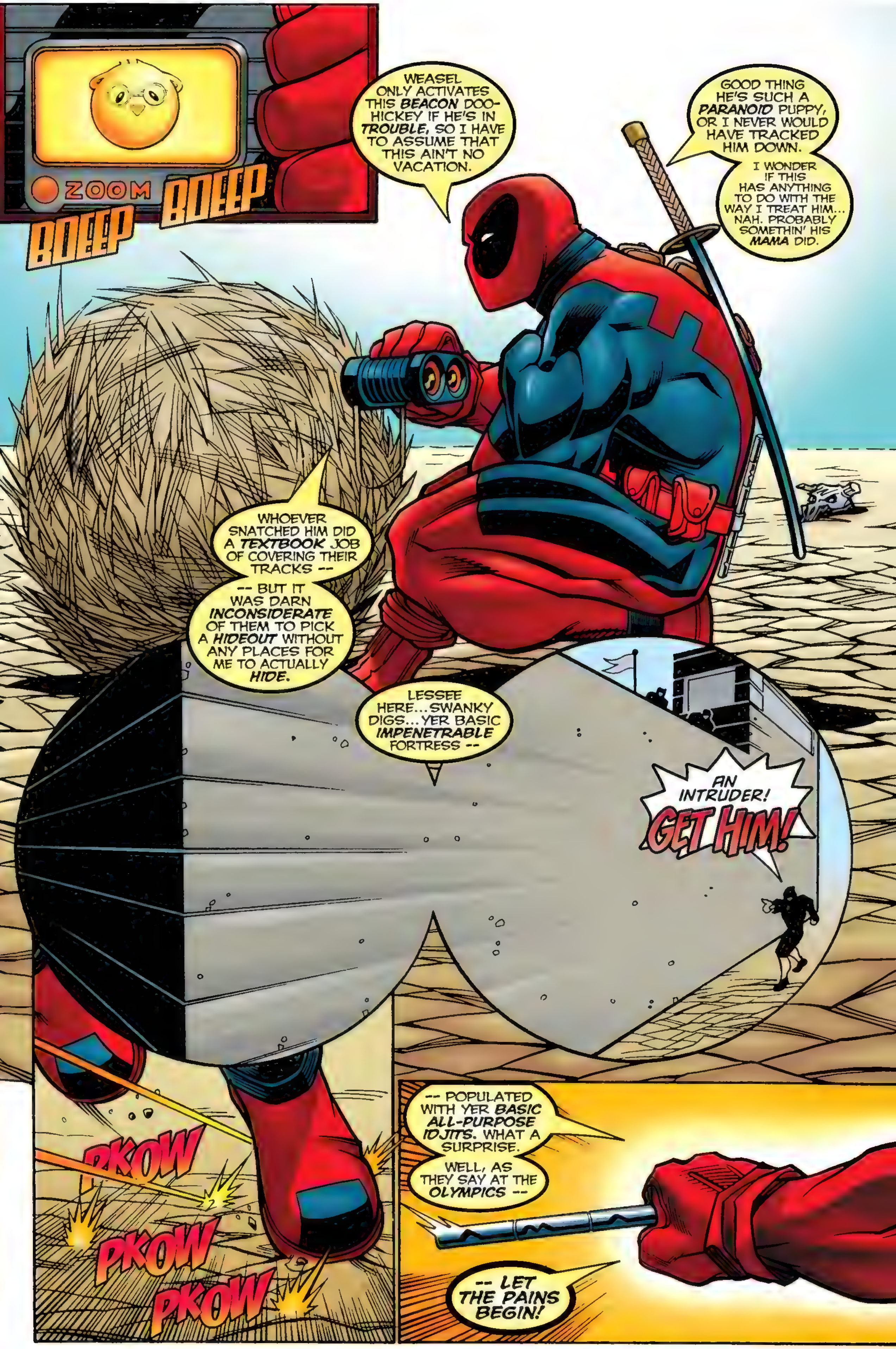

TO HECK WITH THIS. IF I'M NOT GONNA BE ALL *SUAVE* AND WHISK *TERESA* OFF TO A ROMANTIC EVENING AT A MONSTER TRUCK RALLY --
-- THEN I MIGHT AS *WELL* GO *HOME*, PUT MY HAIR UP, AND CALL IT A NIGHT.
⇒SIGH⇐ MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY AND HAVE THAT *DREAM* WITH *CINDY CRAWFORD* AND THE *GUILLOTINE*.
JUST SO LONG AS IT'S NOT THE ONE WHERE I SHOW UP FOR MY DRIVER'S ED TEST *NAKED*... I HATE THAT.
TEK
TEK
'NIGHT TERRY, HOPE YOUR *DREAMS* ARE *SWEET*.
SWEETER THAN *MINE*, AT LEAST.
AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
...IN A QUAINT CHICAGO HIDEAWAY...
YOU ARE CERTAIN THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES?
POSITIVE.
THIS IS THE ONE THE *MASTER* WANTS... *THE WEASEL*. NOW QUICKLY... AS YOU'VE BEEN *TAUGHT*.
ZZZZNNGHHG
ZZZNGH
Huh? DEADPOOL?
HE -- *MMPH!*

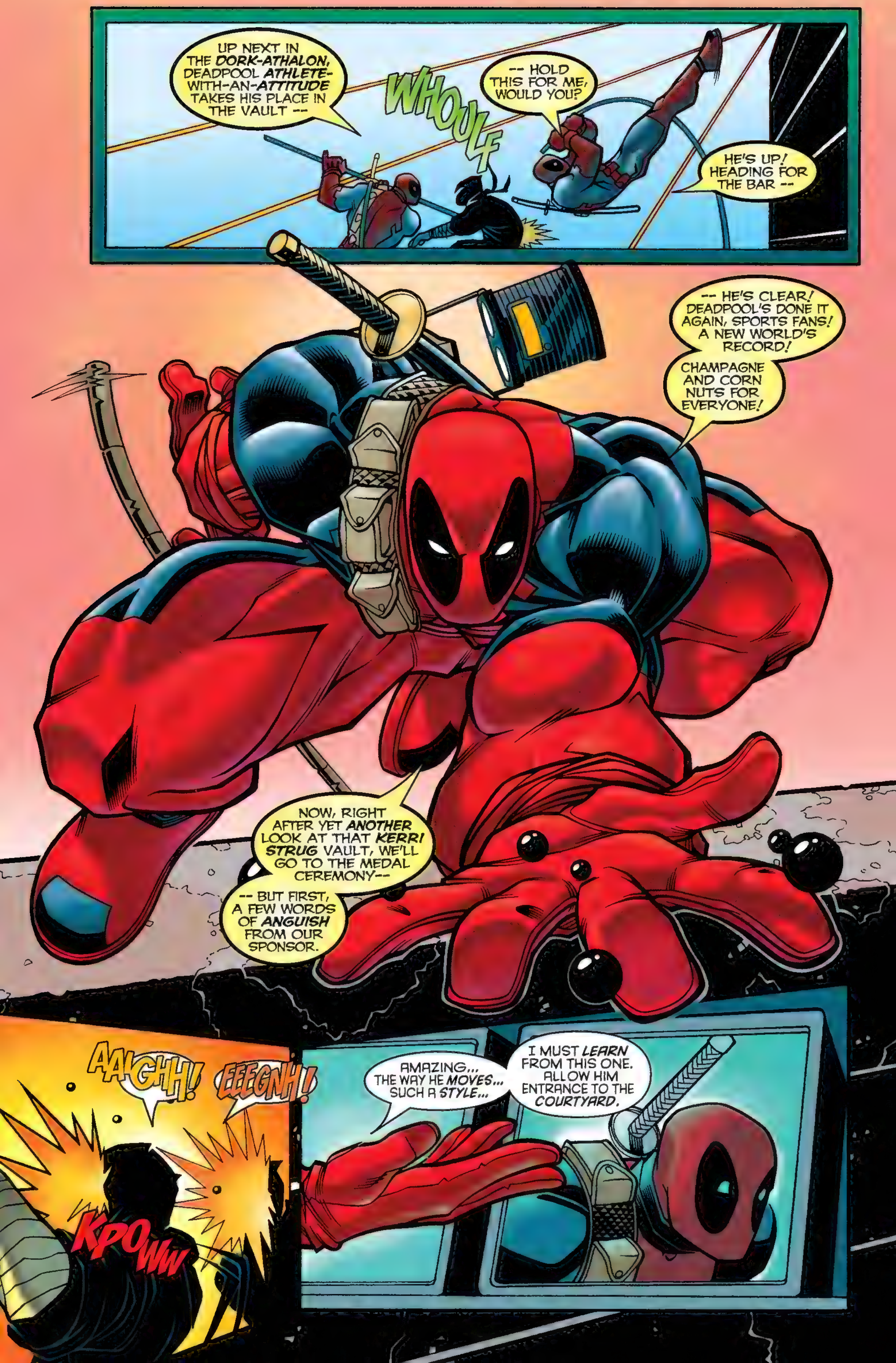

THE NEXT MORNING, IN A NOT-SO-QUAINT ROW HOUSE IN SAN FRANCISCO...
AL
REALLY, **WADE!** FROM **MERCENARY** TO **PEEPING TOM** IN ONE NIGHT!
I'M ALMOST ASHAMED TO CALL MYSELF YOUR **PRISONER!**
YOU MAKE **VOYEURISM** SOUND SO **CHEAP** AND **TAWDRY,** AL. IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS WATCHING HER **SHOWER** OR ANYTHING!
THOUGH IF I DID, IT WOULD BE THROUGH THE FIFTH WINDOW IN ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE THIRD FLOOR...
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT A BIG BAD DUDE LIKE YOU CAN'T SETTLE A LITTLE **THING** LIKE THIS --
WHAT **THING?**
CEREAL WITH ACCENT!
SUGAR
IT'S **HORMONES!** IT'LL PASS LIKE GAS! TRUST ME. THERE'S NOTHING THERE FOR ME WITH TERESA...
...ESPECIALLY NOT IN THOSE **GREEN EYES...** THAT BLAZING RED HAIR...
...THOSE LIPS...
RIGHT. PULL THE OTHER ONE AND IT PLAYS **LA BAMBA.** POUR SOME OF THAT **SUGAR** IN MY COFFEE, WILL YA?
SURE, AL...
BLIND ALFRED DOESN'T KNOW IT...BUT WE'RE SECRETLY SUBSTITUTING THE **SUGAR** SHE **USUALLY** SWEETENS HER COFFEE WITH --
-- WITH NEW AND IMPROVED **IODIZED SALT!** LET'S SEE IF SHE CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE! TEE-HEE...
WADE, I'VE BEEN THINKING 'BOUT THAT OFFER THOSE **LL&L** PEOPLE MADE YOU --
I HAVEN'T! **SNICKER**

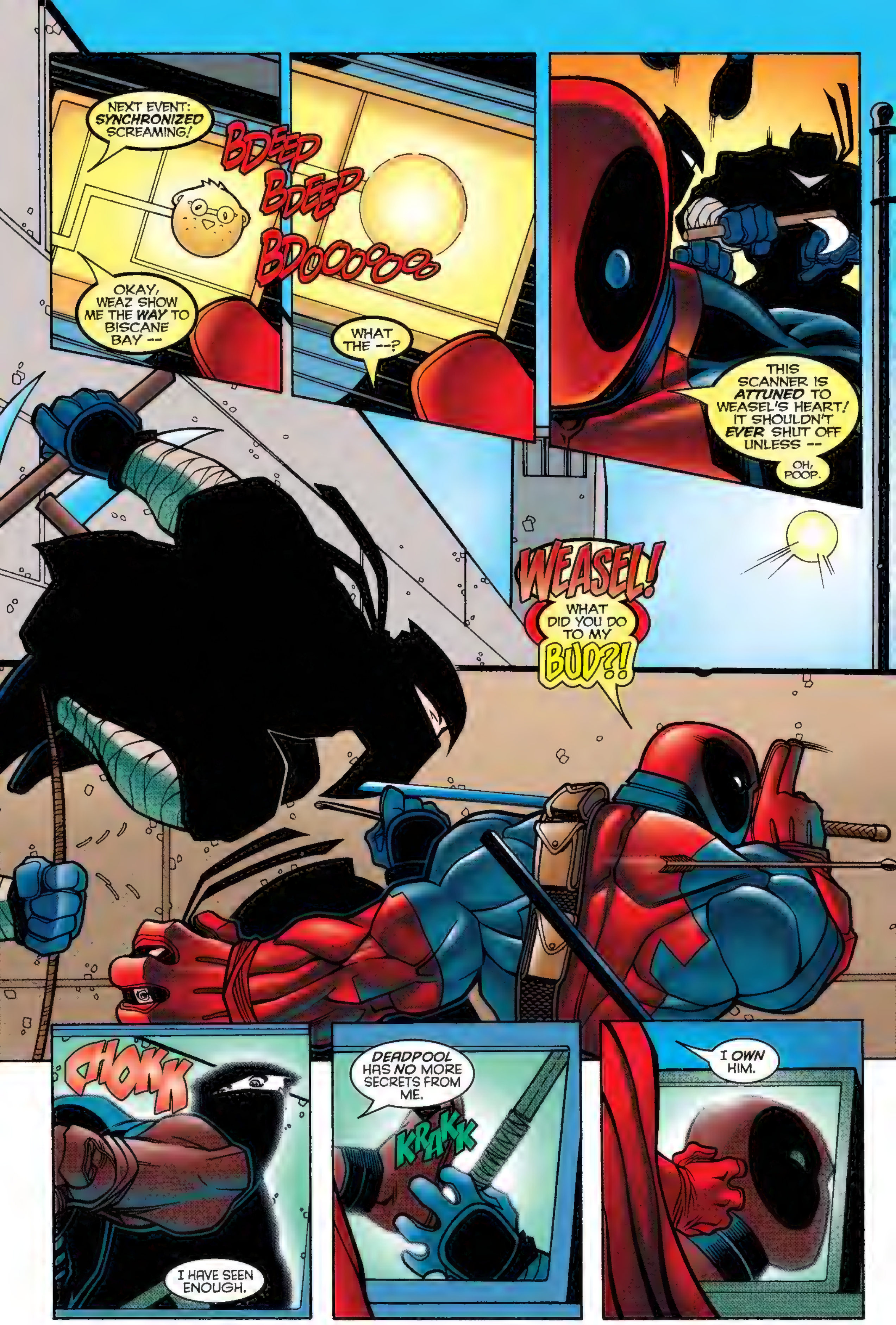

MAYBE YOU *SHOULD.* THE *HERO* GIG MIGHT NOT BE SO BAD, AND BESIDES --
WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WASTED SOMEONE AND FELT GOOD ABOUT IT? MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE --
UGGG...ME, A NICE GUY? WHAT DO I DO THEN? CHANGE MY NAME TO *KIDDIE POOL* AND START A *WATER PARK?* I DON'T THINK SO.
THEY WANT SOME SORT OF *'SUPER-SCHMOE'* TO USHER IN A NEW AGE...THEY OUGHT TO GO TO *KANSAS!* YOU KNOW MY MOTTO --
"'GO *PROCREATE IN ISOLATION*"?
THAT'S THE ONE. *HI DIDDLY DEE, A BAD BOY'S LIFE FOR ME!*
I DON'T KNOW... I THINK YOU'LL *SURPRISE* YOURSELF... *BON APPETIT.*
URK
PTUI
Oh... DID I MIX UP THE *SALT* AND THE *SUGAR* AGAIN? OOPSIE! HOW *CARELESS* OF ME!
BETTER LUCK *NEXT* TIME, YOU *JERK.*
MILK
GLLGG

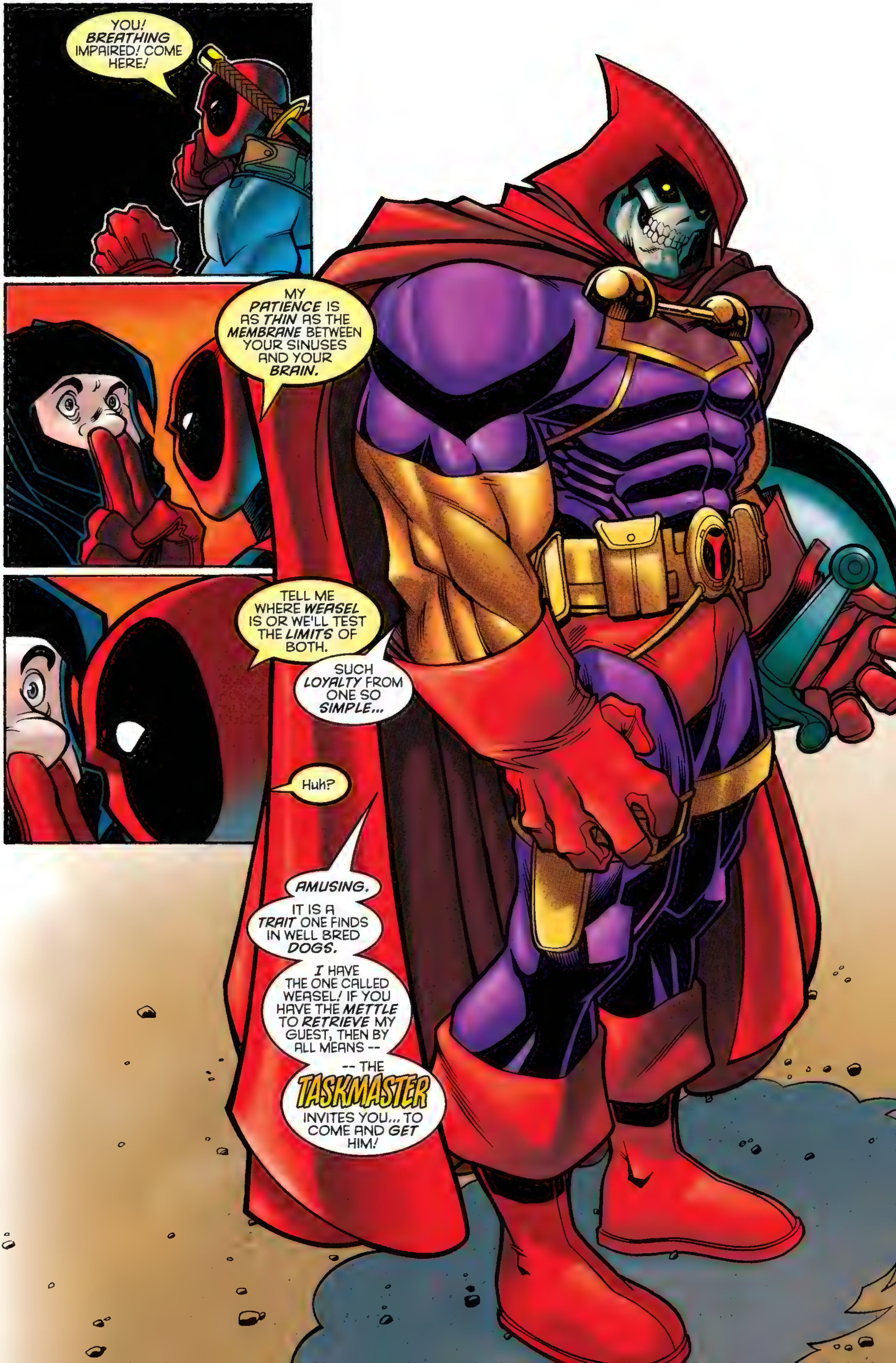

FIVE TOOTH BRUSHINGS AND A SCENE CHANGE LATER...
SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO DISCUSS ROMANCE WITH AL.
YOU WANNA TALK BABES, YOU HAVE TO FIND A BUD WHO'S LAMER THAN YOURSELF. SPEAKING OF WHICH...
...WEASEL!
WAKE UP, BUTT MUNCH. I GOT GIRL PROBLEMS AND I NEED YOU TO BE MY JOYCE BROTHERS.
SHOW ME THE LIGHT, DR. B! I SO DO NOT WANNA END UP ON OPRAH AGAIN.
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME?
WEASEL CLEANED HIS ROOM!?!
BOEEP
BOEEP
BOEEP
SOMETHING, I WOULD SAY... IS AMISS..
A MISS-TERY!
THAT NOISE...
WELCOME TO OUR SHOW! CLUE NUMBER ONE -- WHOA!
WEASEL'S PERSONAL TRACKING DEVICE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED.
WHAT'S HE DOING IN NEVADA? HE HATES THE SUN... SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THIS DOES NOT BODE WELL FOR THE NERD-BOY...
DEFINITELY A NEGATIVE IN THE BODING WELL CATEGORY...

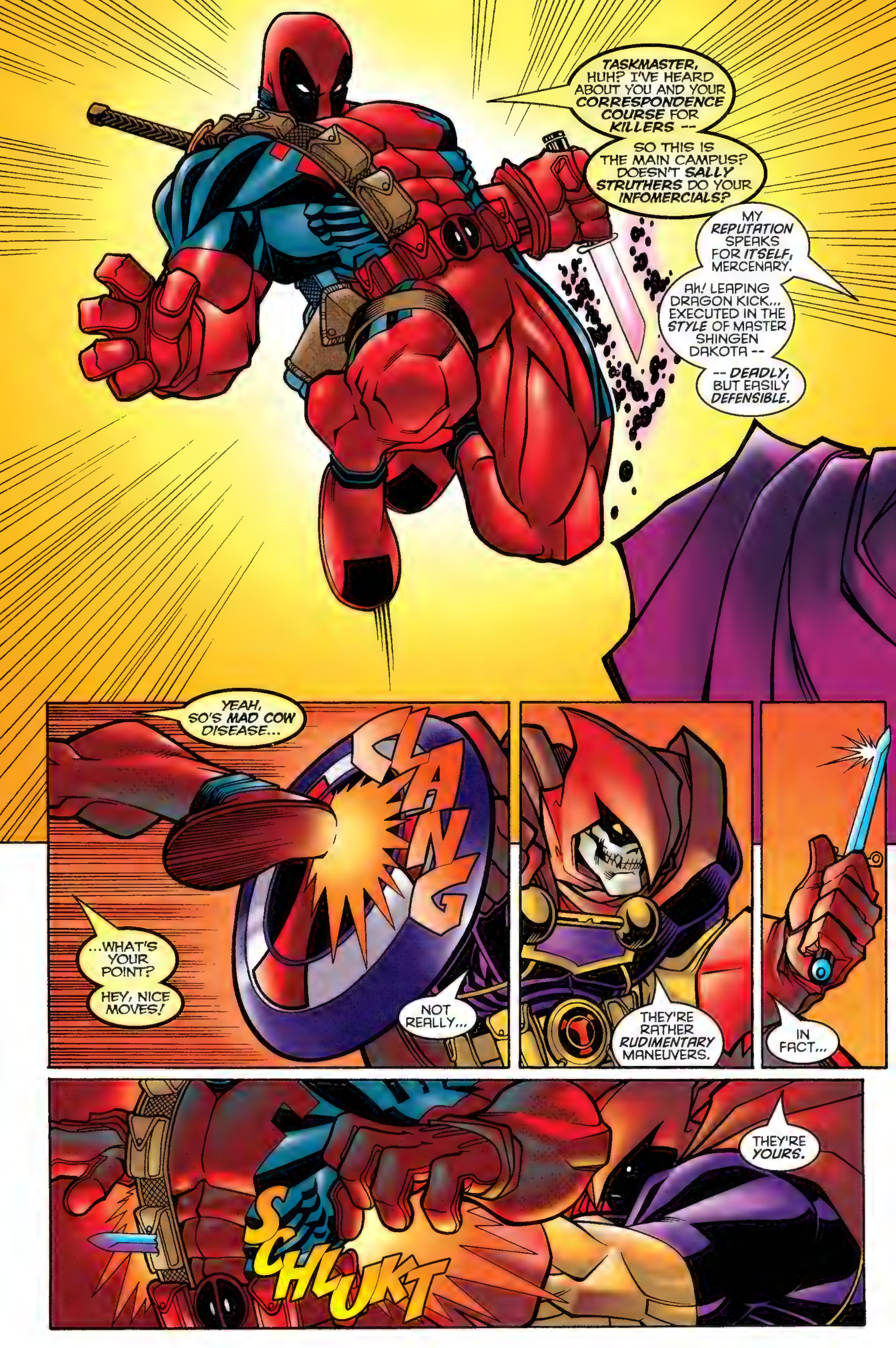

NEVADA. HIGH NOON IN A NEFARIOUS INSTALLATION FEW BELIEVE EXISTS...
...AND EVEN FEWER LIVE TO TALK ABOUT.
THE GARROTE IS A WEAPON OF STEALTH, TRUE --
-- BUT NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD TRY TO STRANGLE A MAN AT FULL STRENGTH.
THAT'S FOR THE MOVIES, MY HUMBLE PUPILS.
UNGHH
Ah, ONE OF YOUR LESS STELLAR CLASSMATES HAS VOLUNTEERED TO ILLUSTRATE MY POINT --
N-NO... P-PLEASE MA-MASTER --
A CLEAN EFFICIENT JERK --
KRAK
-- CRUSHED WINDPIPE.
SON, CONSIDER THIS AN F. CLASS DISMISSED.
SIR... THERE'S... THERE'S A PROBLEM.

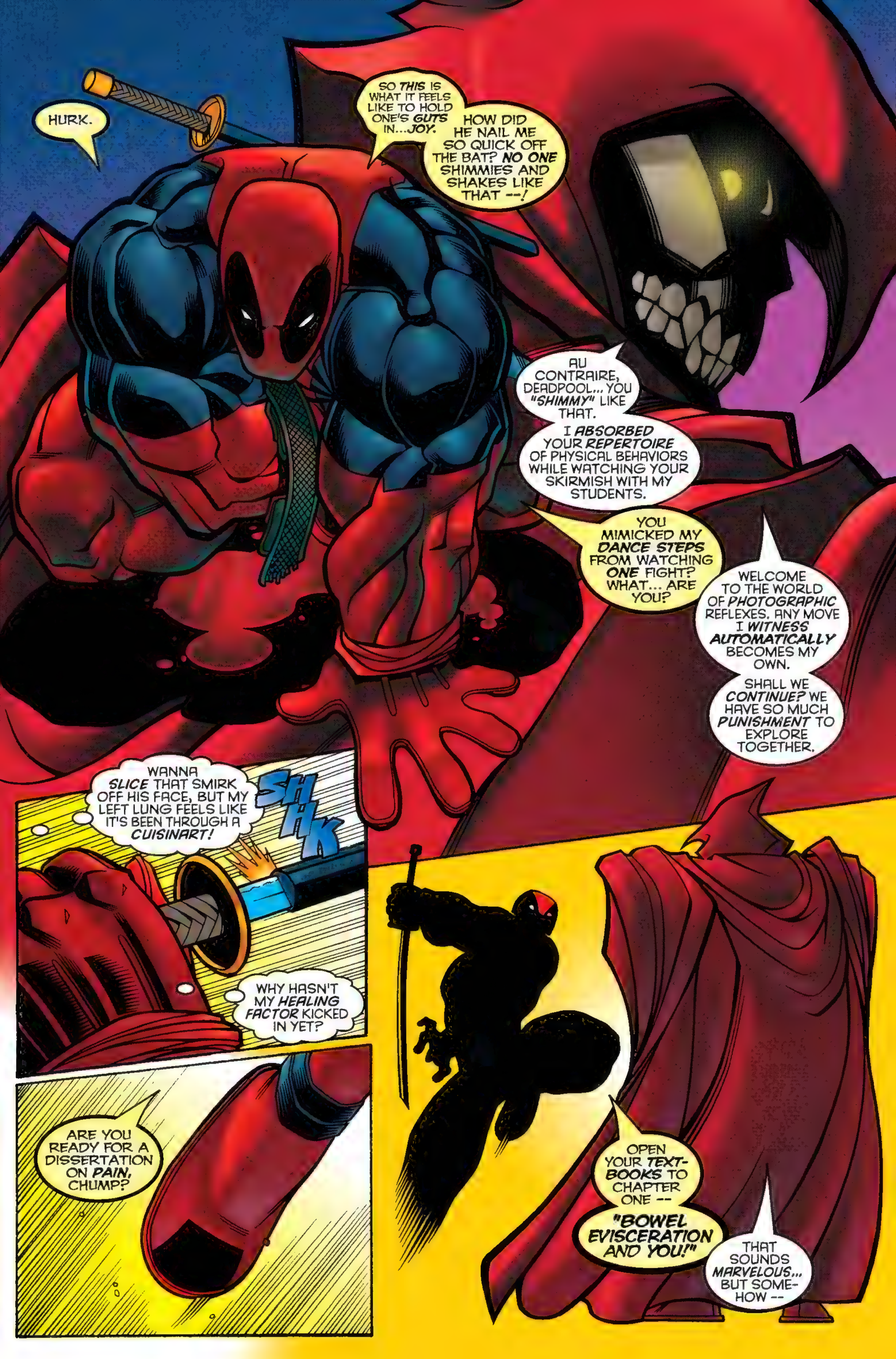

ZOOM
BDEEP BDEEP
WEASEL ONLY ACTIVATES THIS *BEACON* DOO-HICKEY IF HE'S IN *TROUBLE*, SO I HAVE TO ASSUME THAT THIS AIN'T NO VACATION.
GOOD THING HE'S SUCH A *PARANOID* PUPPY, OR I NEVER WOULD HAVE TRACKED HIM DOWN.
I WONDER IF THIS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WAY I TREAT HIM... NAH. PROBABLY SOMETHIN' HIS *MAMA* DID.
WHOEVER SNATCHED HIM DID A *TEXTBOOK* JOB OF COVERING THEIR TRACKS --
-- BUT IT WAS DARN *INCONSIDERATE* OF THEM TO PICK A *HIDEOUT* WITHOUT ANY PLACES FOR ME TO ACTUALLY *HIDE*.
LESSEE HERE... SWANKY DIGS... YER BASIC *IMPENETRABLE* FORTRESS --
AN INTRUDER! GET HIM!
PKOW PKOW PKOW
-- POPULATED WITH YER BASIC *ALL-PURPOSE IDJITS*. WHAT A SURPRISE.
WELL, AS THEY SAY AT THE *OLYMPICS* --
-- *LET THE PAINS BEGIN!*

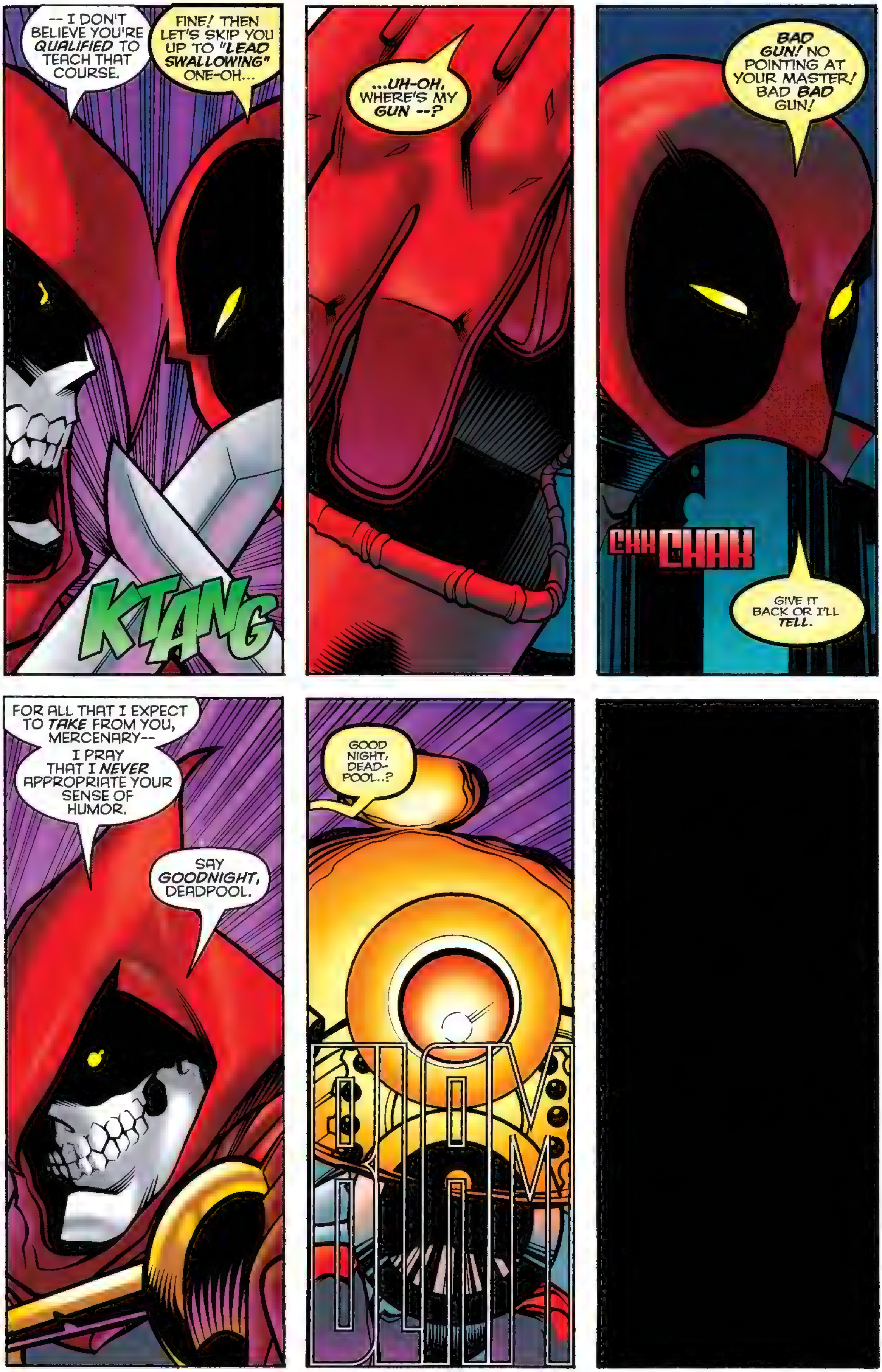

UP NEXT IN THE DORK-ATHALON, DEADPOOL ATHLETE-WITH-AN-ATTITUDE TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE VAULT --
WHOULF
-- HOLD THIS FOR ME, WOULD YOU?
HE'S UP! HEADING FOR THE BAR --
-- HE'S CLEAR! DEADPOOL'S DONE IT AGAIN, SPORTS FANS! A NEW WORLD'S RECORD!
CHAMPAGNE AND CORN NUTS FOR EVERYONE!
NOW, RIGHT AFTER YET ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT KERRI STRUG VAULT, WE'LL GO TO THE MEDAL CEREMONY--
-- BUT FIRST, A FEW WORDS OF ANGUISH FROM OUR SPONSOR.
AAIGHH!
EEEGNH!
KPOWW
AMAZING... THE WAY HE MOVES... SUCH A STYLE...
I MUST LEARN FROM THIS ONE. ALLOW HIM ENTRANCE TO THE COURTYARD.

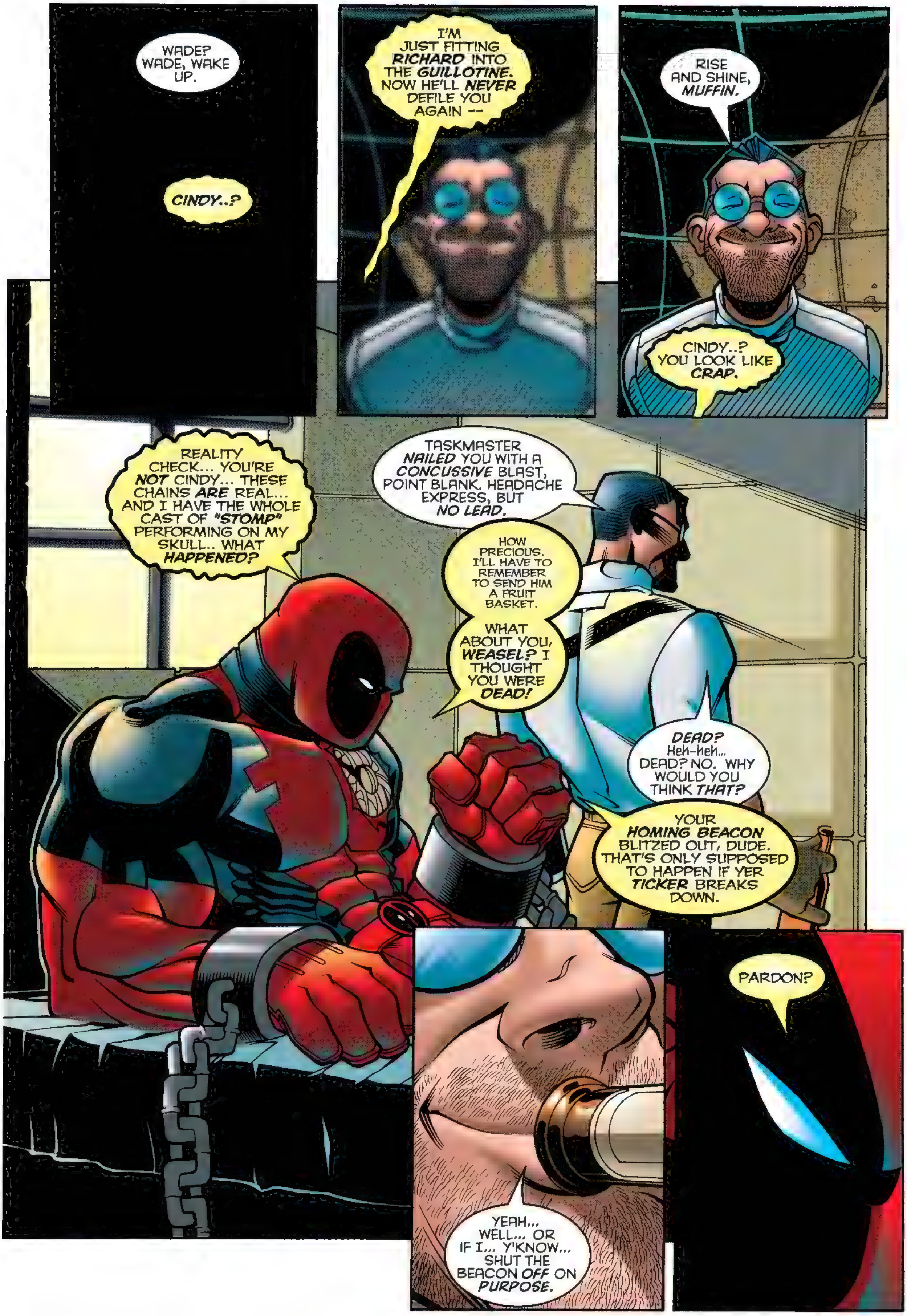

NEXT EVENT: SYNCHRONIZED SCREAMING!
OKAY, WEAZ SHOW ME THE WAY TO BISCANE BAY --
BDEEP BDEEP BDOOOooo
WHAT THE --?
THIS SCANNER IS ATTUNED TO WEASEL'S HEART! IT SHOULDN'T EVER SHUT OFF UNLESS --
OH, POOP.
WEASEL! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY BUD?!
CHOKK
I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH.
DEADPOOL HAS NO MORE SECRETS FROM ME.
KRAKK
I OWN HIM.

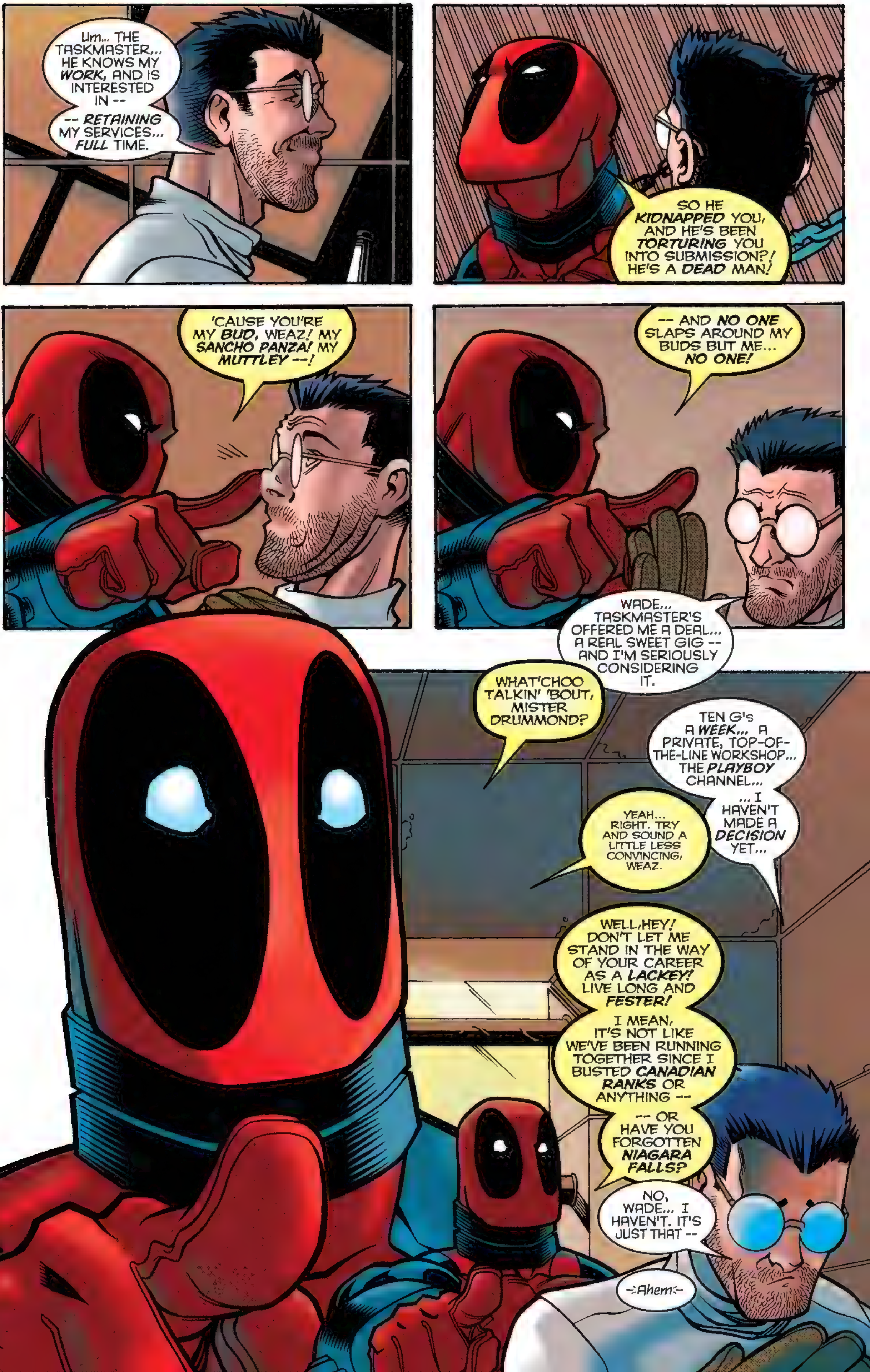

YOU! *BREATHING* IMPAIRED! COME HERE!
MY *PATIENCE* IS AS *THIN* AS THE *MEMBRANE* BETWEEN YOUR SINUSES AND YOUR *BRAIN.*
TELL ME WHERE *WEASEL* IS OR WE'LL TEST THE *LIMITS* OF BOTH.
SUCH *LOYALTY* FROM ONE SO *SIMPLE...*
Huh?
AMUSING.
IT IS A *TRAIT* ONE FINDS IN WELL BRED *DOGS.*
I HAVE THE ONE CALLED WEASEL! IF YOU HAVE THE *METTLE* TO *RETRIEVE* MY GUEST, THEN BY ALL MEANS --
-- THE TASKMASTER INVITES YOU... TO COME AND *GET* HIM!

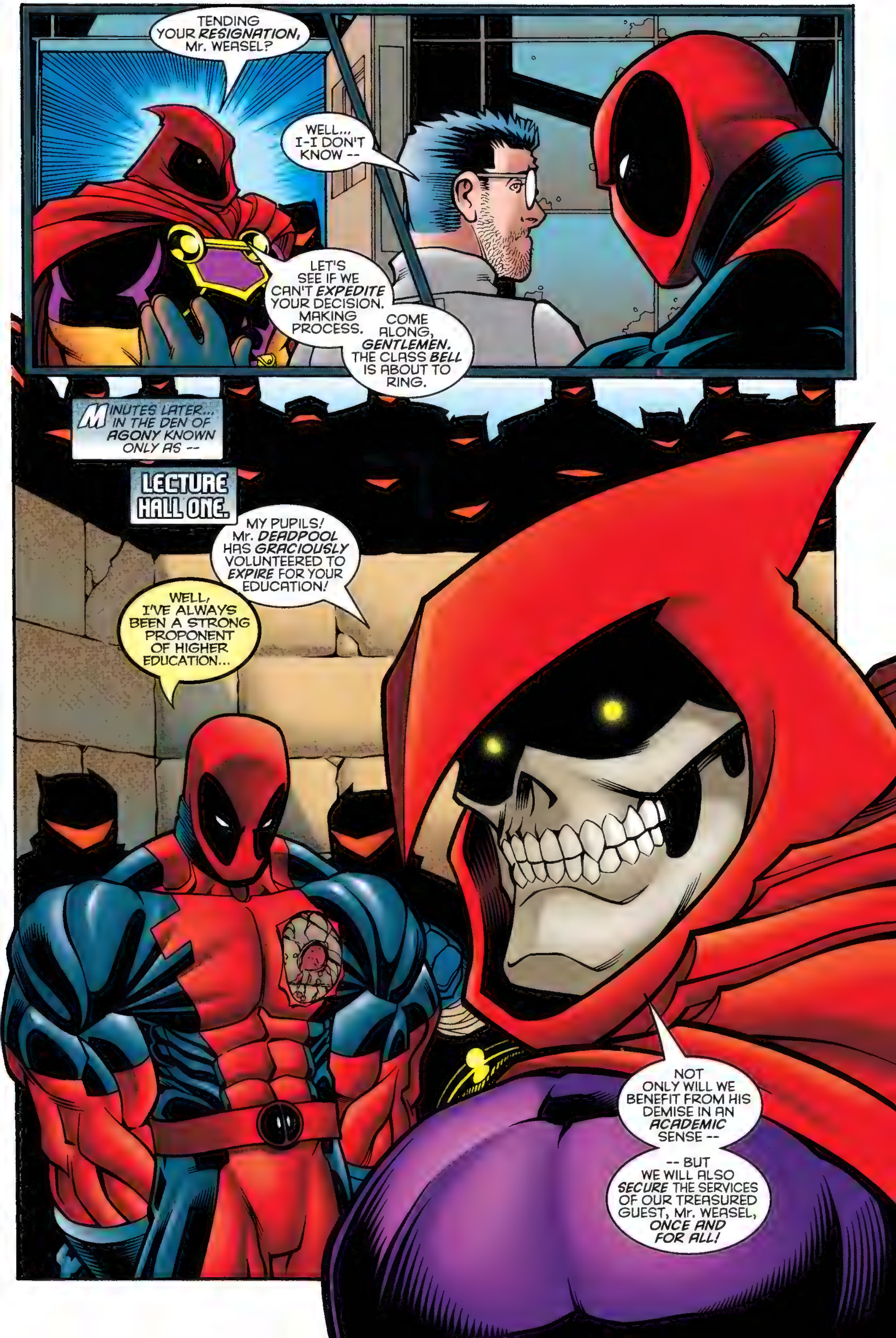

TASKMASTER, HUH? I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU AND YOUR CORRESPONDENCE COURSE FOR KILLERS --
SO THIS IS THE MAIN CAMPUS? DOESN'T SALLY STRUTHERS DO YOUR INFOMERCIALS?
MY REPUTATION SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, MERCENARY.
AH! LEAPING DRAGON KICK... EXECUTED IN THE STYLE OF MASTER SHINGEN DAKOTA --
-- DEADLY, BUT EASILY DEFENSIBLE.
YEAH, SO'S MAD COW DISEASE...
CLANG
...WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
HEY, NICE MOVES!
NOT REALLY...
THEY'RE RATHER RUDIMENTARY MANEUVERS.
IN FACT...
THEY'RE YOURS.
SCHLUKT

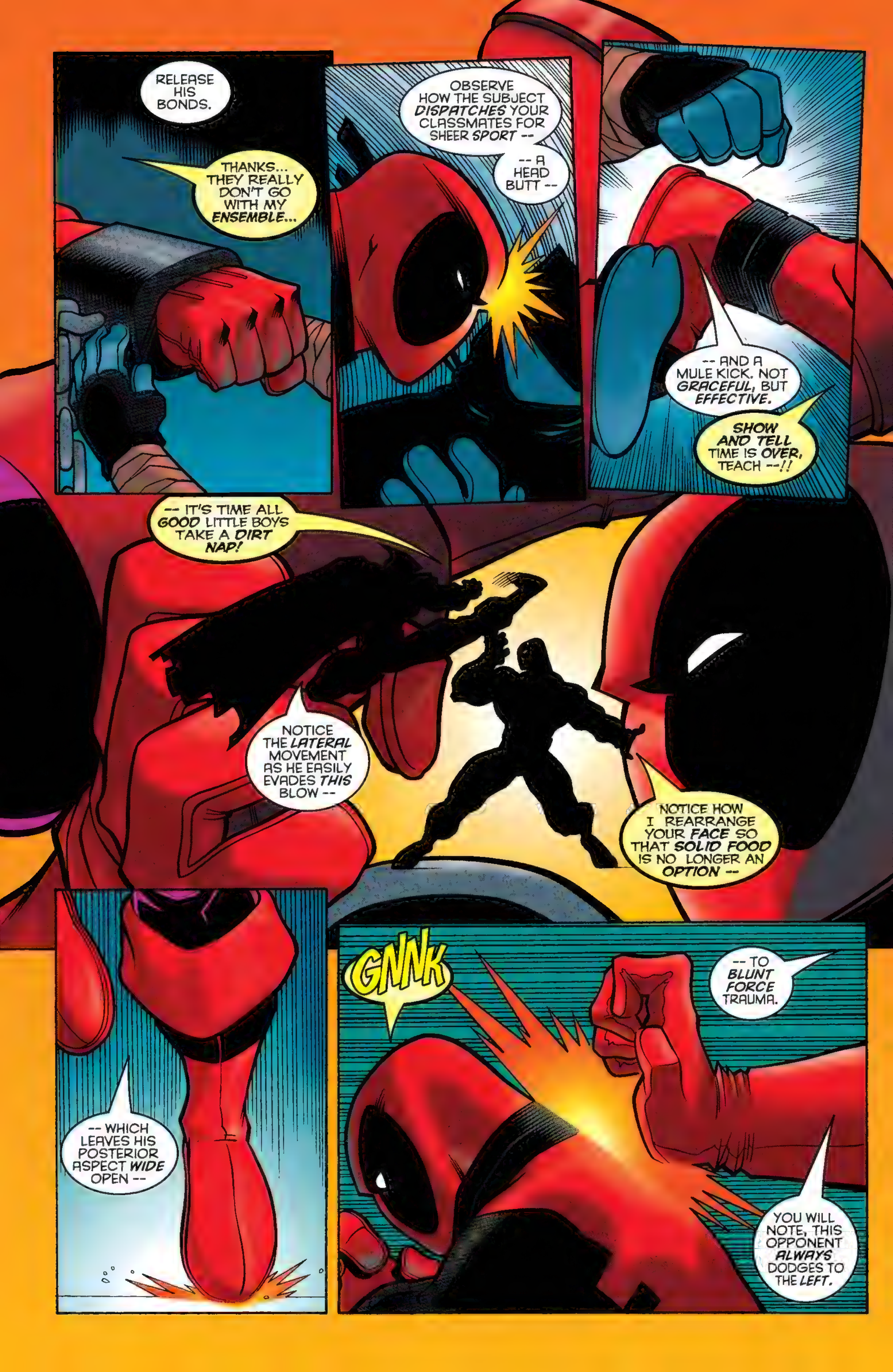

HURK.
SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO HOLD ONE'S GUTS IN...JOY.
HOW DID HE NAIL ME SO QUICK OFF THE BAT? NO ONE SHIMMIES AND SHAKES LIKE THAT --!
AU CONTRAIRE, DEADPOOL... YOU "SHIMMY" LIKE THAT.
I ABSORBED YOUR REPERTOIRE OF PHYSICAL BEHAVIORS WHILE WATCHING YOUR SKIRMISH WITH MY STUDENTS.
YOU MIMICKED MY DANCE STEPS FROM WATCHING ONE FIGHT? WHAT... ARE YOU?
WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF PHOTOGRAPHIC REFLEXES. ANY MOVE I WITNESS AUTOMATICALLY BECOMES MY OWN.
SHALL WE CONTINUE? WE HAVE SO MUCH PUNISHMENT TO EXPLORE TOGETHER.
WANNA SLICE THAT SMIRK OFF HIS FACE, BUT MY LEFT LUNG FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN THROUGH A CUISINART!
SHHK
WHY HASN'T MY HEALING FACTOR KICKED IN YET?
ARE YOU READY FOR A DISSERTATION ON PAIN, CHUMP?
OPEN YOUR TEXTBOOKS TO CHAPTER ONE --
"BOWEL EVISCERATION AND YOU!"
THAT SOUNDS MARVELOUS... BUT SOMEHOW --

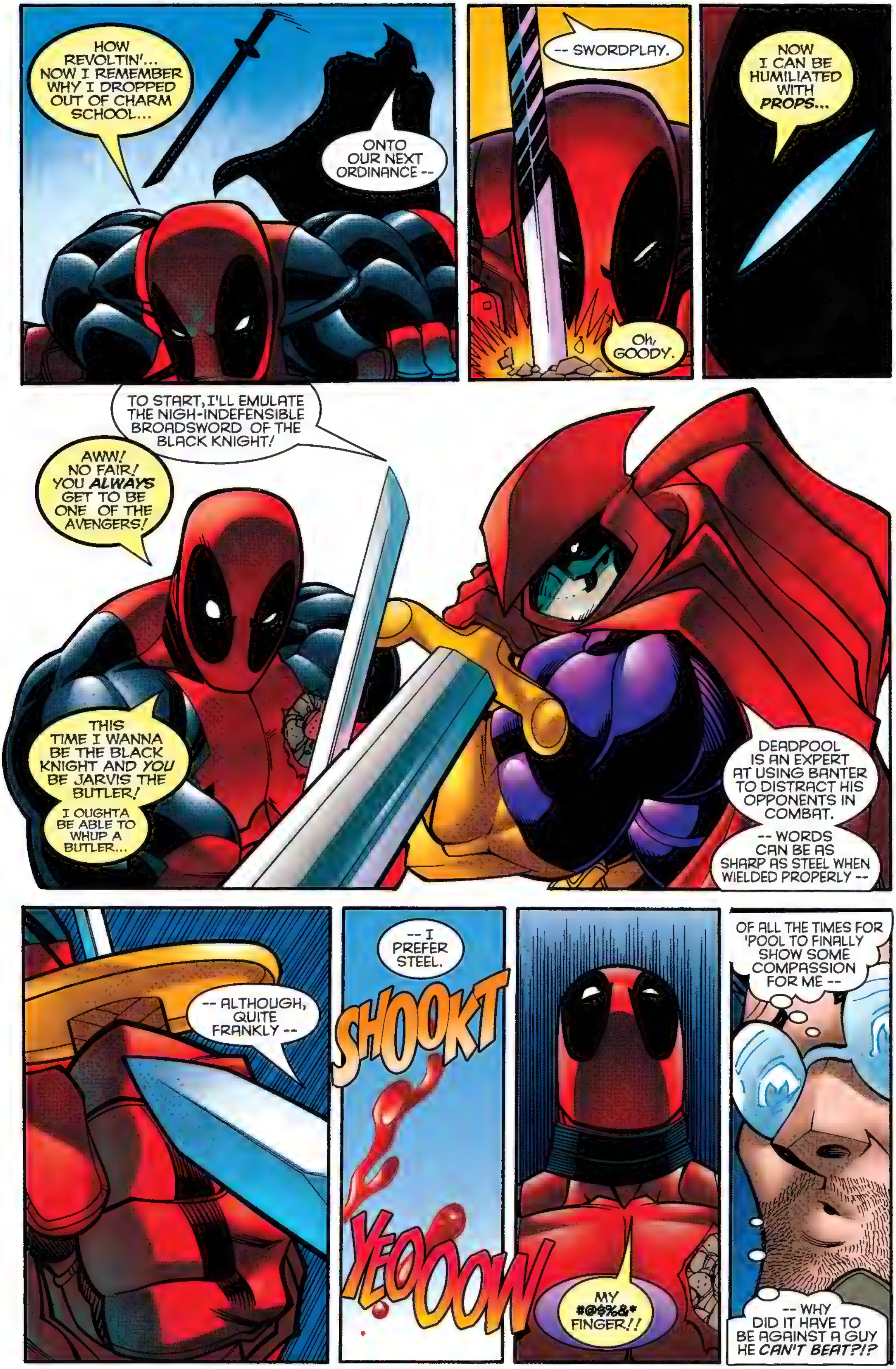

-- I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE *QUALIFIED* TO TEACH THAT COURSE.
FINE! THEN LET'S SKIP YOU UP TO *"LEAD SWALLOWING"* ONE-OH...
KTANG
...UH-OH, WHERE'S MY *GUN* --?
BAD GUN! NO POINTING AT YOUR MASTER! BAD *BAD* GUN!
CHK CHAK
GIVE IT BACK OR I'LL *TELL*.
FOR ALL THAT I EXPECT TO *TAKE* FROM YOU, MERCENARY--
I PRAY THAT I *NEVER* APPROPRIATE YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR.
SAY *GOODNIGHT*, DEADPOOL.
GOOD NIGHT, DEAD-POOL..?
BLAM BLAM

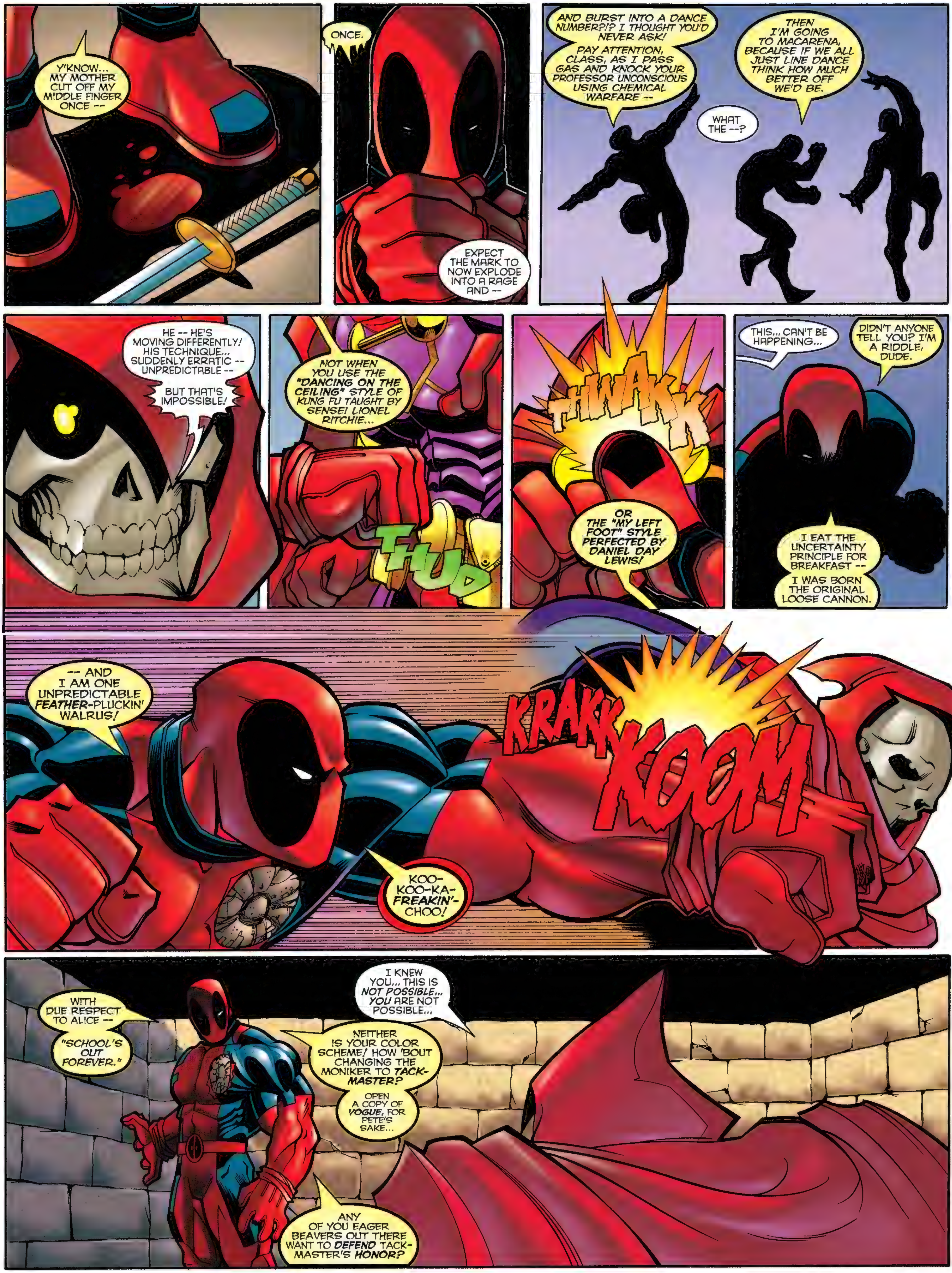

WADE? WADE, WAKE UP.
CINDY..?
I'M JUST FITTING RICHARD INTO THE GUILLOTINE. NOW HE'LL NEVER DEFILE YOU AGAIN --
RISE AND SHINE, MUFFIN.
CINDY..? YOU LOOK LIKE CRAP.
REALITY CHECK... YOU'RE NOT CINDY... THESE CHAINS ARE REAL... AND I HAVE THE WHOLE CAST OF "STOMP" PERFORMING ON MY SKULL.. WHAT HAPPENED?
TASKMASTER NAILED YOU WITH A CONCUSSIVE BLAST, POINT BLANK. HEADACHE EXPRESS, BUT NO LEAD.
HOW PRECIOUS. I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER TO SEND HIM A FRUIT BASKET.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, WEASEL? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
DEAD? Heh-heh... DEAD? NO. WHY WOULD YOU THINK THAT?
YOUR HOMING BEACON BLITZED OUT, DUDE. THAT'S ONLY SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN IF YER TICKER BREAKS DOWN.
YEAH... WELL... OR IF I... Y'KNOW... SHUT THE BEACON OFF ON PURPOSE.
PARDON?

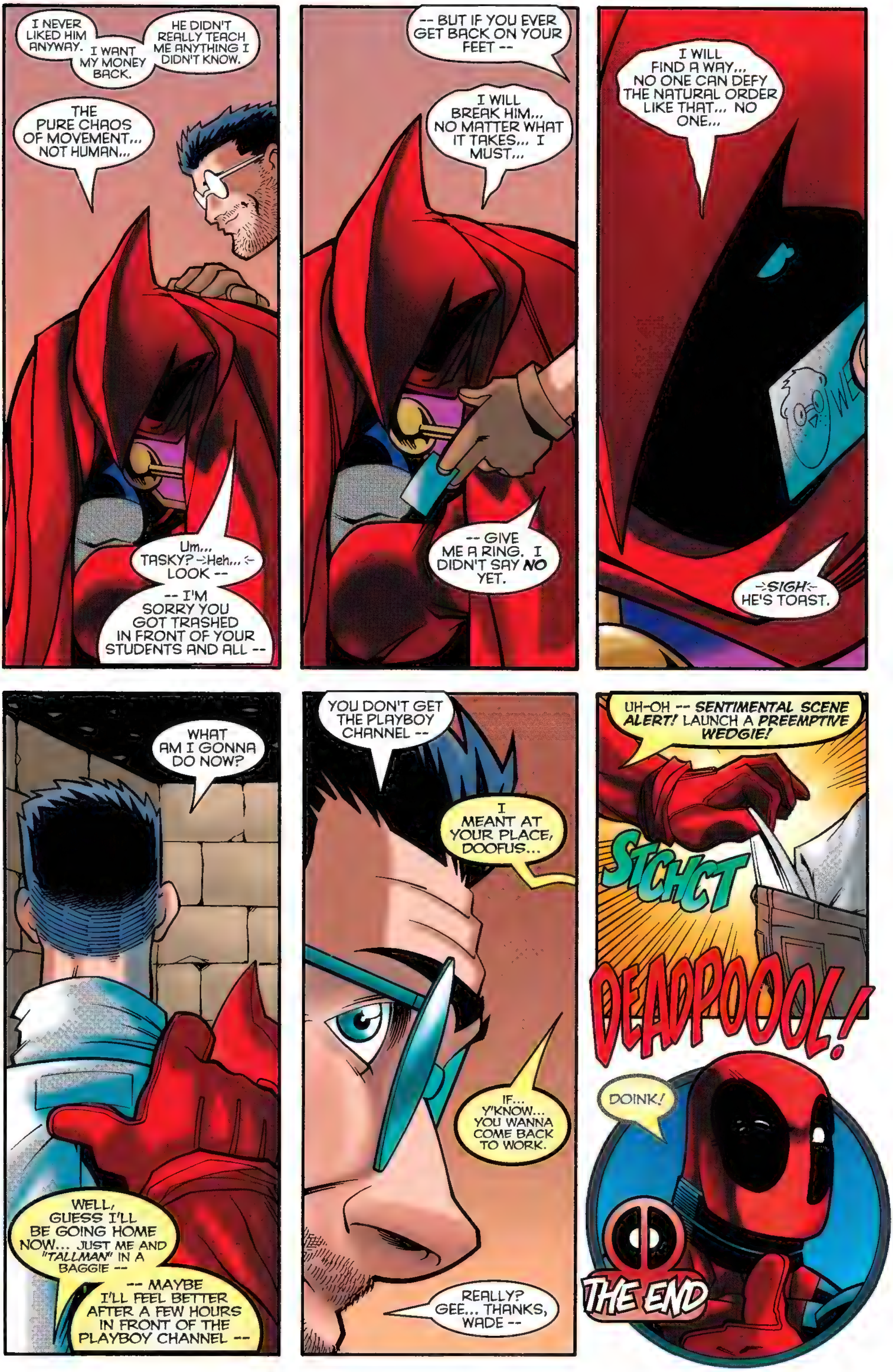

Um... THE TASKMASTER... HE KNOWS MY WORK, AND IS INTERESTED IN --
-- RETAINING MY SERVICES... FULL TIME.
SO HE KIDNAPPED YOU, AND HE'S BEEN TORTURING YOU INTO SUBMISSION?! HE'S A DEAD MAN!
'CAUSE YOU'RE MY BUD, WEAZ! MY SANCHO PANZA! MY MUTTLEY --!
-- AND NO ONE SLAPS AROUND MY BUDS BUT ME... NO ONE!
WADE... TASKMASTER'S OFFERED ME A DEAL... A REAL SWEET GIG -- AND I'M SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING IT.
WHAT'CHOO TALKIN' 'BOUT, MISTER DRUMMOND?
TEN G's A WEEK... A PRIVATE, TOP-OF-THE-LINE WORKSHOP... THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL...
... I HAVEN'T MADE A DECISION YET...
YEAH... RIGHT. TRY AND SOUND A LITTLE LESS CONVINCING, WEAZ.
WELL, HEY! DON'T LET ME STAND IN THE WAY OF YOUR CAREER AS A LACKEY! LIVE LONG AND FESTER!
I MEAN, IT'S NOT LIKE WE'VE BEEN RUNNING TOGETHER SINCE I BUSTED CANADIAN RANKS OR ANYTHING --
-- OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN NIAGARA FALLS?
NO, WADE... I HAVEN'T. IT'S JUST THAT --
-:Ahem:-


TENDING YOUR *RESIGNATION,* Mr. WEASEL?
WELL... I-I DON'T KNOW --
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T *EXPEDITE* YOUR DECISION. MAKING PROCESS.
COME ALONG, *GENTLEMEN.* THE CLASS *BELL* IS ABOUT TO RING.
MINUTES LATER... IN THE DEN OF AGONY KNOWN ONLY AS --
LECTURE HALL ONE.
MY PUPILS! Mr. *DEADPOOL* HAS *GRACIOUSLY* VOLUNTEERED TO *EXPIRE* FOR YOUR EDUCATION!
WELL, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG PROPONENT OF HIGHER EDUCATION...
NOT ONLY WILL WE BENEFIT FROM HIS DEMISE IN AN *ACADEMIC* SENSE --
-- BUT WE WILL ALSO *SECURE* THE SERVICES OF OUR TREASURED GUEST, Mr. WEASEL, *ONCE AND FOR ALL!*


RELEASE HIS BONDS.
THANKS... THEY REALLY DON'T GO WITH MY ENSEMBLE...
OBSERVE HOW THE SUBJECT DISPATCHES YOUR CLASSMATES FOR SHEER SPORT --
-- A HEAD BUTT --
-- AND A MULE KICK. NOT GRACEFUL, BUT EFFECTIVE.
SHOW AND TELL TIME IS OVER, TEACH --!!
-- IT'S TIME ALL GOOD LITTLE BOYS TAKE A DIRT NAP!
NOTICE THE LATERAL MOVEMENT AS HE EASILY EVADES THIS BLOW --
NOTICE HOW I REARRANGE YOUR FACE SO THAT SOLID FOOD IS NO LONGER AN OPTION --
-- WHICH LEAVES HIS POSTERIOR ASPECT WIDE OPEN --
GNNK
-- TO BLUNT FORCE TRAUMA.
YOU WILL NOTE, THIS OPPONENT ALWAYS DODGES TO THE LEFT.


HOW REVOLTIN'... NOW I REMEMBER WHY I DROPPED OUT OF CHARM SCHOOL...
ONTO OUR NEXT ORDINANCE --
-- SWORDPLAY.
Oh, GOODY.
NOW I CAN BE HUMILIATED WITH *PROPS...*
TO START, I'LL EMULATE THE NIGH-INDEFENSIBLE BROADSWORD OF THE BLACK KNIGHT!
AWW! NO FAIR! YOU *ALWAYS* GET TO BE ONE OF THE AVENGERS!
THIS TIME I WANNA BE THE BLACK KNIGHT AND *YOU* BE JARVIS THE BUTLER!
I OUGHTA BE ABLE TO WHUP A BUTLER...
DEADPOOL IS AN EXPERT AT USING BANTER TO DISTRACT HIS OPPONENTS IN COMBAT.
-- WORDS CAN BE AS SHARP AS STEEL WHEN WIELDED PROPERLY --
-- ALTHOUGH, QUITE FRANKLY --
-- I PREFER STEEL.
SHOOKT
YEOOOOW!
MY #@$%&* FINGER!!
OF ALL THE TIMES FOR 'POOL TO FINALLY SHOW SOME COMPASSION FOR ME --
-- WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE AGAINST A GUY HE *CAN'T BEAT?!?*


Y'KNOW... MY MOTHER CUT OFF MY MIDDLE FINGER ONCE --
ONCE.
EXPECT THE MARK TO NOW EXPLODE INTO A RAGE AND --
AND BURST INTO A DANCE NUMBER?!? I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!
PAY ATTENTION, CLASS, AS I PASS GAS AND KNOCK YOUR PROFESSOR UNCONSCIOUS USING CHEMICAL WARFARE --
WHAT THE --?
THEN I'M GOING TO MACARENA, BECAUSE IF WE ALL JUST LINE DANCE THINK HOW MUCH BETTER OFF WE'D BE.
HE -- HE'S MOVING DIFFERENTLY! HIS TECHNIQUE... SUDDENLY ERRATIC -- UNPREDICTABLE --
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NOT WHEN YOU USE THE *"DANCING ON THE CEILING"* STYLE OF KUNG FU TAUGHT BY SENSEI LIONEL RITCHIE...
THUD
THWAKK
OR THE *"MY LEFT FOOT"* STYLE PERFECTED BY DANIEL DAY LEWIS!
THIS... CAN'T BE HAPPENING...
DIDN'T ANYONE TELL YOU? I'M A RIDDLE, DUDE.
I EAT THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE FOR BREAKFAST --
I WAS BORN THE ORIGINAL LOOSE CANNON.
-- AND I AM ONE UNPREDICTABLE *FEATHER*-PLUCKIN' WALRUS!
KRAKK KOOM
KOO-KOO-KA-*FREAKIN'*-CHOO!
WITH DUE RESPECT TO ALICE --
"SCHOOL'S OUT FOREVER."
I KNEW YOU... THIS IS *NOT POSSIBLE... YOU* ARE NOT POSSIBLE...
NEITHER IS YOUR COLOR SCHEME! HOW 'BOUT CHANGING THE MONIKER TO *TACK-MASTER?*
OPEN A COPY OF *VOGUE*, FOR PETE'S SAKE...
ANY OF YOU EAGER BEAVERS OUT THERE WANT TO *DEFEND* TACK-MASTER'S *HONOR?*


I NEVER LIKED HIM ANYWAY.
I WANT MY MONEY BACK.
HE DIDN'T REALLY TEACH ME ANYTHING I DIDN'T KNOW.
THE PURE CHAOS OF MOVEMENT... NOT HUMAN...
Um... TASKY? ⇾Heh...⇽ LOOK --
-- I'M SORRY YOU GOT TRASHED IN FRONT OF YOUR STUDENTS AND ALL --
-- BUT IF YOU EVER GET BACK ON YOUR FEET --
I WILL BREAK HIM... NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES... I MUST...
-- GIVE ME A RING. I DIDN'T SAY *NO* YET.
I WILL FIND A WAY... NO ONE CAN DEFY THE NATURAL ORDER LIKE THAT... NO ONE...
⇾SIGH⇽ HE'S TOAST.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO NOW?
WELL, GUESS I'LL BE GOING HOME NOW... JUST ME AND *"TALLMAN"* IN A BAGGIE --
-- MAYBE I'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER A FEW HOURS IN FRONT OF THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL --
YOU DON'T GET THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL --
I MEANT AT YOUR PLACE, DOOFUS...
IF... Y'KNOW... YOU WANNA COME BACK TO WORK.
REALLY? GEE... THANKS, WADE --
UH-OH -- *SENTIMENTAL SCENE ALERT!* LAUNCH A *PREEMPTIVE WEDGIE!*
STCHCT
DEADPOOOL!
DOINK!
THE END

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DEADPOOL
MAR '97
3
DEAD-POOL®
GUEST-STARRING
SIRYN™
OF
X-FORCE®
Love is all around
MRP!

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70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
70 YEARS MARVEL COMICS

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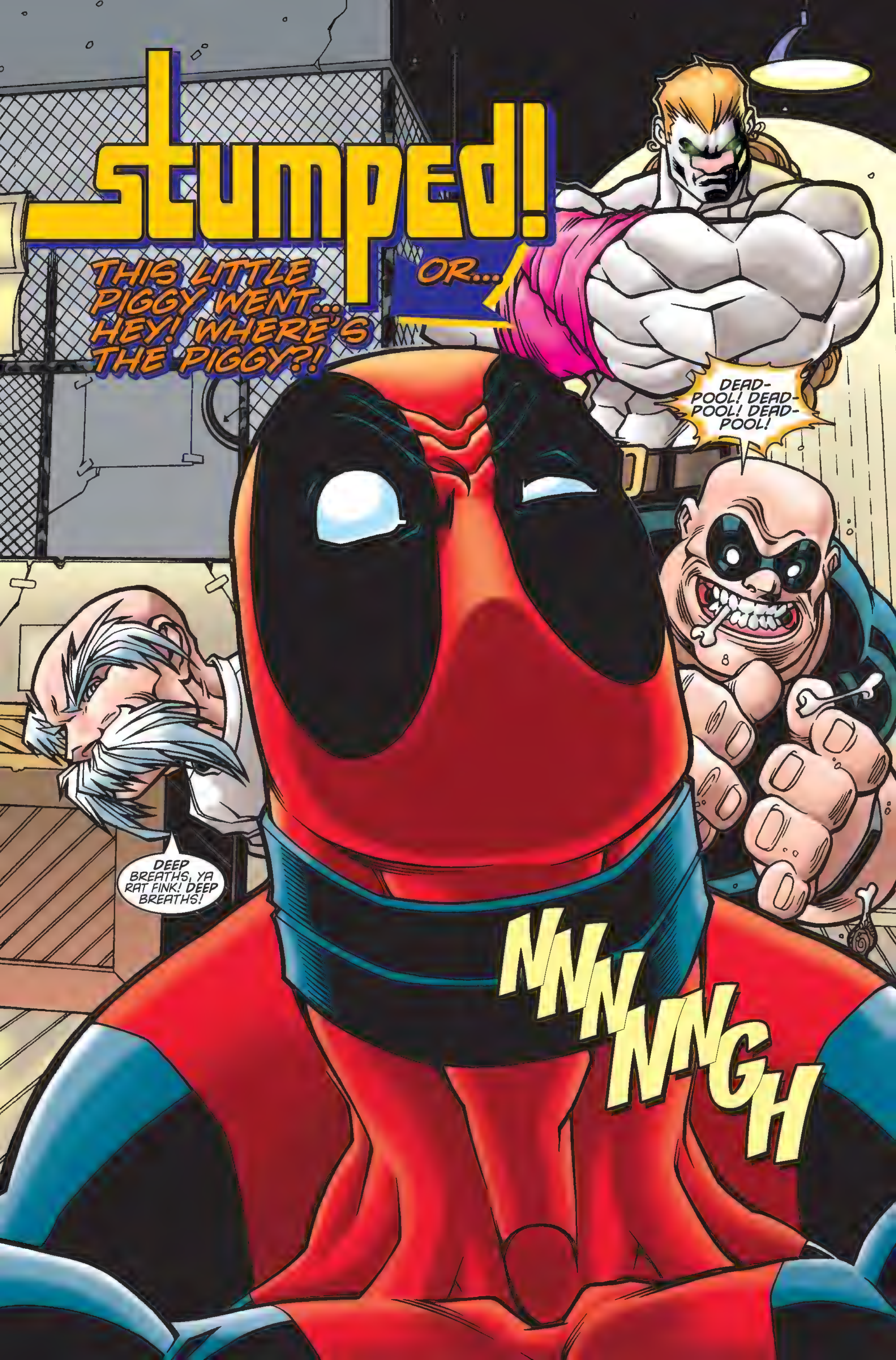
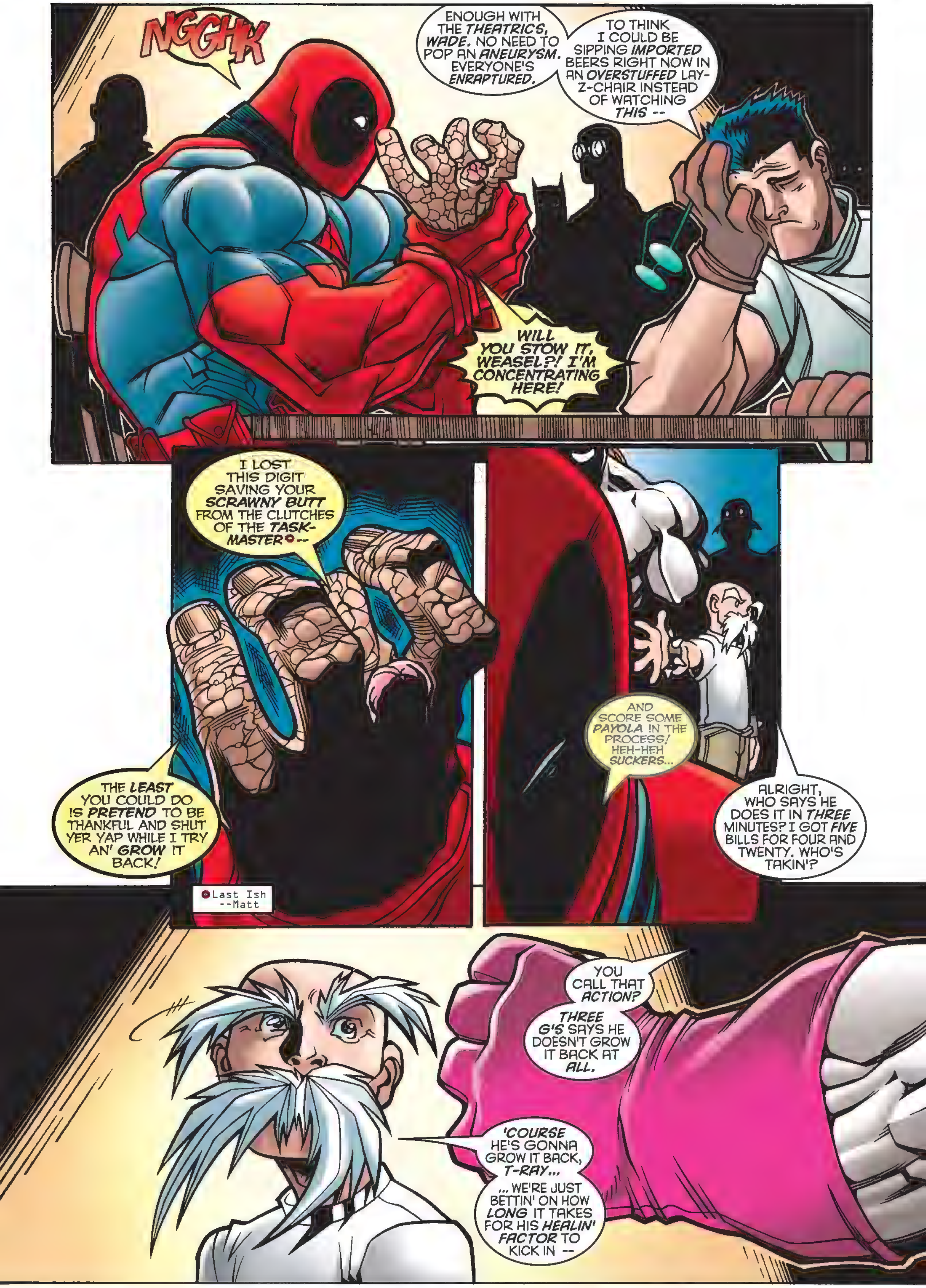
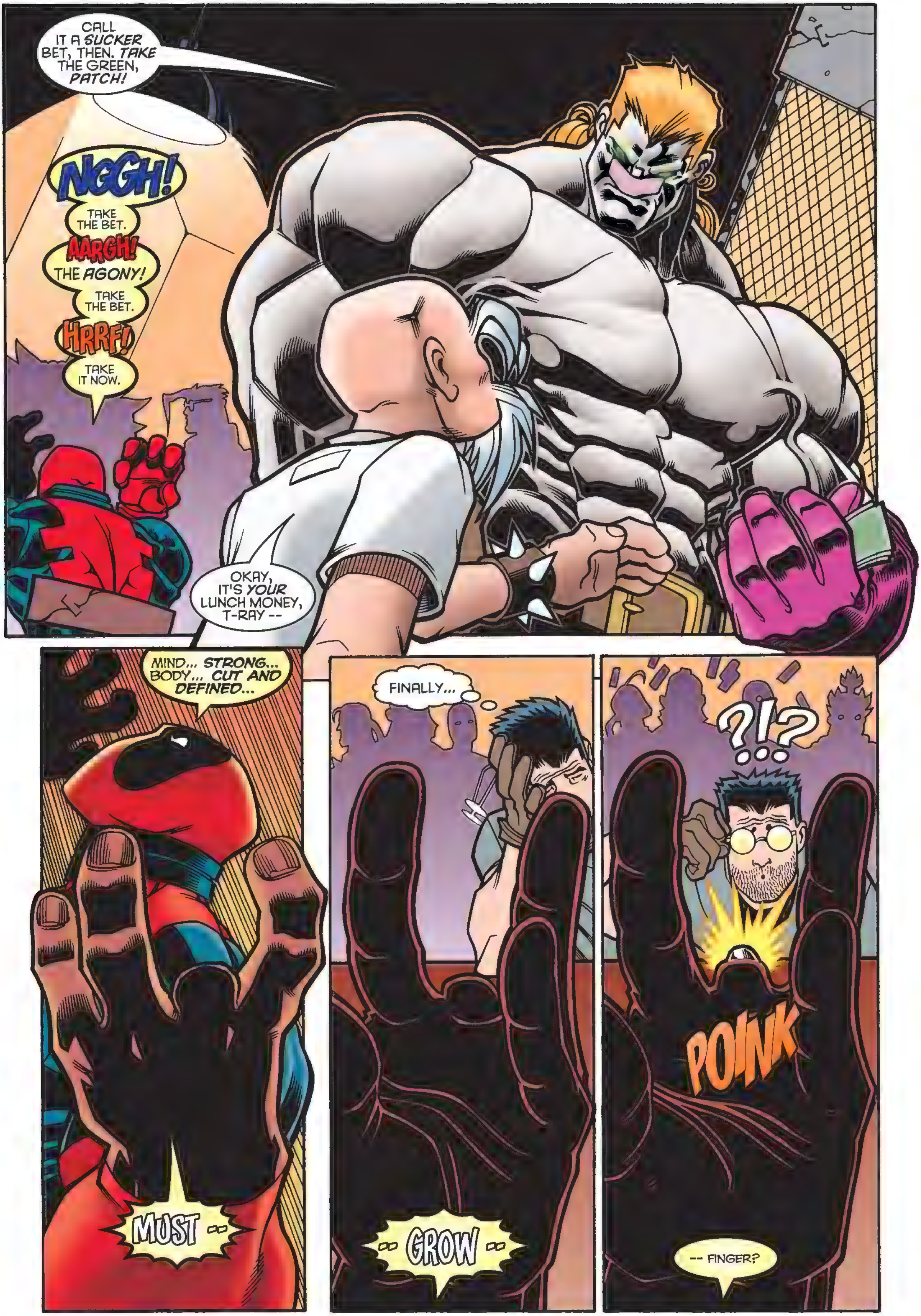
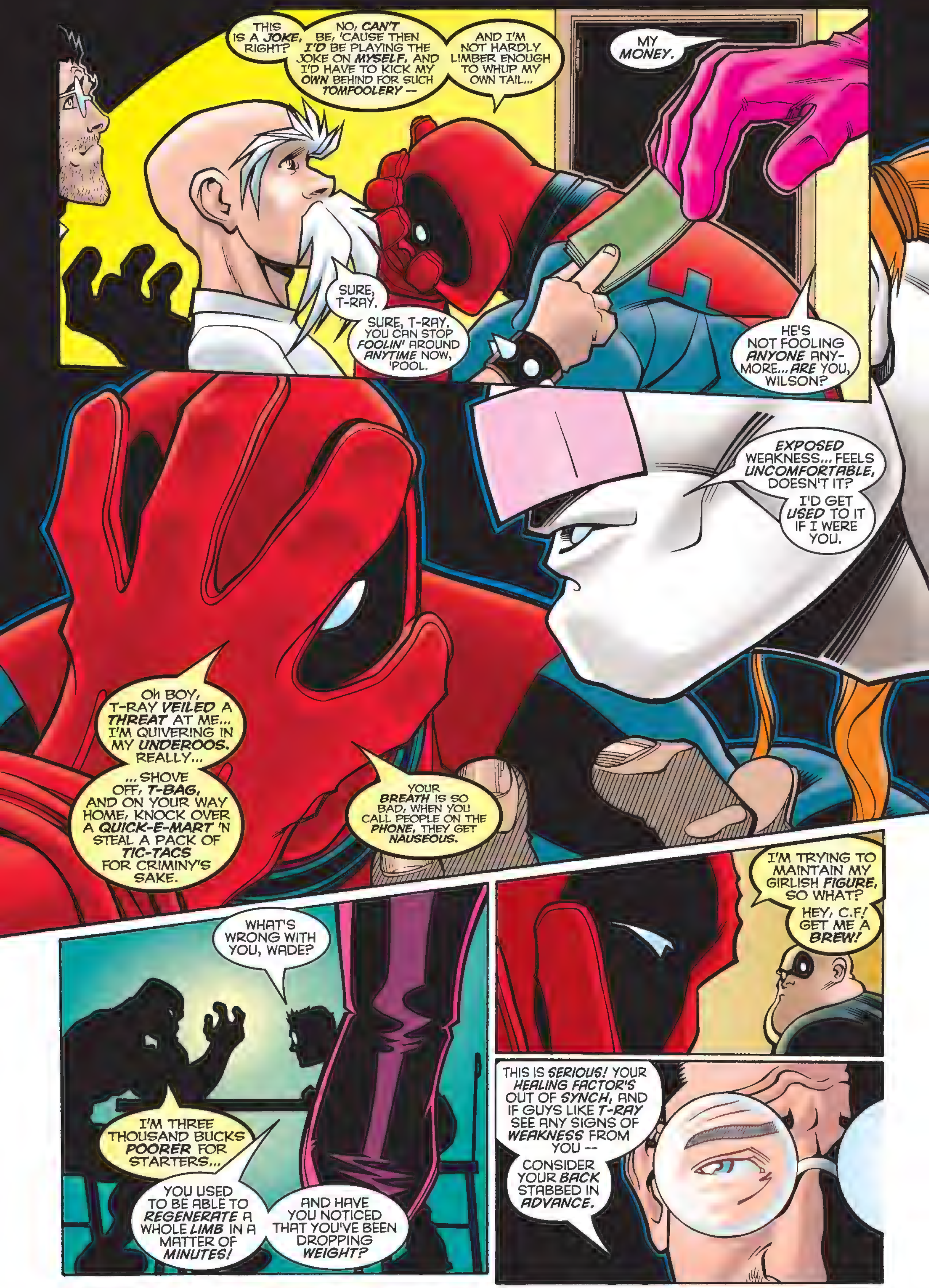
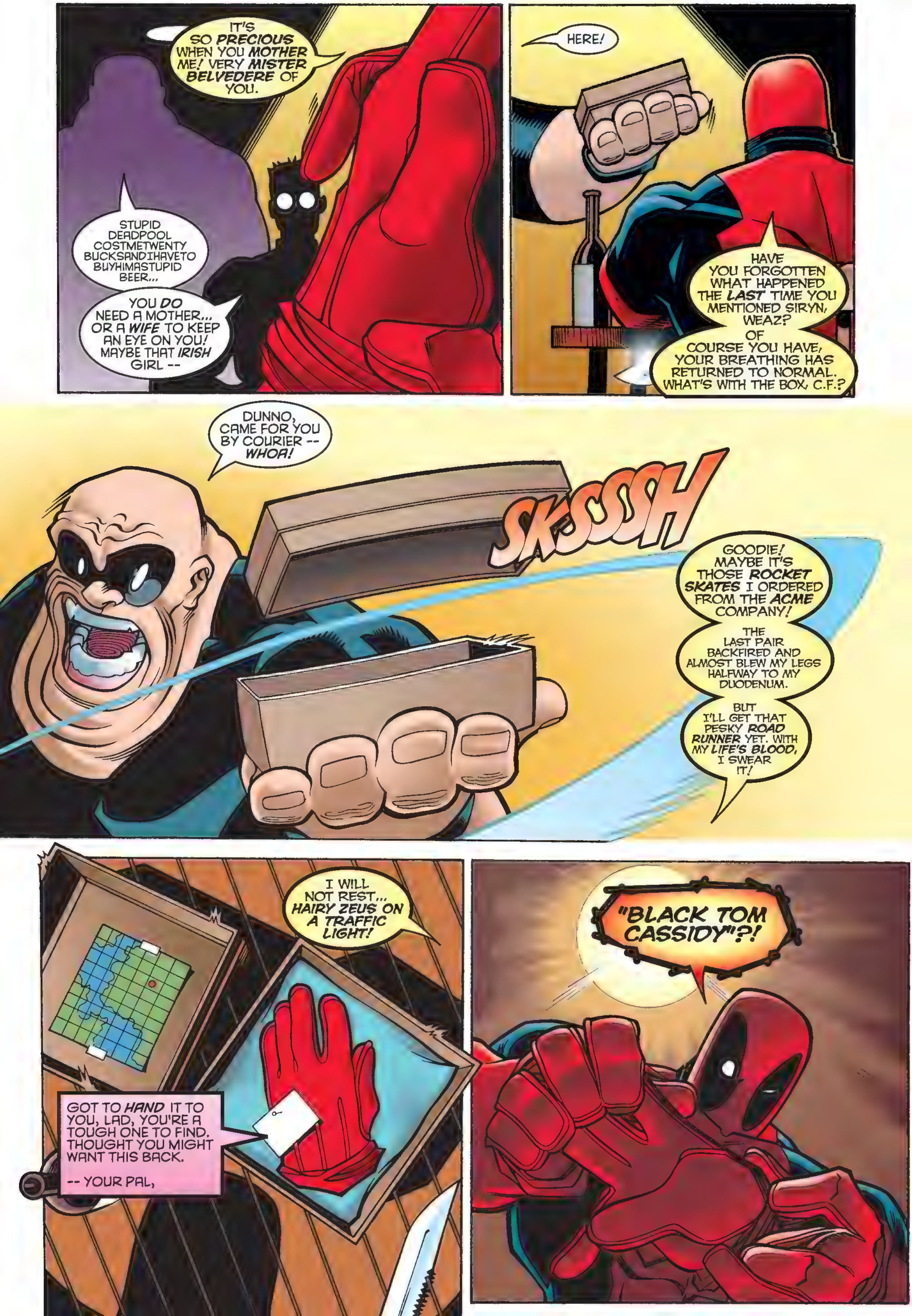
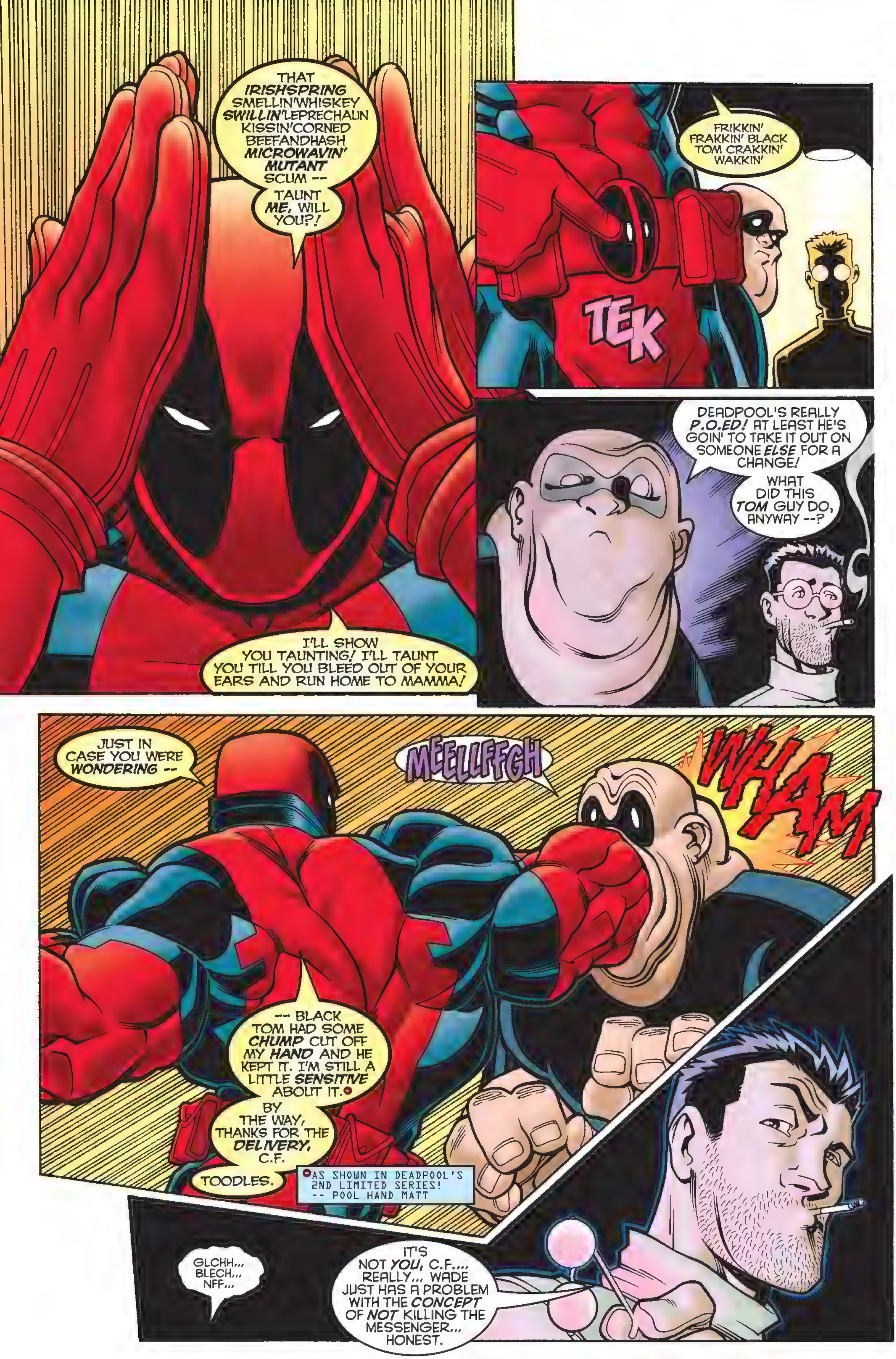

stumped!
THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT... HEY! WHERE'S THE PIGGY?!
OR...
DEAD-POOL! DEAD-POOL! DEAD-POOL!
DEEP BREATHS, YA RAT FINK! DEEP BREATHS!
NNNNNNGH

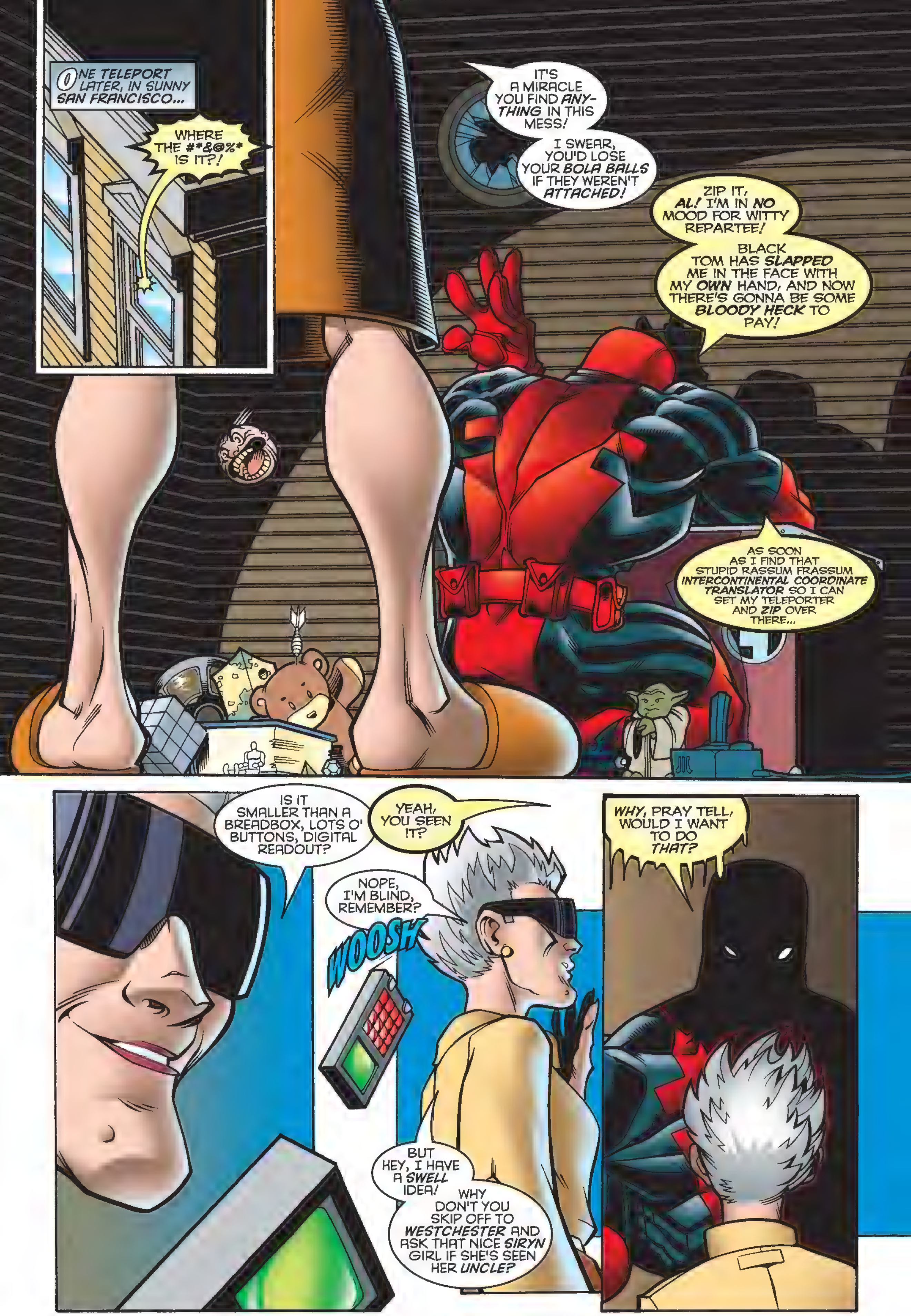

NGGHK
ENOUGH WITH THE THEATRICS, WADE. NO NEED TO POP AN ANEURYSM. EVERYONE'S ENRAPTURED.
TO THINK I COULD BE SIPPING IMPORTED BEERS RIGHT NOW IN AN OVERSTUFFED LAY-Z-CHAIR INSTEAD OF WATCHING THIS --
WILL YOU STOW IT, WEASEL?! I'M CONCENTRATING HERE!
I LOST THIS DIGIT SAVING YOUR SCRAWNY BUTT FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE TASKMASTER* --
THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS PRETEND TO BE THANKFUL AND SHUT YER YAP WHILE I TRY AN' GROW IT BACK!
*Last Ish --Matt
AND SCORE SOME PAYOLA IN THE PROCESS! HEH-HEH SUCKERS...
ALRIGHT, WHO SAYS HE DOES IT IN THREE MINUTES? I GOT FIVE BILLS FOR FOUR AND TWENTY. WHO'S TAKIN'?
YOU CALL THAT ACTION?
THREE G'S SAYS HE DOESN'T GROW IT BACK AT ALL.
'COURSE HE'S GONNA GROW IT BACK, T-RAY...
...WE'RE JUST BETTIN' ON HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR HIS HEALIN' FACTOR TO KICK IN --

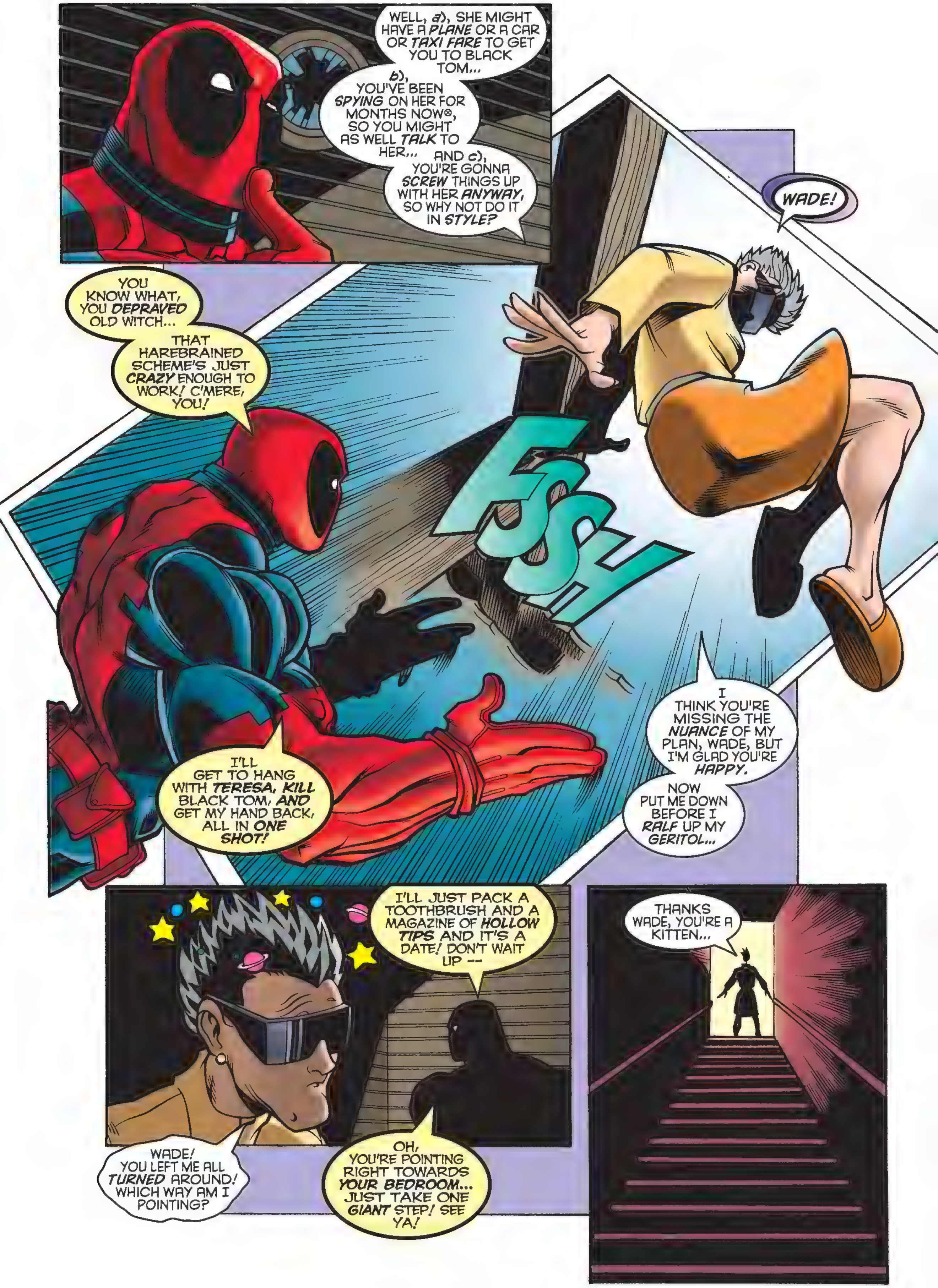

CALL IT A *SUCKER* BET, THEN. *TAKE* THE GREEN, *PATCH!*
NGGH!
TAKE THE BET.
AARGH!
THE *AGONY!*
TAKE THE BET.
HRRF!
TAKE IT NOW.
OKAY, IT'S *YOUR* LUNCH MONEY, T-RAY --
MIND... *STRONG...* BODY... *CUT AND DEFINED...*
MUST --
FINALLY...
-- GROW --
?!?
POINK
-- FINGER?

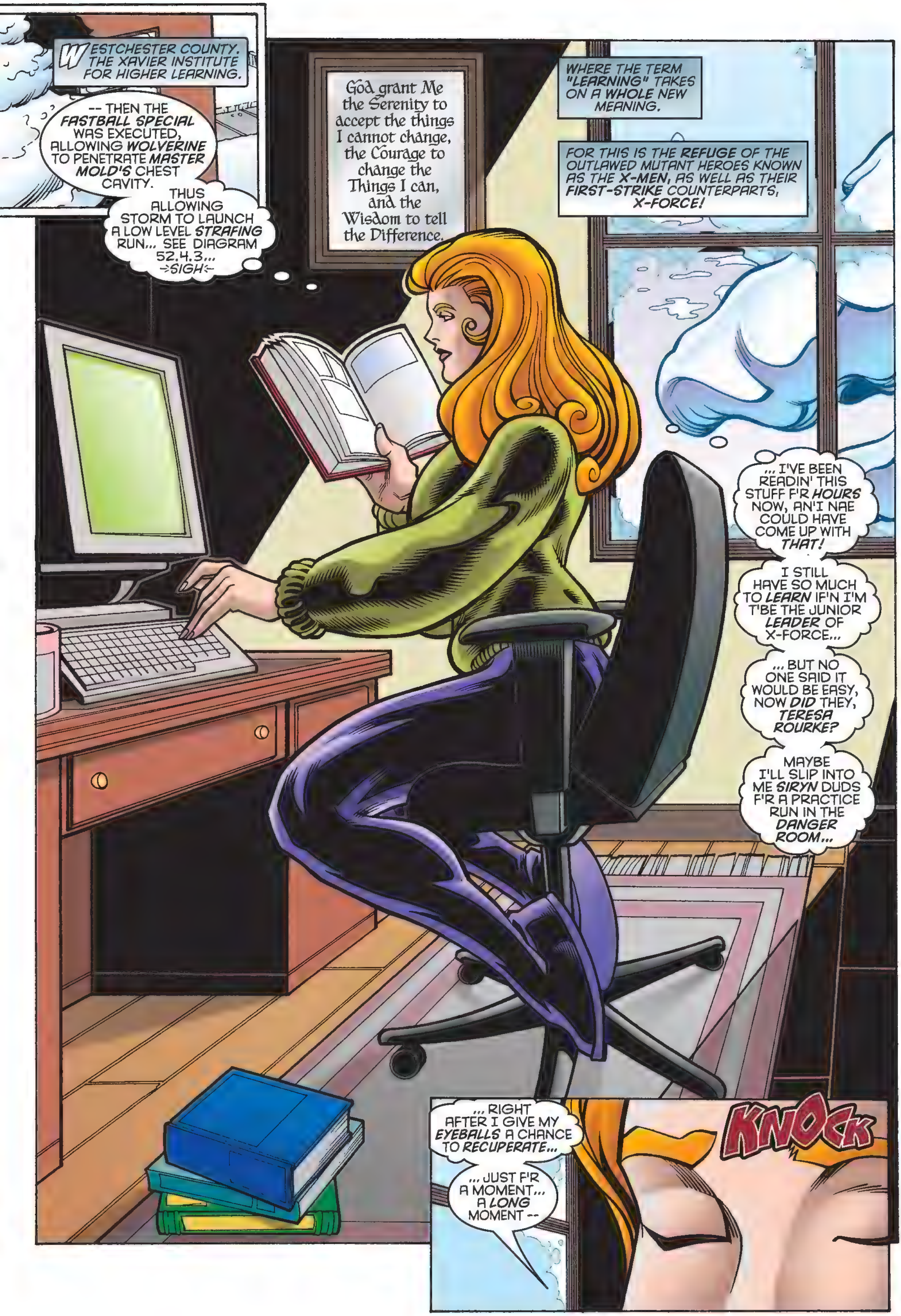

THIS IS A *JOKE*, RIGHT?
NO, *CAN'T* BE, 'CAUSE THEN *I'D* BE PLAYING THE JOKE ON *MYSELF*, AND I'D HAVE TO KICK MY *OWN* BEHIND FOR SUCH *TOMFOOLERY* --
AND I'M NOT HARDLY LIMBER ENOUGH TO WHUP MY OWN TAIL...
MY *MONEY*.
SURE, T-RAY.
SURE, T-RAY. YOU CAN STOP *FOOLIN'* AROUND *ANYTIME* NOW, 'POOL.
HE'S NOT FOOLING *ANYONE* ANYMORE... *ARE* YOU, WILSON?
EXPOSED WEAKNESS... FEELS *UNCOMFORTABLE*, DOESN'T IT?
I'D GET *USED* TO IT IF I WERE YOU.
Oh BOY, T-RAY *VEILED* A *THREAT* AT ME... I'M QUIVERING IN MY *UNDEROOS*. REALLY...
...SHOVE OFF, *T-BAG*, AND ON YOUR WAY HOME, KNOCK OVER A *QUICK-E-MART* 'N STEAL A PACK OF *TIC-TACS* FOR CRIMINY'S SAKE.
YOUR *BREATH* IS SO BAD, WHEN YOU CALL PEOPLE ON THE *PHONE*, THEY GET *NAUSEOUS*.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, WADE?
I'M THREE THOUSAND BUCKS *POORER* FOR STARTERS...
YOU USED TO BE ABLE TO *REGENERATE* A WHOLE *LIMB* IN A MATTER OF *MINUTES!*
AND HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT YOU'VE BEEN DROPPING *WEIGHT?*
I'M TRYING TO MAINTAIN MY GIRLISH *FIGURE*, SO WHAT?
HEY, C.F.! GET ME A *BREW!*
THIS IS *SERIOUS!* YOUR *HEALING FACTOR'S* OUT OF *SYNCH*, AND IF GUYS LIKE *T-RAY* SEE ANY SIGNS OF *WEAKNESS* FROM YOU --
CONSIDER YOUR *BACK* STABBED IN *ADVANCE*.

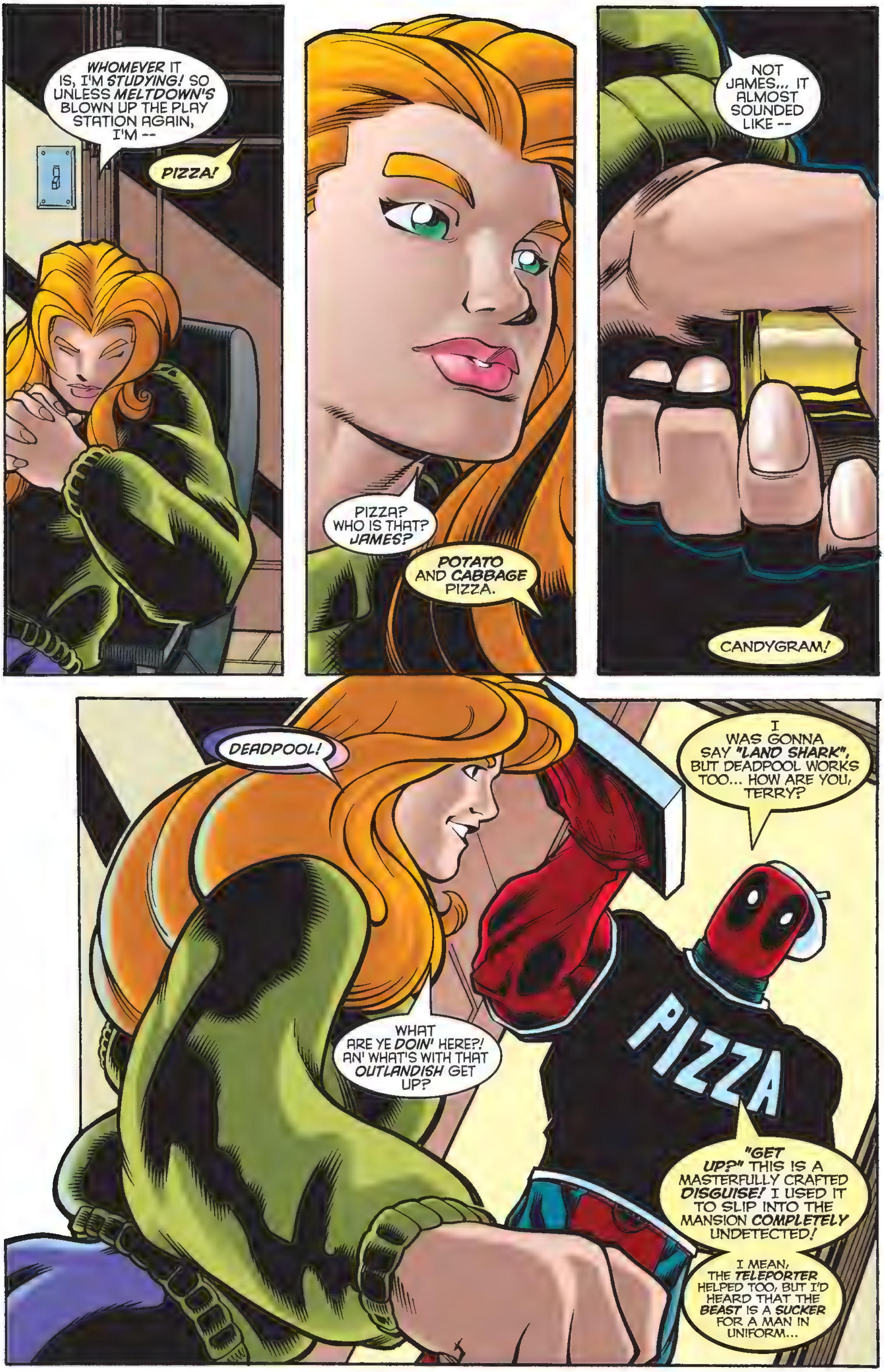

IT'S SO PRECIOUS WHEN YOU MOTHER ME! VERY MISTER BELVEDERE OF YOU.
STUPID DEADPOOL COSTMETWENTY BUCKSANDIHAVETO BUYHIMASTUPID BEER...
YOU DO NEED A MOTHER... OR A WIFE TO KEEP AN EYE ON YOU! MAYBE THAT IRISH GIRL --
HERE!
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME YOU MENTIONED SIRYN, WEAZ?
OF COURSE YOU HAVE, YOUR BREATHING HAS RETURNED TO NORMAL. WHAT'S WITH THE BOX, C.F.?
DUNNO, CAME FOR YOU BY COURIER -- WHOA!
SK-SSSH
GOODIE! MAYBE IT'S THOSE ROCKET SKATES I ORDERED FROM THE ACME COMPANY!
THE LAST PAIR BACKFIRED AND ALMOST BLEW MY LEGS HALFWAY TO MY DUODENUM.
BUT I'LL GET THAT PESKY ROAD RUNNER YET. WITH MY LIFE'S BLOOD, I SWEAR IT!
I WILL NOT REST... HAIRY ZEUS ON A TRAFFIC LIGHT!
GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, LAD, YOU'RE A TOUGH ONE TO FIND. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT THIS BACK.
-- YOUR PAL,
"BLACK TOM CASSIDY"?!

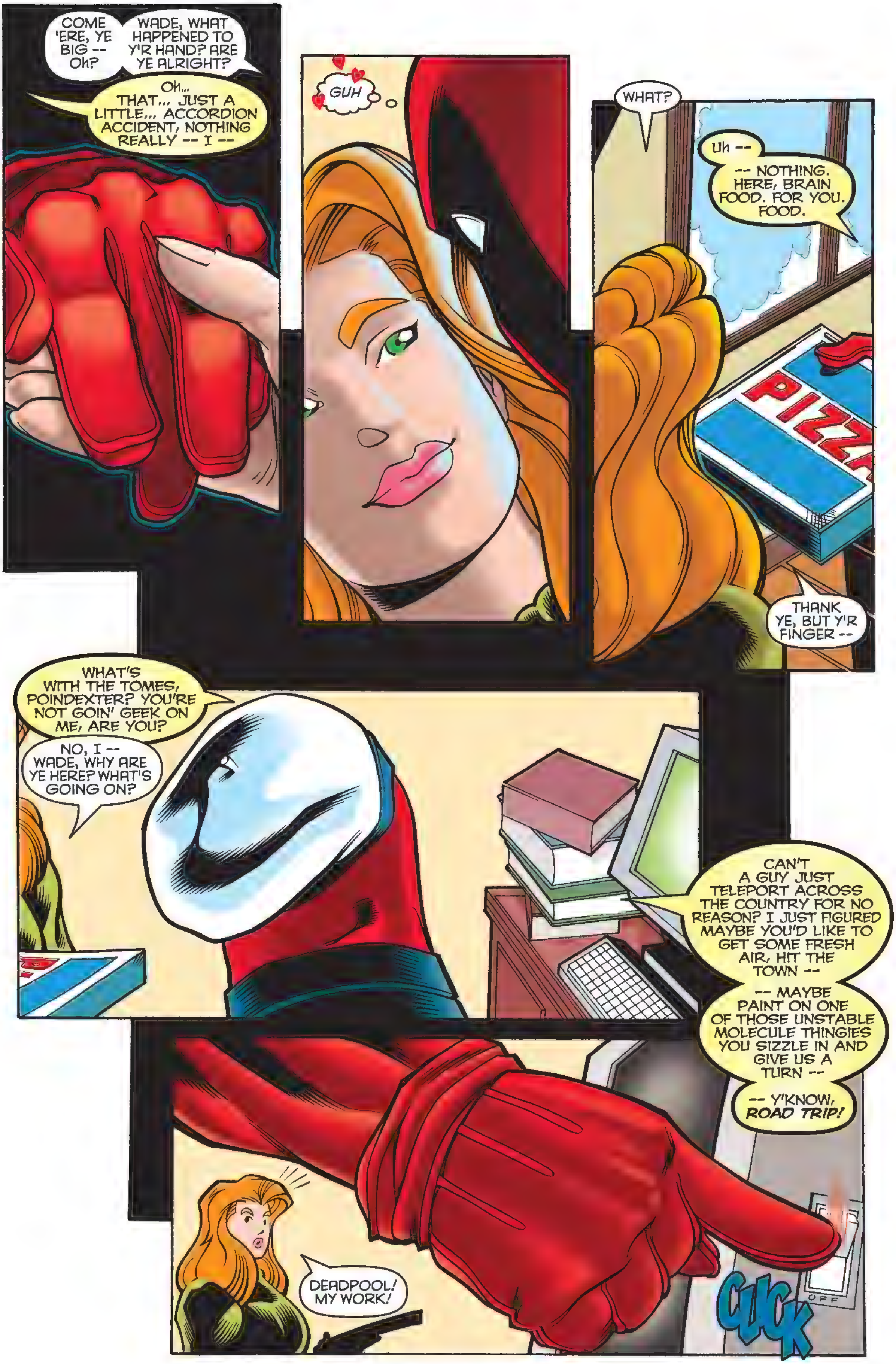

THAT *IRISHSPRING* SMELLIN'WHISKEY *SWILLIN'*LEPRECHAUN KISSIN'CORNED BEEFANDHASH *MICROWAVIN' MUTANT* SCUM --
TAUNT *ME,* WILL YOU?!
I'LL SHOW YOU TAUNTING! I'LL TAUNT YOU TILL YOU BLEED OUT OF YOUR EARS AND RUN HOME TO MAMMA!
FRIKKIN' FRAKKIN' BLACK TOM CRAKKIN' WAKKIN'
TEK
DEADPOOL'S REALLY *P.O.ED!* AT LEAST HE'S GOIN' TO TAKE IT OUT ON SOMEONE *ELSE* FOR A CHANGE!
WHAT DID THIS *TOM* GUY DO, ANYWAY --?
JUST IN CASE YOU WERE *WONDERING* --
MEELLFFGH
WHAM
-- BLACK TOM HAD SOME *CHUMP* CUT OFF MY *HAND* AND HE KEPT IT. I'M STILL A LITTLE *SENSITIVE* ABOUT IT.●
BY THE WAY, THANKS FOR THE *DELIVERY,* C.F.
TOODLES.
●AS SHOWN IN DEADPOOL'S 2ND LIMITED SERIES! -- POOL HAND MATT
GLCHH... BLECH... NFF...
IT'S NOT *YOU,* C.F.... REALLY... WADE JUST HAS A PROBLEM WITH THE *CONCEPT* OF *NOT* KILLING THE MESSENGER... HONEST.

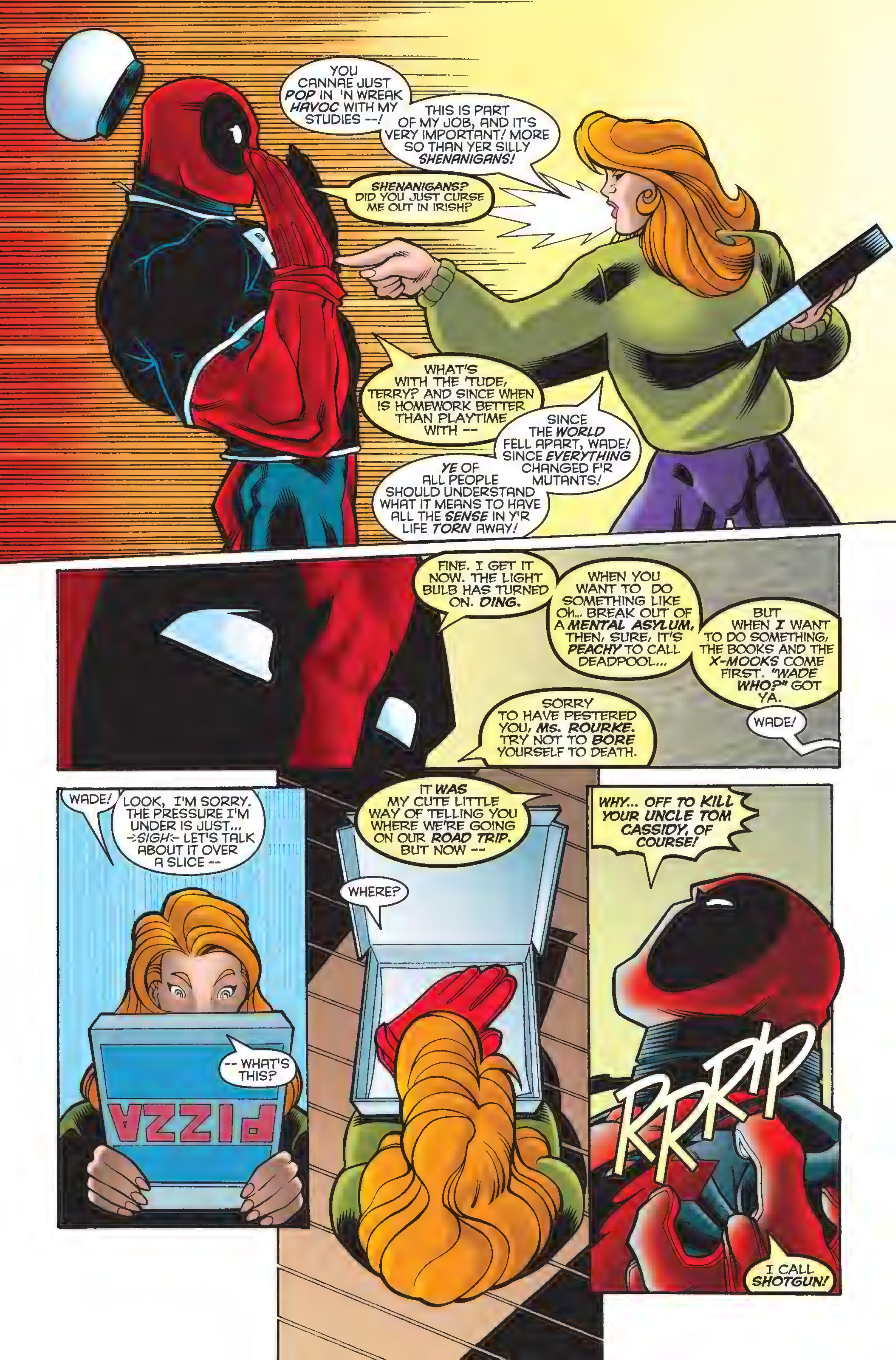

ONE TELEPORT LATER, IN SUNNY SAN FRANCISCO...
WHERE THE #*&@%* IS IT?!
IT'S A MIRACLE YOU FIND ANYTHING IN THIS MESS!
I SWEAR, YOU'D LOSE YOUR BOLA BALLS IF THEY WEREN'T ATTACHED!
ZIP IT, AL! I'M IN NO MOOD FOR WITTY REPARTEE!
BLACK TOM HAS SLAPPED ME IN THE FACE WITH MY OWN HAND, AND NOW THERE'S GONNA BE SOME BLOODY HECK TO PAY!
AS SOON AS I FIND THAT STUPID RASSUM FRASSUM INTERCONTINENTAL COORDINATE TRANSLATOR SO I CAN SET MY TELEPORTER AND ZIP OVER THERE...
IS IT SMALLER THAN A BREADBOX, LOTS O' BUTTONS, DIGITAL READOUT?
YEAH, YOU SEEN IT?
NOPE, I'M BLIND, REMEMBER?
WOOSH
BUT HEY, I HAVE A SWELL IDEA!
WHY DON'T YOU SKIP OFF TO WESTCHESTER AND ASK THAT NICE SIRYN GIRL IF SHE'S SEEN HER UNCLE?
WHY, PRAY TELL, WOULD I WANT TO DO THAT?

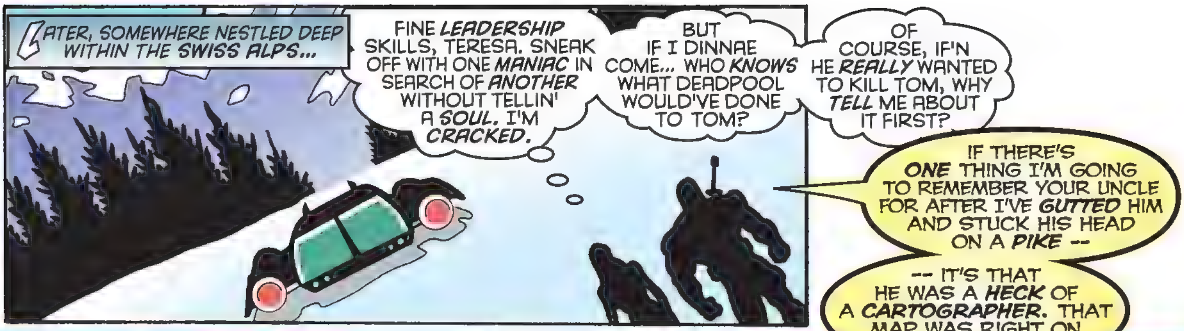

WELL, *a)*, SHE MIGHT HAVE A *PLANE* OR A CAR OR *TAXI FARE* TO GET YOU TO BLACK TOM...
b), YOU'VE BEEN *SPYING* ON HER FOR MONTHS NOW®, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL *TALK* TO HER...
AND *c)*, YOU'RE GONNA *SCREW* THINGS UP WITH HER *ANYWAY*, SO WHY NOT DO IT IN *STYLE?*
YOU KNOW WHAT, YOU *DEPRAVED* OLD WITCH...
THAT HAREBRAINED SCHEME'S JUST *CRAZY* ENOUGH TO WORK! C'MERE, YOU!
FSSH
WADE!
I'LL GET TO HANG WITH *TERESA, KILL* BLACK TOM, *AND* GET MY HAND BACK, ALL IN *ONE SHOT!*
I THINK YOU'RE MISSING THE *NUANCE* OF MY PLAN, WADE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU'RE *HAPPY.*
NOW PUT ME DOWN BEFORE I *RALF* UP MY *GERITOL...*
I'LL JUST PACK A TOOTHBRUSH AND A MAGAZINE OF *HOLLOW TIPS* AND IT'S A DATE! DON'T WAIT UP --
WADE! YOU LEFT ME ALL *TURNED* AROUND! WHICH WAY AM I POINTING?
OH, YOU'RE POINTING RIGHT TOWARDS *YOUR BEDROOM...* JUST TAKE ONE *GIANT* STEP! SEE YA!
THANKS WADE, YOU'RE A KITTEN...

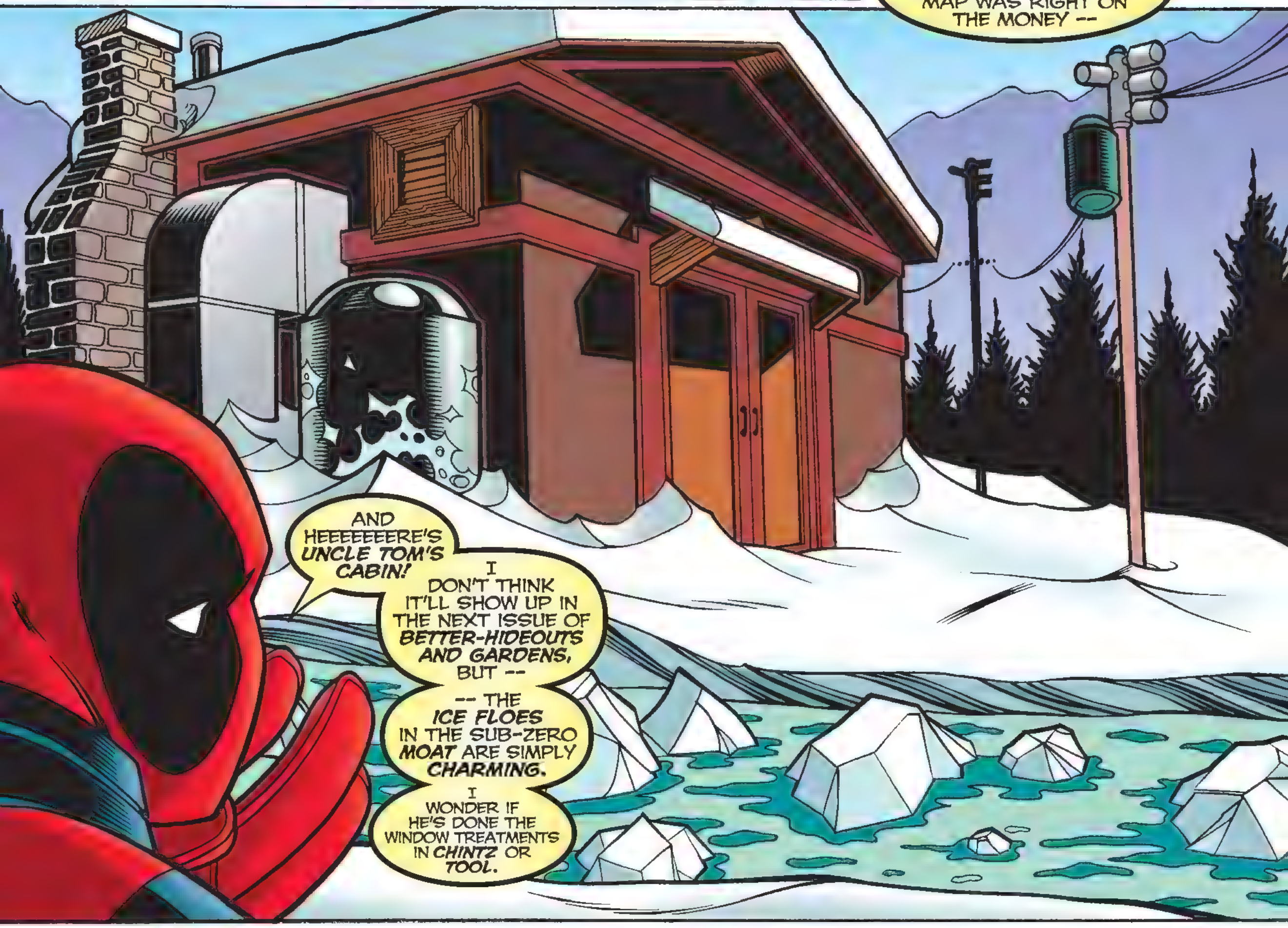

WESTCHESTER COUNTY. THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
-- THEN THE FASTBALL SPECIAL WAS EXECUTED, ALLOWING WOLVERINE TO PENETRATE MASTER MOLD'S CHEST CAVITY.
THUS ALLOWING STORM TO LAUNCH A LOW LEVEL STRAFING RUN... SEE DIAGRAM 52.4.3... ⇝SIGH⇜
God grant Me the Serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the Courage to change the Things I can, and the Wisdom to tell the Difference.
WHERE THE TERM "LEARNING" TAKES ON A WHOLE NEW MEANING.
FOR THIS IS THE REFUGE OF THE OUTLAWED MUTANT HEROES KNOWN AS THE X-MEN, AS WELL AS THEIR FIRST-STRIKE COUNTERPARTS, X-FORCE!
... I'VE BEEN READIN' THIS STUFF F'R HOURS NOW, AN'I NAE COULD HAVE COME UP WITH THAT!
I STILL HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN IF'N I'M T'BE THE JUNIOR LEADER OF X-FORCE...
... BUT NO ONE SAID IT WOULD BE EASY, NOW DID THEY, TERESA ROURKE?
MAYBE I'LL SLIP INTO ME SIRYN DUDS F'R A PRACTICE RUN IN THE DANGER ROOM...
... RIGHT AFTER I GIVE MY EYEBALLS A CHANCE TO RECUPERATE...
... JUST F'R A MOMENT... A LONG MOMENT --
KNOCK

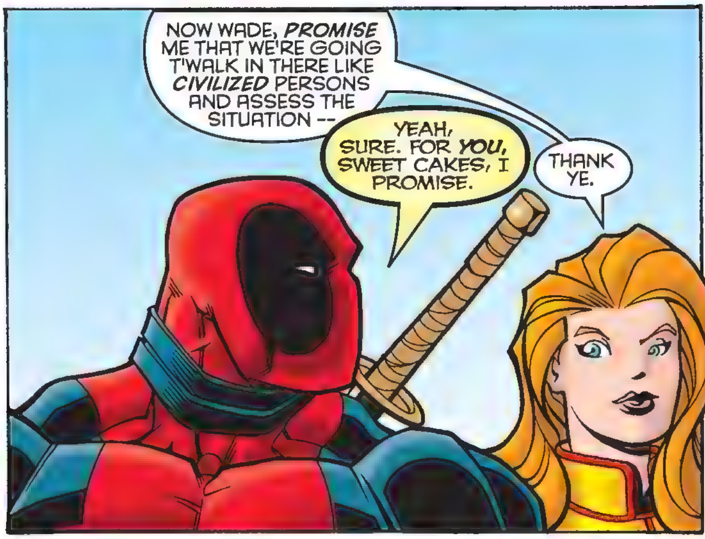

WHOMEVER IT IS, I'M STUDYING! SO UNLESS MELTDOWN'S BLOWN UP THE PLAY STATION AGAIN, I'M --
PIZZA!
PIZZA? WHO IS THAT? JAMES?
POTATO AND CABBAGE PIZZA.
NOT JAMES... IT ALMOST SOUNDED LIKE --
CANDYGRAM!
DEADPOOL!
I WAS GONNA SAY "LAND SHARK", BUT DEADPOOL WORKS TOO... HOW ARE YOU, TERRY?
WHAT ARE YE DOIN' HERE?! AN' WHAT'S WITH THAT OUTLANDISH GET UP?
PIZZA
"GET UP?" THIS IS A MASTERFULLY CRAFTED DISGUISE! I USED IT TO SLIP INTO THE MANSION COMPLETELY UNDETECTED!
I MEAN, THE TELEPORTER HELPED TOO, BUT I'D HEARD THAT THE BEAST IS A SUCKER FOR A MAN IN UNIFORM...

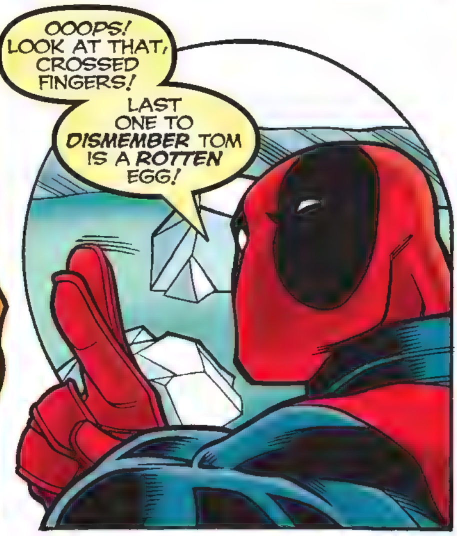

COME 'ERE, YE BIG -- Oh?
WADE, WHAT HAPPENED TO Y'R HAND? ARE YE ALRIGHT?
Oh... THAT... JUST A LITTLE... ACCORDION ACCIDENT, NOTHING REALLY -- I --
GUH
WHAT?
Uh --
-- NOTHING. HERE, BRAIN FOOD. FOR YOU. FOOD.
PIZZA
THANK YE, BUT Y'R FINGER --
WHAT'S WITH THE TOMES, POINDEXTER? YOU'RE NOT GOIN' GEEK ON ME, ARE YOU?
NO, I -- WADE, WHY ARE YE HERE? WHAT'S GOING ON?
CAN'T A GUY JUST TELEPORT ACROSS THE COUNTRY FOR NO REASON? I JUST FIGURED MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO GET SOME FRESH AIR, HIT THE TOWN --
-- MAYBE PAINT ON ONE OF THOSE UNSTABLE MOLECULE THINGIES YOU SIZZLE IN AND GIVE US A TURN --
-- Y'KNOW, ROAD TRIP!
DEADPOOL! MY WORK!
CLICK
OFF

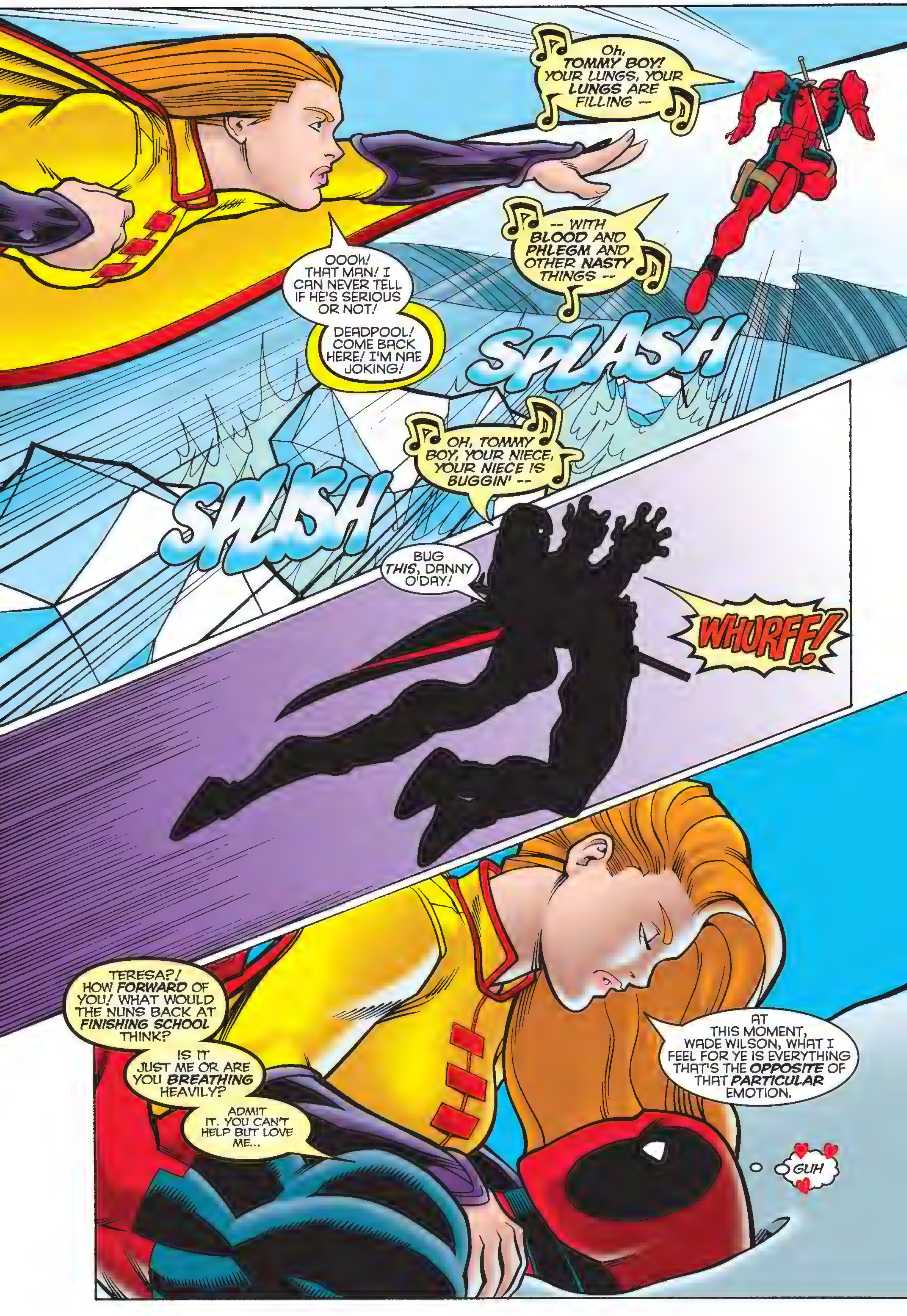

YOU CANNAE JUST *POP* IN 'N WREAK *HAVOC* WITH MY STUDIES --!
THIS IS PART OF MY JOB, AND IT'S VERY IMPORTANT! MORE SO THAN YER SILLY *SHENANIGANS!*
SHENANIGANS? DID YOU JUST CURSE ME OUT IN IRISH?
WHAT'S WITH THE 'TUDE, TERRY? AND SINCE WHEN IS HOMEWORK BETTER THAN PLAYTIME WITH --
SINCE THE *WORLD* FELL APART, WADE! SINCE *EVERYTHING* CHANGED F'R MUTANTS!
YE OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE ALL THE *SENSE* IN Y'R LIFE *TORN* AWAY!
FINE. I GET IT NOW. THE LIGHT BULB HAS TURNED ON. *DING.*
WHEN YOU WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE Oh... BREAK OUT OF A *MENTAL ASYLUM,* THEN, SURE, IT'S *PEACHY* TO CALL DEADPOOL...
BUT WHEN *I* WANT TO DO SOMETHING, THE BOOKS AND THE *X-MOOKS* COME FIRST. *"WADE WHO?"* GOT YA.
SORRY TO HAVE PESTERED YOU, *Ms. ROURKE.* TRY NOT TO *BORE* YOURSELF TO DEATH.
WADE!
WADE!
LOOK, I'M SORRY. THE PRESSURE I'M UNDER IS JUST... -SIGH- LET'S TALK ABOUT IT OVER A SLICE --
PIZZA
-- WHAT'S THIS?
IT *WAS* MY CUTE LITTLE WAY OF TELLING YOU WHERE WE'RE GOING ON OUR *ROAD TRIP.* BUT NOW --
WHERE?
WHY... OFF TO KILL YOUR UNCLE TOM CASSIDY, OF COURSE!
RRRIP
I CALL *SHOTGUN!*

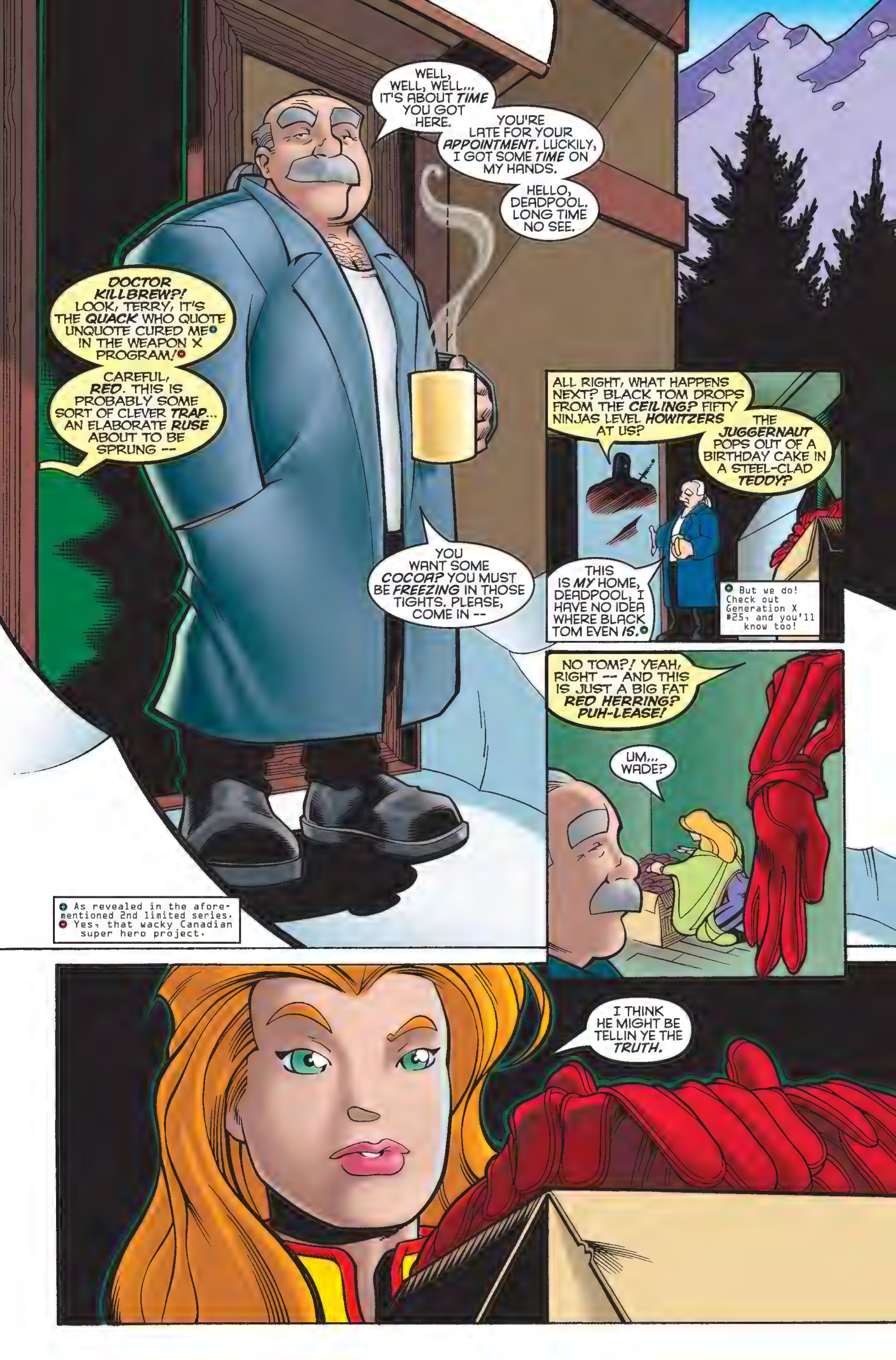

LATER, SOMEWHERE NESTLED DEEP WITHIN THE SWISS ALPS...
FINE LEADERSHIP SKILLS, TERESA. SNEAK OFF WITH ONE MANIAC IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER WITHOUT TELLIN' A SOUL. I'M CRACKED.
BUT IF I DINNAE COME... WHO KNOWS WHAT DEADPOOL WOULD'VE DONE TO TOM?
OF COURSE, IF'N HE REALLY WANTED TO KILL TOM, WHY TELL ME ABOUT IT FIRST?
IF THERE'S ONE THING I'M GOING TO REMEMBER YOUR UNCLE FOR AFTER I'VE GUTTED HIM AND STUCK HIS HEAD ON A PIKE --
-- IT'S THAT HE WAS A HECK OF A CARTOGRAPHER. THAT MAP WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY --

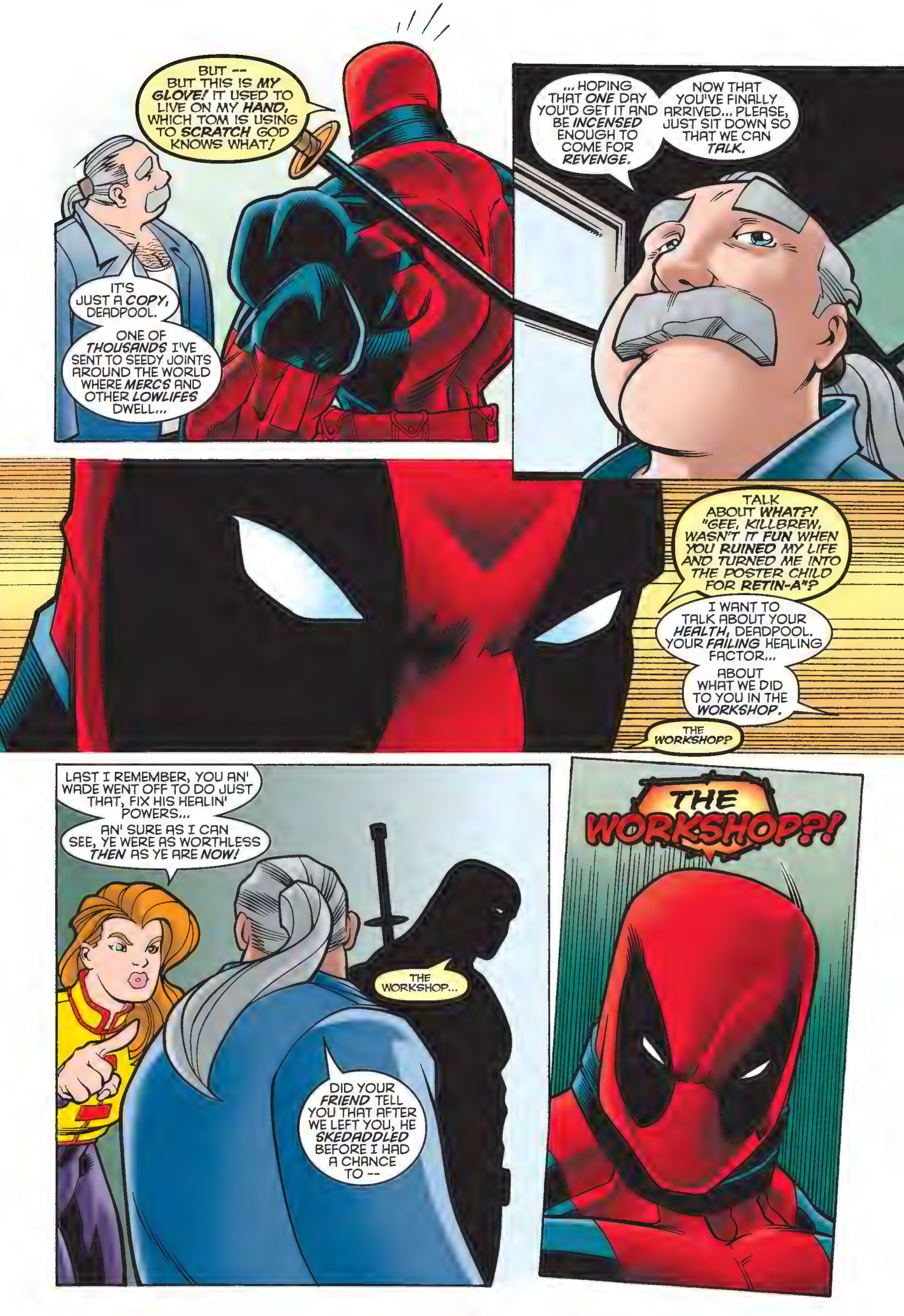

AND HEEEEEEERE'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN!
I DON'T THINK IT'LL SHOW UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BETTER-HIDEOUTS AND GARDENS, BUT --
-- THE ICE FLOES IN THE SUB-ZERO MOAT ARE SIMPLY CHARMING.
I WONDER IF HE'S DONE THE WINDOW TREATMENTS IN CHINTZ OR TOOL.

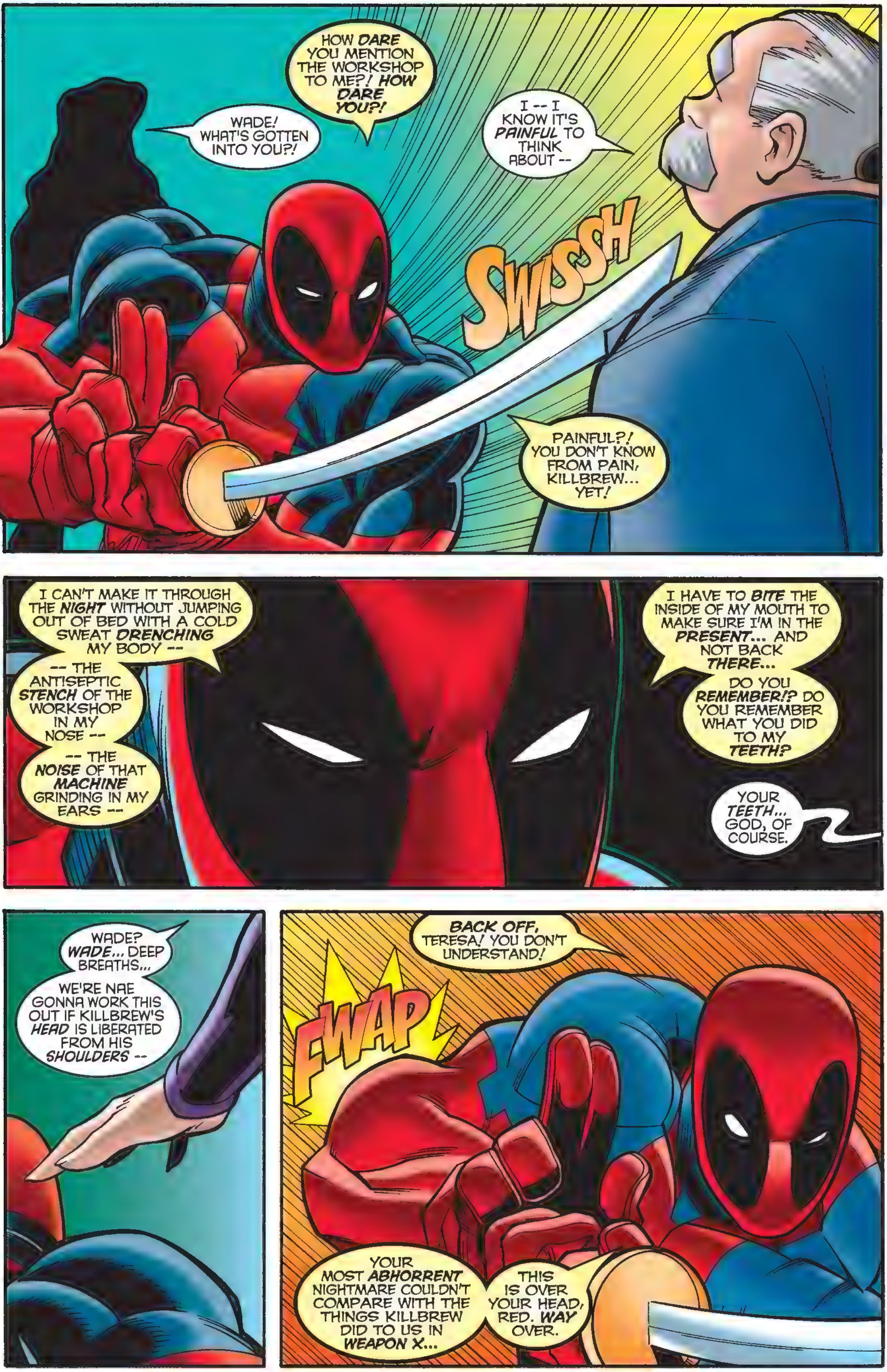

NOW WADE, PROMISE ME THAT WE'RE GOING T'WALK IN THERE LIKE CIVILIZED PERSONS AND ASSESS THE SITUATION --
YEAH, SURE. FOR YOU, SWEET CAKES, I PROMISE.
THANK YE.

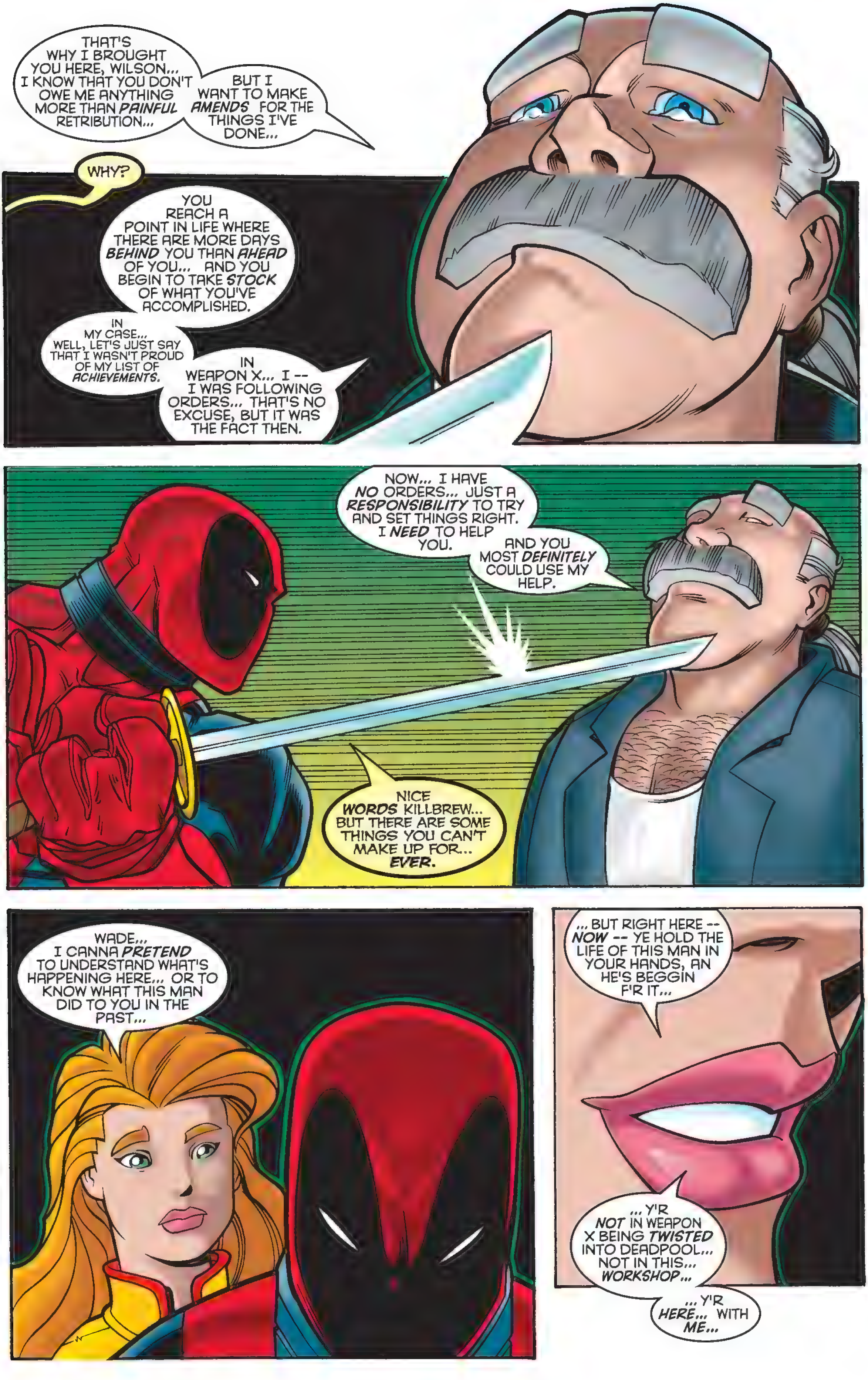

OOOPS! LOOK AT THAT, CROSSED FINGERS!
LAST ONE TO DISMEMBER TOM IS A ROTTEN EGG!

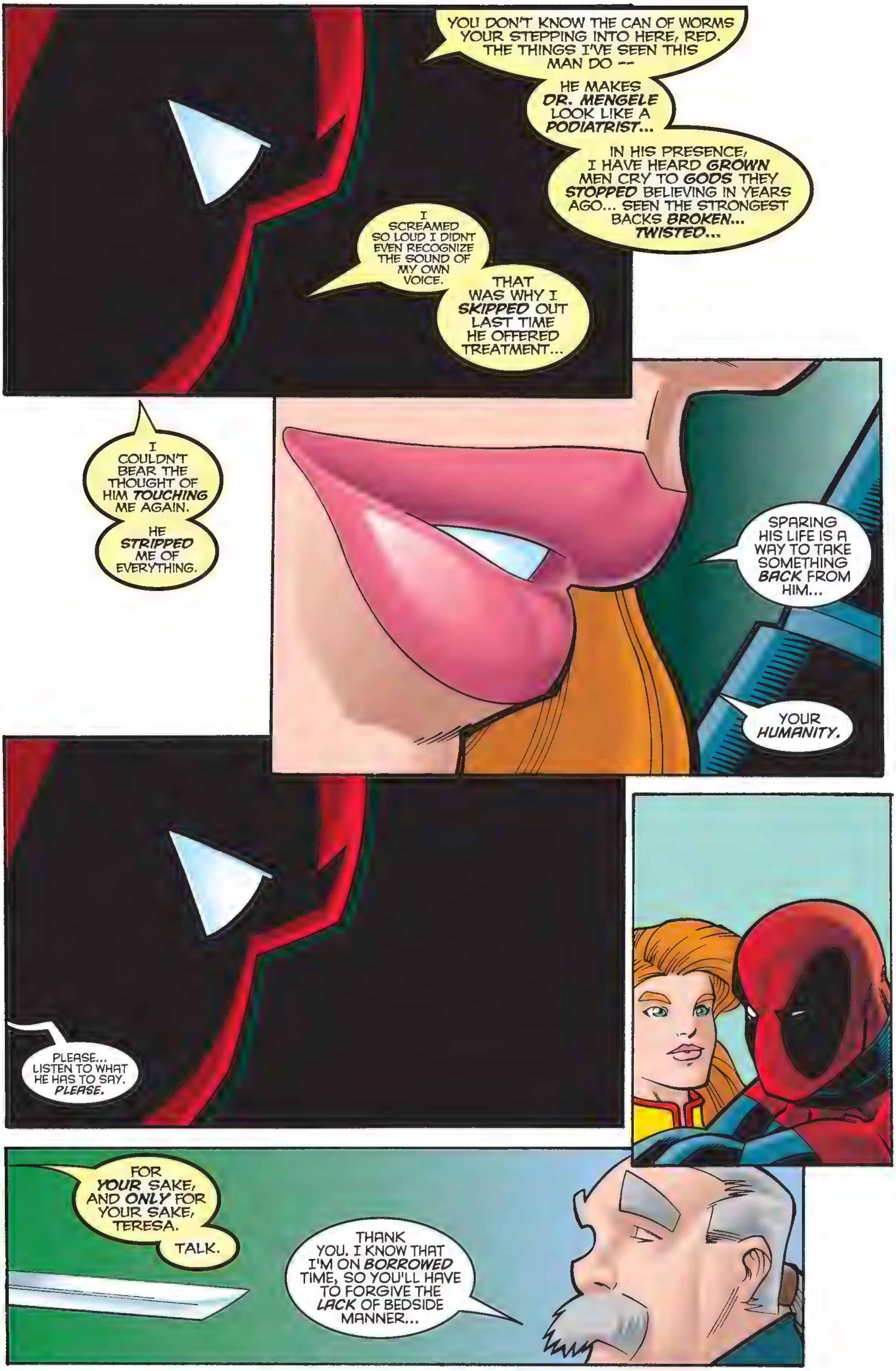

Oh, TOMMY BOY! YOUR LUNGS, YOUR LUNGS ARE FILLING --
OOOH! THAT MAN! I CAN NEVER TELL IF HE'S SERIOUS OR NOT!
DEADPOOL! COME BACK HERE! I'M NAE JOKING!
-- WITH BLOOD AND PHLEGM AND OTHER NASTY THINGS --
SPLASH
SPLISH
OH, TOMMY BOY, YOUR NIECE, YOUR NIECE IS BUGGIN' --
BUG THIS, DANNY O'DAY!
WHURFF!
TERESA?! HOW FORWARD OF YOU! WHAT WOULD THE NUNS BACK AT FINISHING SCHOOL THINK?
IS IT JUST ME OR ARE YOU BREATHING HEAVILY?
ADMIT IT. YOU CAN'T HELP BUT LOVE ME...
AT THIS MOMENT, WADE WILSON, WHAT I FEEL FOR YE IS EVERYTHING THAT'S THE OPPOSITE OF THAT PARTICULAR EMOTION.
GUH

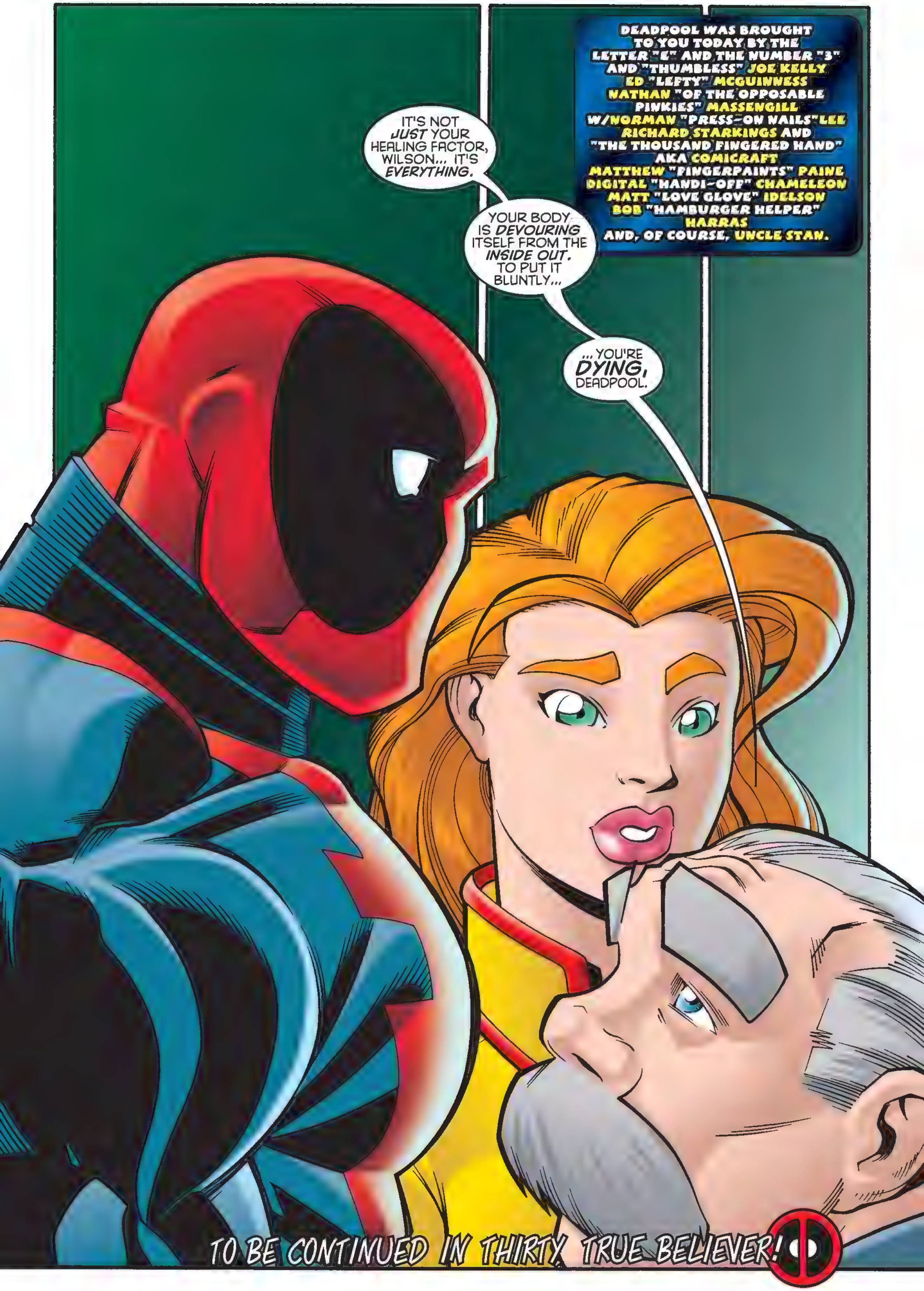

WELL, WELL, WELL... IT'S ABOUT *TIME* YOU GOT HERE.
YOU'RE LATE FOR YOUR *APPOINTMENT.* LUCKILY, I GOT SOME *TIME* ON MY HANDS.
HELLO, DEADPOOL. LONG TIME NO SEE.
DOCTOR KILLBREW?! LOOK, TERRY, IT'S THE *QUACK* WHO QUOTE UNQUOTE CURED ME IN THE WEAPON X PROGRAM!
CAREFUL, *RED*. THIS IS PROBABLY SOME SORT OF CLEVER *TRAP*... AN ELABORATE *RUSE* ABOUT TO BE SPRUNG --
YOU WANT SOME *COCOA?* YOU MUST BE *FREEZING* IN THOSE TIGHTS. PLEASE, COME IN --
As revealed in the aforementioned 2nd limited series.
Yes, that wacky Canadian super hero project.
ALL RIGHT, WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? BLACK TOM DROPS FROM THE *CEILING?* FIFTY NINJAS LEVEL *HOWITZERS* AT US?
THE *JUGGERNAUT* POPS OUT OF A BIRTHDAY CAKE IN A STEEL-CLAD *TEDDY?*
THIS IS *MY* HOME, DEADPOOL. I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE BLACK TOM EVEN *IS.*
But we do! Check out Generation X #25, and you'll know too!
NO TOM?! YEAH, RIGHT -- AND THIS IS JUST A BIG FAT *RED HERRING? PUH-LEASE!*
UM... WADE?
I THINK HE MIGHT BE TELLIN YE THE *TRUTH.*

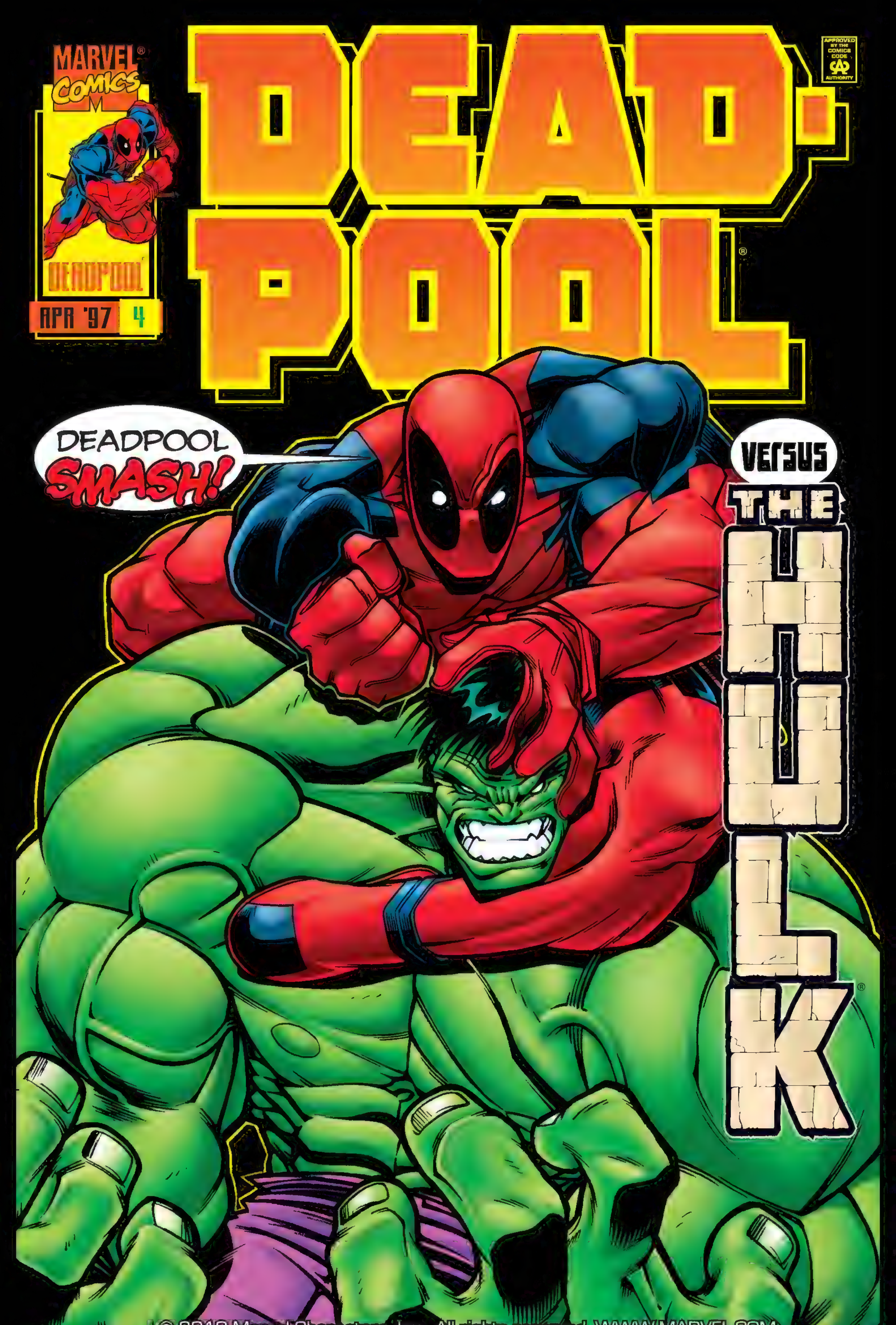

BUT -- BUT THIS IS MY GLOVE! IT USED TO LIVE ON MY HAND, WHICH TOM IS USING TO SCRATCH GOD KNOWS WHAT!
IT'S JUST A COPY, DEADPOOL.
ONE OF THOUSANDS I'VE SENT TO SEEDY JOINTS AROUND THE WORLD WHERE MERCS AND OTHER LOWLIFES DWELL...
...HOPING THAT ONE DAY YOU'D GET IT AND BE INCENSED ENOUGH TO COME FOR REVENGE.
NOW THAT YOU'VE FINALLY ARRIVED... PLEASE, JUST SIT DOWN SO THAT WE CAN TALK.
TALK ABOUT WHAT?! "GEE, KILLBREW, WASN'T IT FUN WHEN YOU RUINED MY LIFE AND TURNED ME INTO THE POSTER CHILD FOR RETIN-A"?
I WANT TO TALK ABOUT YOUR HEALTH, DEADPOOL. YOUR FAILING HEALING FACTOR...
ABOUT WHAT WE DID TO YOU IN THE WORKSHOP.
THE WORKSHOP?
LAST I REMEMBER, YOU AN' WADE WENT OFF TO DO JUST THAT, FIX HIS HEALIN' POWERS...
AN' SURE AS I CAN SEE, YE WERE AS WORTHLESS THEN AS YE ARE NOW!
THE WORKSHOP...
DID YOUR FRIEND TELL YOU THAT AFTER WE LEFT YOU, HE SKEDADDLED BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO --
THE WORKSHOP?!


WADE! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?!
HOW DARE YOU MENTION THE WORKSHOP TO ME?! HOW DARE YOU?!
I -- I KNOW IT'S PAINFUL TO THINK ABOUT --
SWISSH
PAINFUL?! YOU DON'T KNOW FROM PAIN, KILLBREW... YET!
I CAN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT WITHOUT JUMPING OUT OF BED WITH A COLD SWEAT DRENCHING MY BODY --
-- THE ANTISEPTIC STENCH OF THE WORKSHOP IN MY NOSE --
-- THE NOISE OF THAT MACHINE GRINDING IN MY EARS --
I HAVE TO BITE THE INSIDE OF MY MOUTH TO MAKE SURE I'M IN THE PRESENT... AND NOT BACK THERE...
DO YOU REMEMBER!? DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID TO MY TEETH?
YOUR TEETH... GOD, OF COURSE.
WADE? WADE... DEEP BREATHS...
WE'RE NAE GONNA WORK THIS OUT IF KILLBREW'S HEAD IS LIBERATED FROM HIS SHOULDERS --
BACK OFF, TERESA! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
FWAP
YOUR MOST ABHORRENT NIGHTMARE COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE THINGS KILLBREW DID TO US IN WEAPON X...
THIS IS OVER YOUR HEAD, RED. WAY OVER.


THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU HERE, WILSON... I KNOW THAT YOU DON'T OWE ME ANYTHING MORE THAN *PAINFUL* RETRIBUTION...
BUT I WANT TO MAKE *AMENDS* FOR THE THINGS I'VE DONE...
WHY?
YOU REACH A POINT IN LIFE WHERE THERE ARE MORE DAYS *BEHIND* YOU THAN *AHEAD* OF YOU... AND YOU BEGIN TO TAKE *STOCK* OF WHAT YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED.
IN MY CASE... WELL, LET'S JUST SAY THAT I WASN'T PROUD OF MY LIST OF *ACHIEVEMENTS*.
IN WEAPON X... I -- I WAS FOLLOWING ORDERS... THAT'S NO EXCUSE, BUT IT WAS THE FACT THEN.
NOW... I HAVE *NO* ORDERS... JUST A *RESPONSIBILITY* TO TRY AND SET THINGS RIGHT. I *NEED* TO HELP YOU.
AND YOU MOST *DEFINITELY* COULD USE MY HELP.
NICE *WORDS* KILLBREW... BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU CAN'T MAKE UP FOR... *EVER*.
WADE... I CANNA *PRETEND* TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE... OR TO KNOW WHAT THIS MAN DID TO YOU IN THE PAST...
... BUT RIGHT HERE -- *NOW* -- YE HOLD THE LIFE OF THIS MAN IN YOUR HANDS, AN HE'S BEGGIN F'R IT...
... Y'R *NOT* IN WEAPON X BEING *TWISTED* INTO DEADPOOL... NOT IN THIS... *WORKSHOP*...
... Y'R *HERE*... WITH *ME*...


YOU DON'T KNOW THE CAN OF WORMS YOUR STEPPING INTO HERE, RED. THE THINGS I'VE SEEN THIS MAN DO --
HE MAKES **DR. MENGELE** LOOK LIKE A **PODIATRIST...**
IN HIS PRESENCE, I HAVE HEARD **GROWN** MEN CRY TO **GODS** THEY **STOPPED** BELIEVING IN YEARS AGO... SEEN THE STRONGEST BACKS **BROKEN... TWISTED...**
I SCREAMED SO LOUD I DIDNT EVEN RECOGNIZE THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE.
THAT WAS WHY I **SKIPPED** OUT LAST TIME HE OFFERED TREATMENT...
I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF HIM **TOUCHING** ME AGAIN.
HE **STRIPPED** ME OF EVERYTHING.
SPARING HIS LIFE IS A WAY TO TAKE SOMETHING **BACK** FROM HIM...
YOUR **HUMANITY.**
PLEASE... LISTEN TO WHAT HE HAS TO SAY. **PLEASE.**
FOR **YOUR** SAKE, AND **ONLY** FOR YOUR SAKE, TERESA.
TALK.
THANK YOU. I KNOW THAT I'M ON **BORROWED** TIME, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE THE **LACK** OF BEDSIDE MANNER...


DEADPOOL WAS BROUGHT TO YOU TODAY BY THE LETTER "E" AND THE NUMBER "3" AND "THUMBLESS" JOE KELLY ED "LEFTY" MCGUINNESS NATHAN "OF THE OPPOSABLE PINKIES" MASSENGILL W/NORMAN "PRESS-ON NAILS" LEE RICHARD STARKINGS AND "THE THOUSAND FINGERED HAND" AKA COMICRAFT MATTHEW "FINGERPAINTS" PAINE DIGITAL "HANDI-OFF" CHAMELEON MATT "LOVE GLOVE" IDELSON BOB "HAMBURGER HELPER" HARRAS AND, OF COURSE, UNCLE STAN.
IT'S NOT *JUST* YOUR HEALING FACTOR, WILSON... IT'S *EVERYTHING*.
YOUR BODY IS *DEVOURING* ITSELF FROM THE *INSIDE OUT*. TO PUT IT BLUNTLY...
...YOU'RE *DYING*, DEADPOOL.
TO BE CONTINUED IN THIRTY, TRUE BELIEVER!


MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL
APR '97
4
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DEAD-POOL
DEADPOOL SMASH!
VERSUS
THE HULK

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70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
70 YEARS MARVEL COMICS

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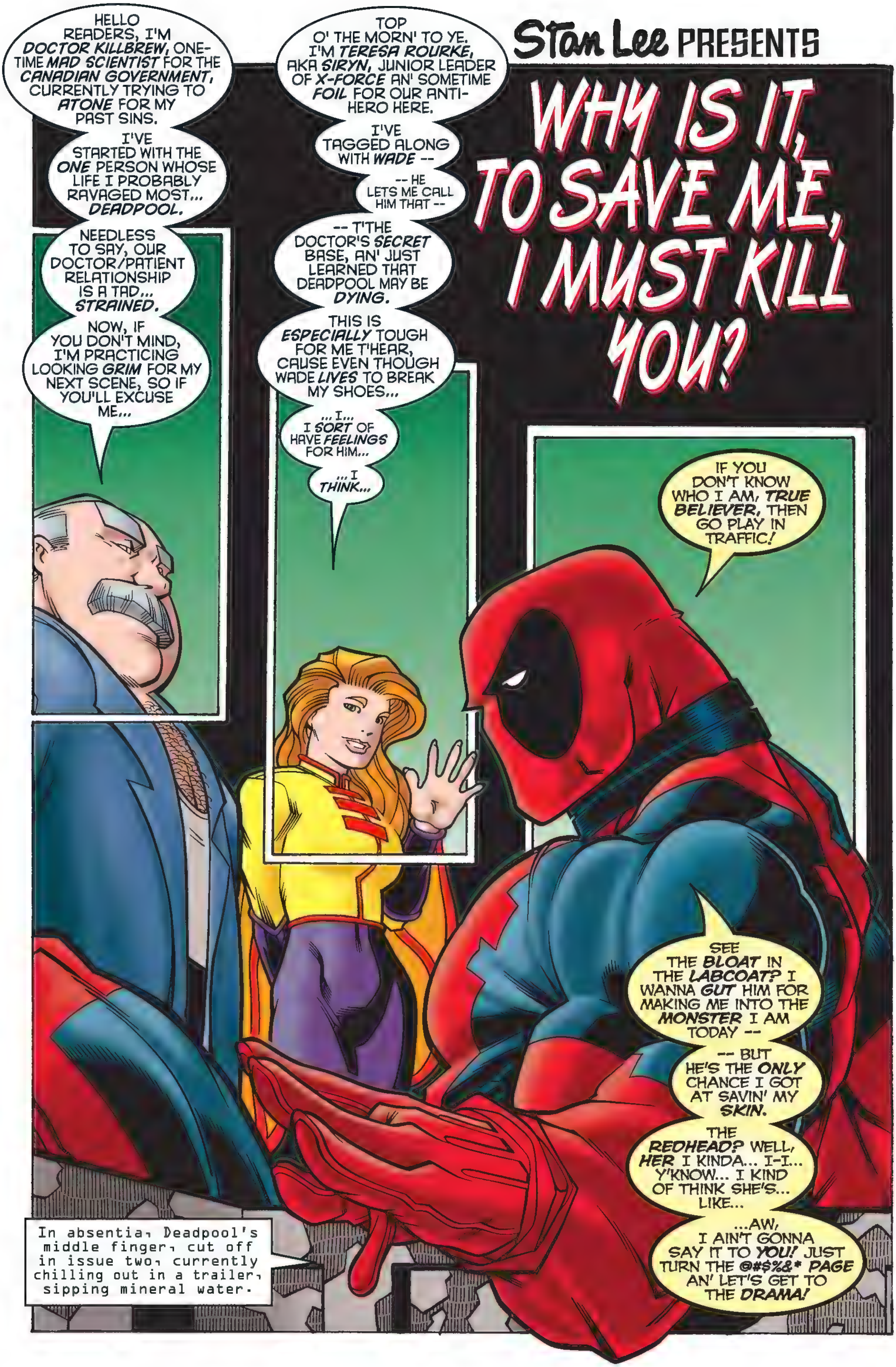
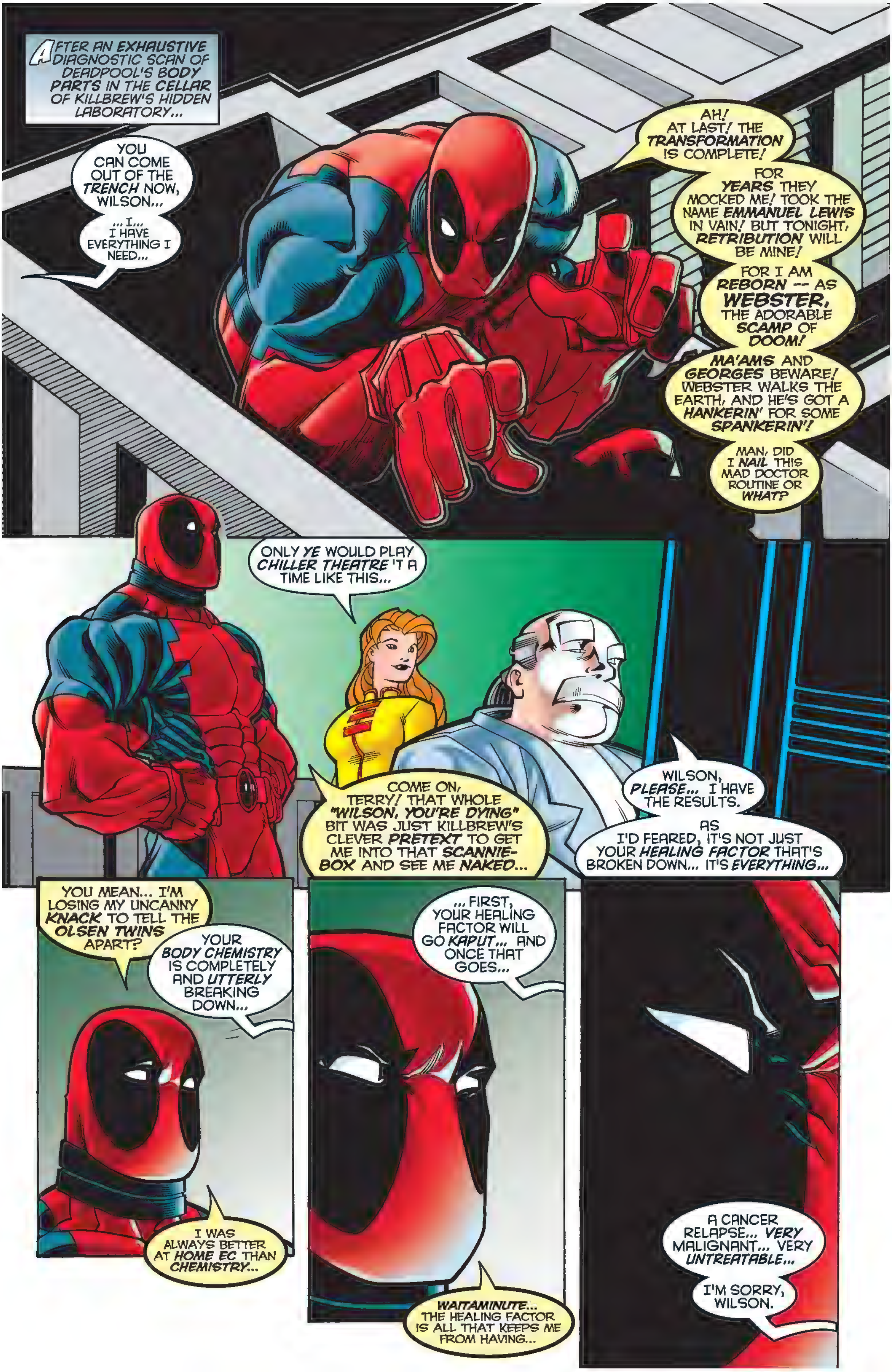
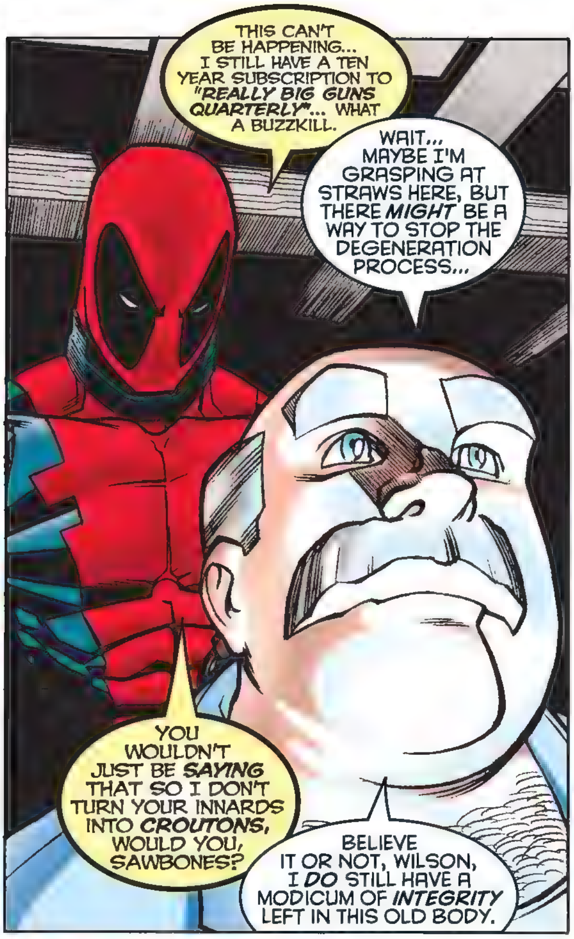
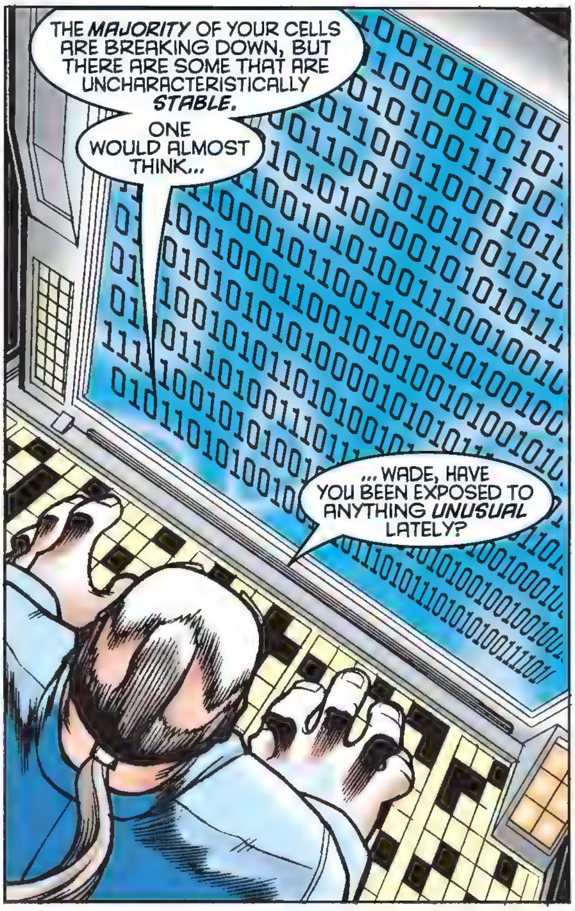
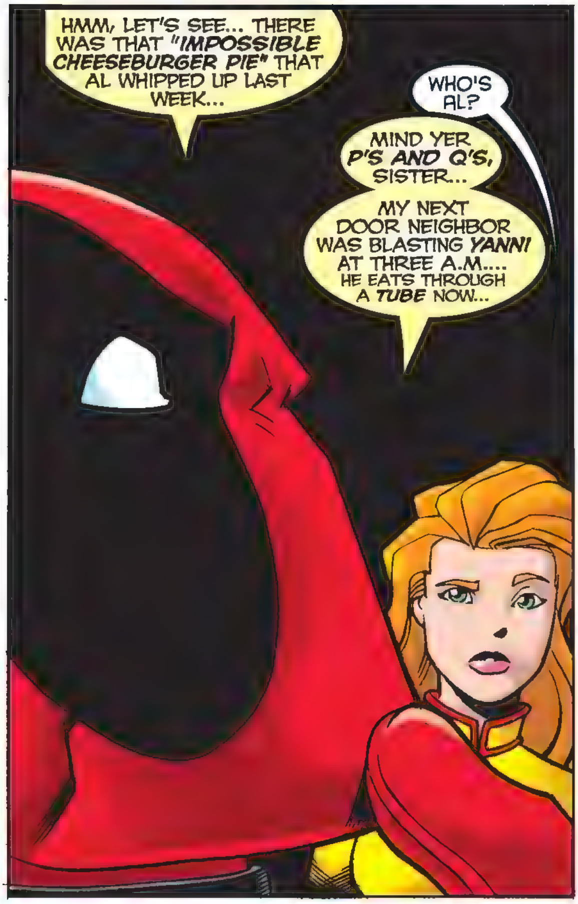
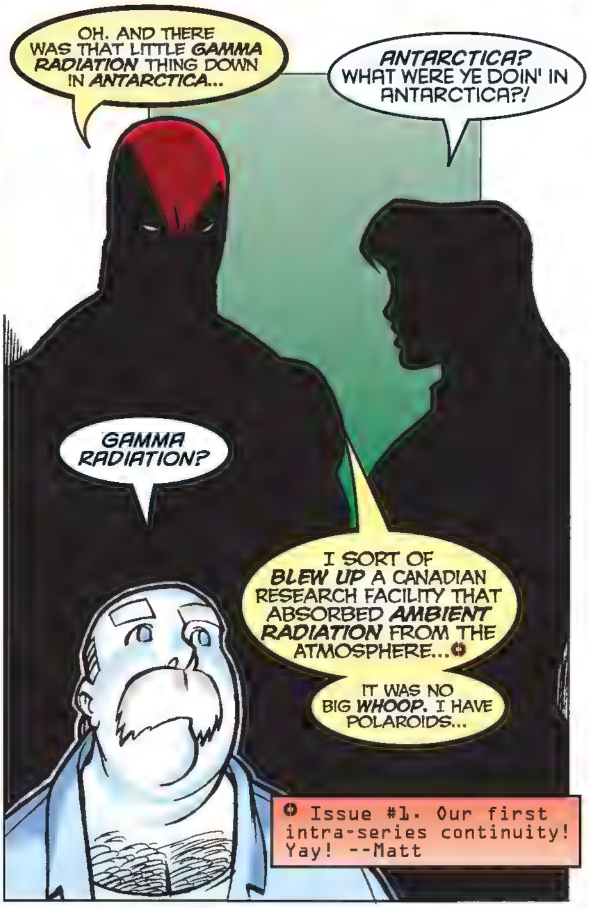

Stan Lee PRESENTS
WHY IS IT, TO SAVE ME, I MUST KILL YOU?
HELLO READERS, I'M DOCTOR KILLBREW, ONE-TIME MAD SCIENTIST FOR THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT, CURRENTLY TRYING TO ATONE FOR MY PAST SINS.
I'VE STARTED WITH THE ONE PERSON WHOSE LIFE I PROBABLY RAVAGED MOST... DEADPOOL.
NEEDLESS TO SAY, OUR DOCTOR/PATIENT RELATIONSHIP IS A TAD... STRAINED.
NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M PRACTICING LOOKING GRIM FOR MY NEXT SCENE, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
TOP O' THE MORN' TO YE. I'M TERESA ROURKE, AKA SIRYN, JUNIOR LEADER OF X-FORCE AN' SOMETIME FOIL FOR OUR ANTI-HERO HERE.
I'VE TAGGED ALONG WITH WADE --
-- HE LETS ME CALL HIM THAT --
-- T'THE DOCTOR'S SECRET BASE, AN' JUST LEARNED THAT DEADPOOL MAY BE DYING.
THIS IS ESPECIALLY TOUGH FOR ME T'HEAR, CAUSE EVEN THOUGH WADE LIVES TO BREAK MY SHOES...
... I... I SORT OF HAVE FEELINGS FOR HIM...
... I THINK...
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM, TRUE BELIEVER, THEN GO PLAY IN TRAFFIC!
SEE THE BLOAT IN THE LABCOAT? I WANNA GUT HIM FOR MAKING ME INTO THE MONSTER I AM TODAY --
-- BUT HE'S THE ONLY CHANCE I GOT AT SAVIN' MY SKIN.
THE REDHEAD? WELL, HER I KINDA... I-I... Y'KNOW... I KIND OF THINK SHE'S... LIKE...
...AW, I AIN'T GONNA SAY IT TO YOU! JUST TURN THE @#$%&* PAGE AN' LET'S GET TO THE DRAMA!
In absentia, Deadpool's middle finger, cut off in issue two, currently chilling out in a trailer, sipping mineral water.

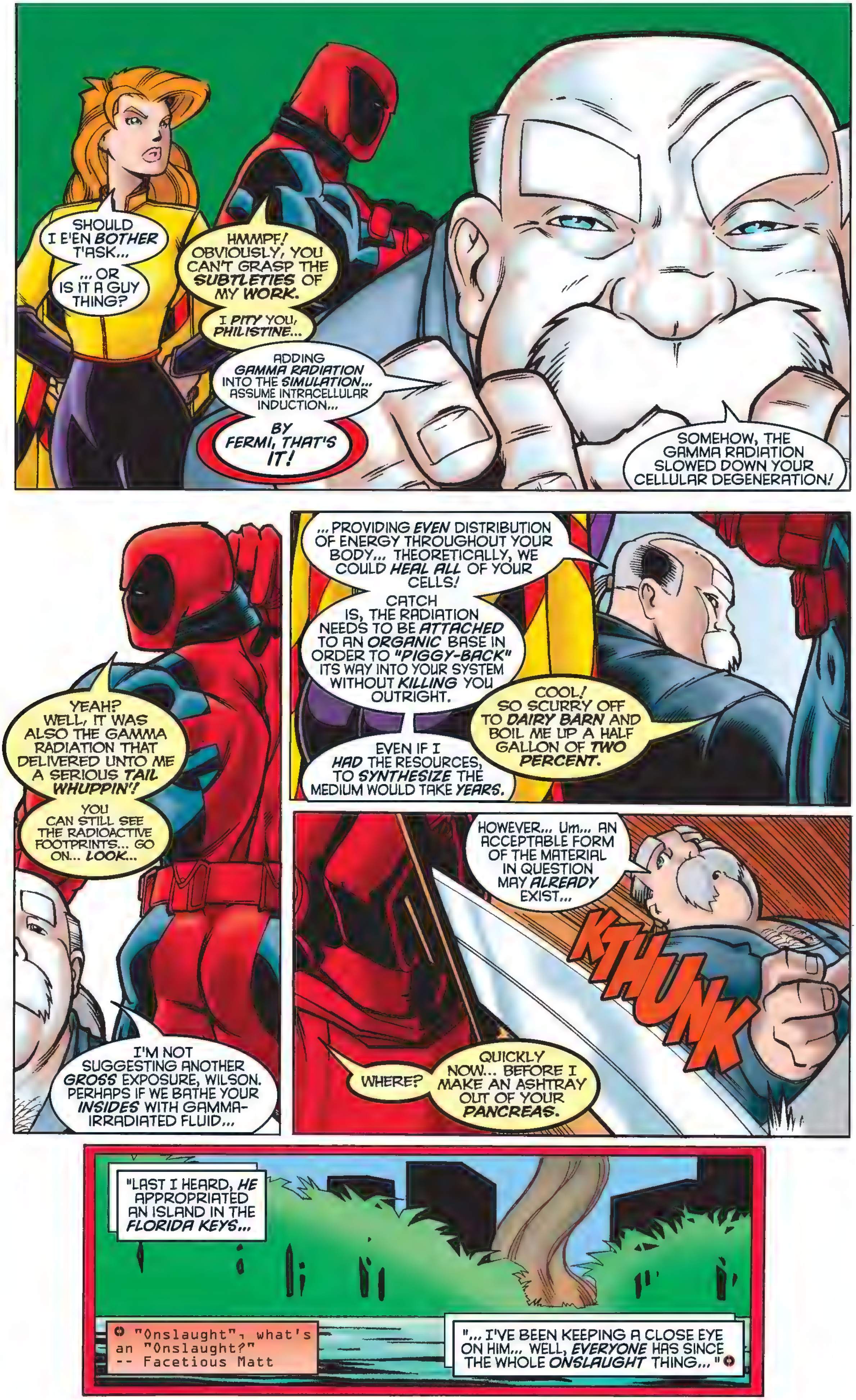

AFTER AN EXHAUSTIVE DIAGNOSTIC SCAN OF DEADPOOL'S BODY PARTS IN THE CELLAR OF KILLBREW'S HIDDEN LABORATORY...
YOU CAN COME OUT OF THE TRENCH NOW, WILSON...
...I... I HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED...
AH! AT LAST! THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE!
FOR YEARS THEY MOCKED ME! TOOK THE NAME EMMANUEL LEWIS IN VAIN! BUT TONIGHT, RETRIBUTION WILL BE MINE!
FOR I AM REBORN -- AS WEBSTER, THE ADORABLE SCAMP OF DOOM!
MA'AMS AND GEORGES BEWARE! WEBSTER WALKS THE EARTH, AND HE'S GOT A HANKERIN' FOR SOME SPANKERIN'!
MAN, DID I NAIL THIS MAD DOCTOR ROUTINE OR WHAT?
ONLY YE WOULD PLAY CHILLER THEATRE 'T A TIME LIKE THIS...
COME ON, TERRY! THAT WHOLE "WILSON, YOU'RE DYING" BIT WAS JUST KILLBREW'S CLEVER PRETEXT TO GET ME INTO THAT SCANNIE-BOX AND SEE ME NAKED...
WILSON, PLEASE... I HAVE THE RESULTS.
AS I'D FEARED, IT'S NOT JUST YOUR HEALING FACTOR THAT'S BROKEN DOWN... IT'S EVERYTHING...
YOU MEAN... I'M LOSING MY UNCANNY KNACK TO TELL THE OLSEN TWINS APART?
YOUR BODY CHEMISTRY IS COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY BREAKING DOWN...
I WAS ALWAYS BETTER AT HOME EC THAN CHEMISTRY...
...FIRST, YOUR HEALING FACTOR WILL GO KAPUT... AND ONCE THAT GOES...
WAITAMINUTE... THE HEALING FACTOR IS ALL THAT KEEPS ME FROM HAVING...
A CANCER RELAPSE... VERY MALIGNANT... VERY UNTREATABLE...
I'M SORRY, WILSON.

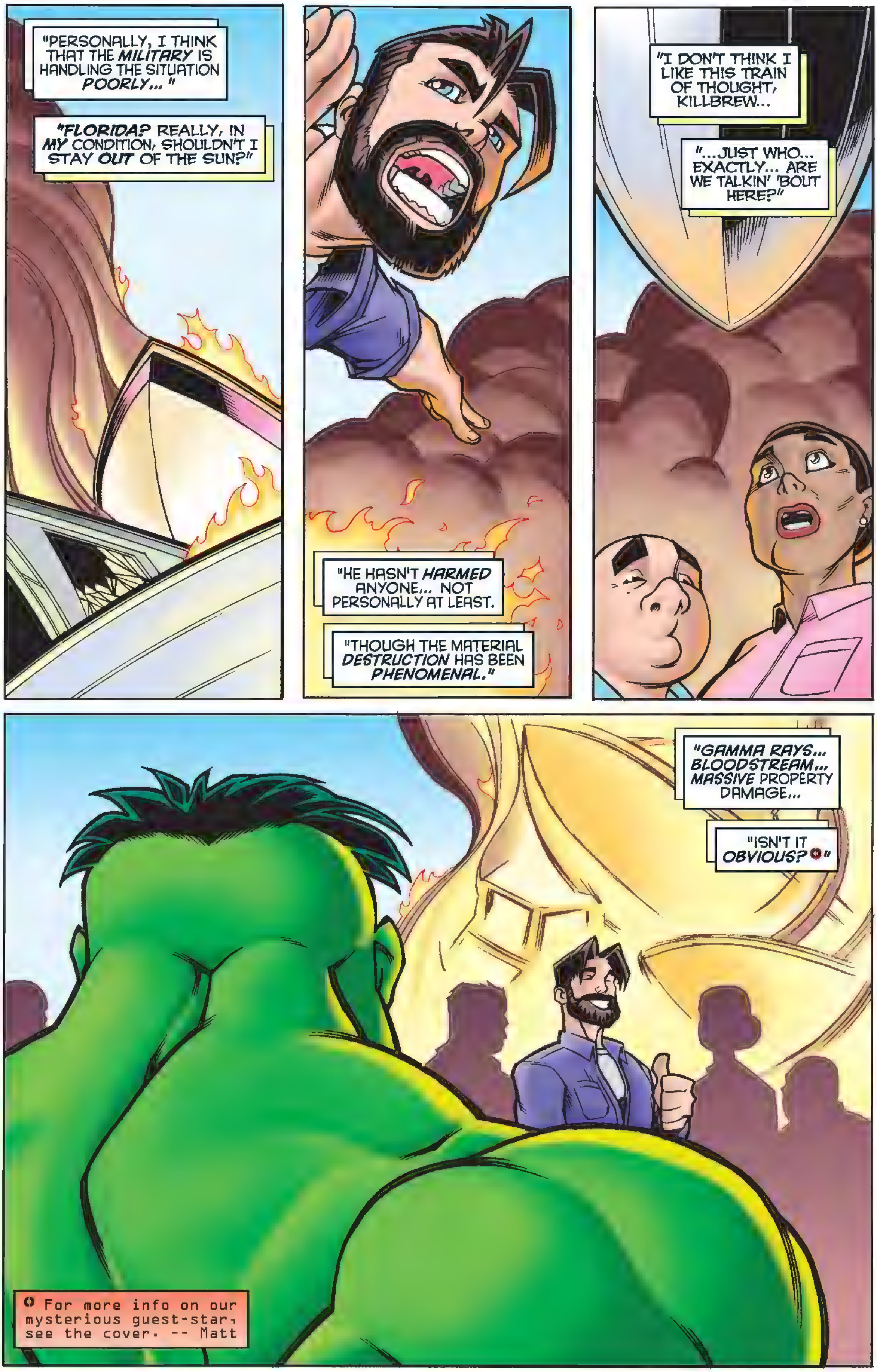

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING... I STILL HAVE A TEN YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO "REALLY BIG GUNS QUARTERLY"... WHAT A BUZZKILL.
WAIT... MAYBE I'M GRASPING AT STRAWS HERE, BUT THERE MIGHT BE A WAY TO STOP THE DEGENERATION PROCESS...
YOU WOULDN'T JUST BE SAYING THAT SO I DON'T TURN YOUR INNARDS INTO CROUTONS, WOULD YOU, SAWBONES?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WILSON, I DO STILL HAVE A MODICUM OF INTEGRITY LEFT IN THIS OLD BODY.

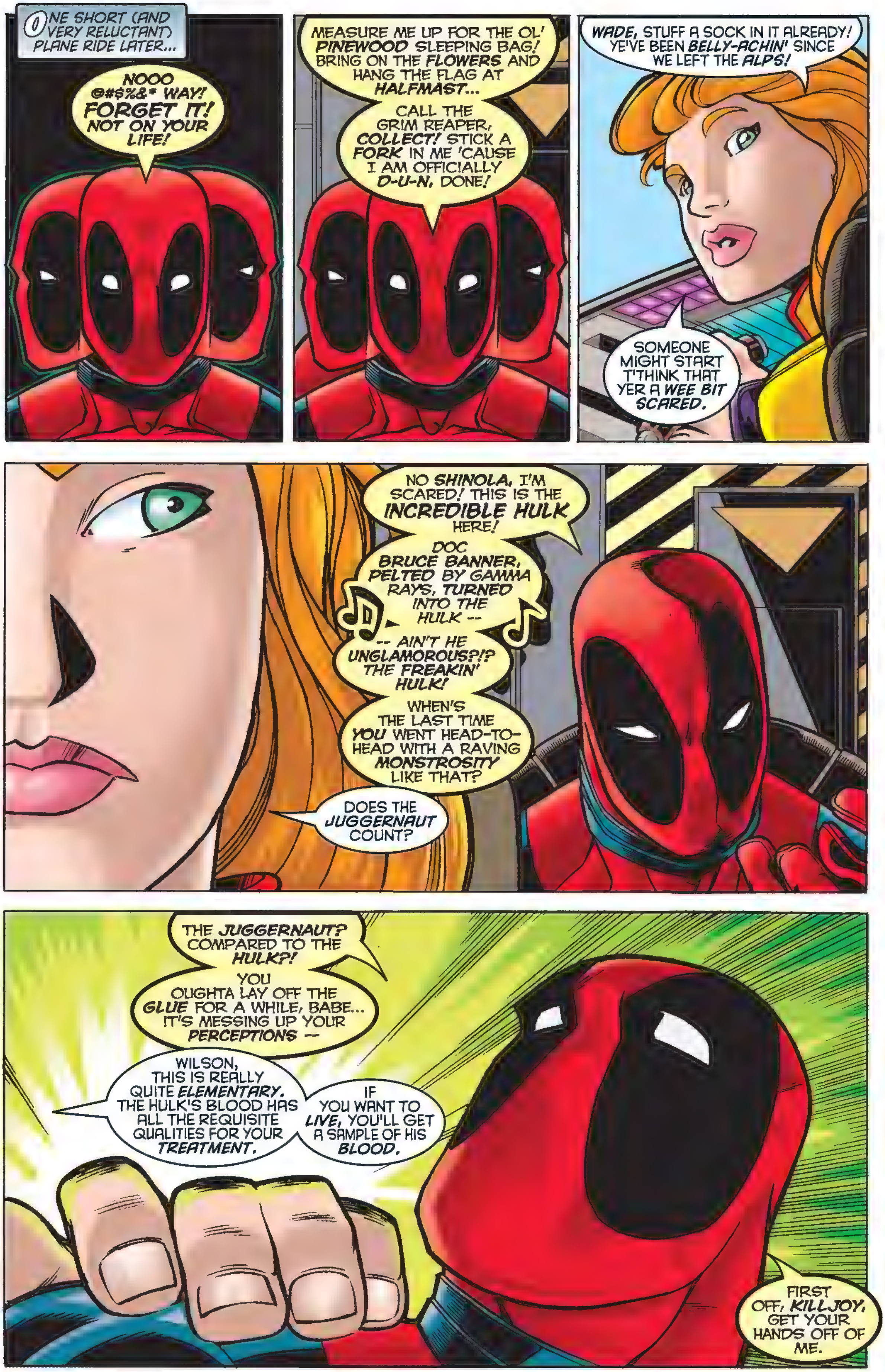

THE MAJORITY OF YOUR CELLS ARE BREAKING DOWN, BUT THERE ARE SOME THAT ARE UNCHARACTERISTICALLY STABLE.
ONE WOULD ALMOST THINK...
...WADE, HAVE YOU BEEN EXPOSED TO ANYTHING UNUSUAL LATELY?

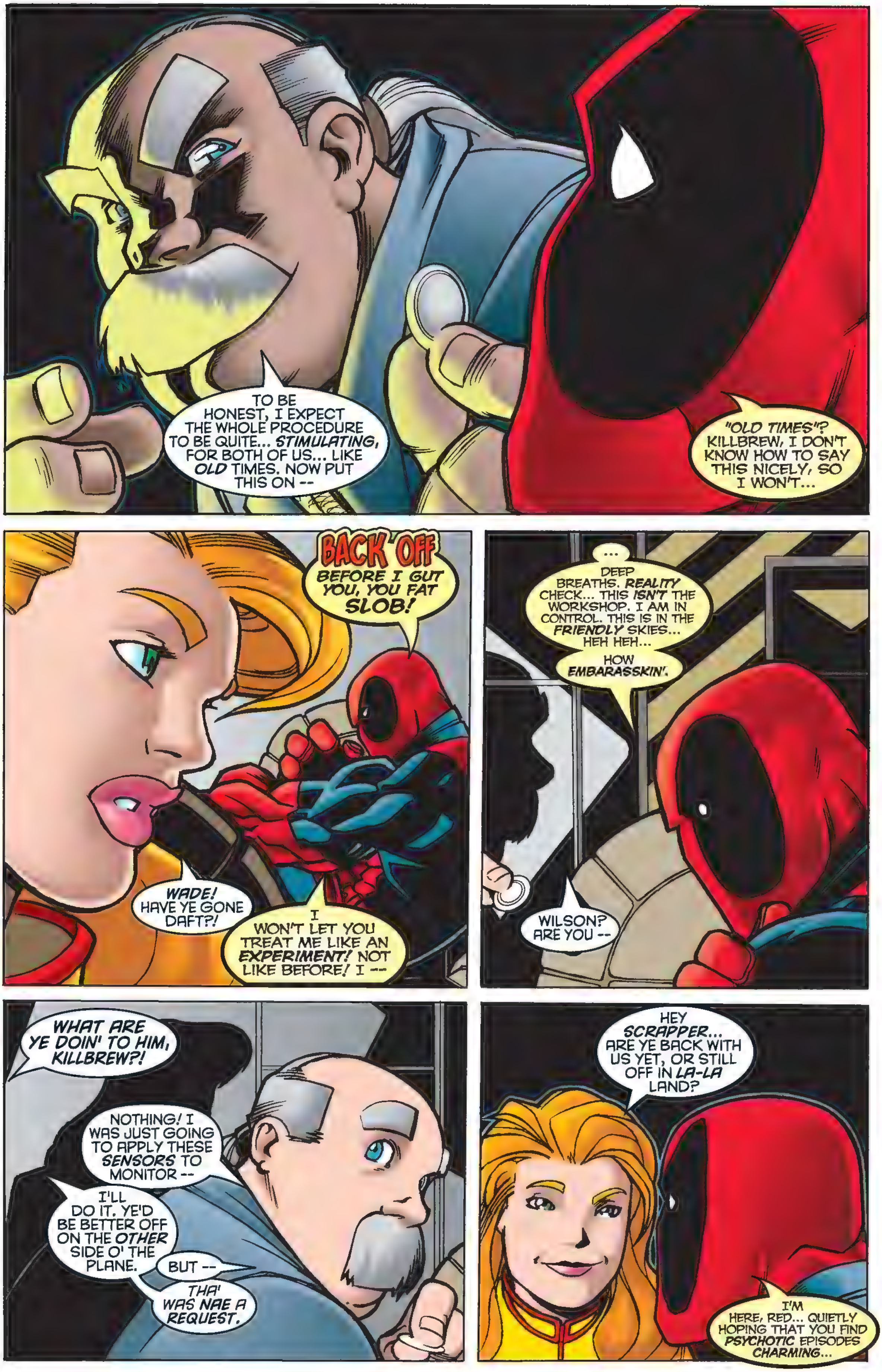

HMM, LET'S SEE... THERE WAS THAT "IMPOSSIBLE CHEESEBURGER PIE" THAT AL WHIPPED UP LAST WEEK...
WHO'S AL?
MIND YER P'S AND Q'S, SISTER...
MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR WAS BLASTING YANNI AT THREE A.M.... HE EATS THROUGH A TUBE NOW...

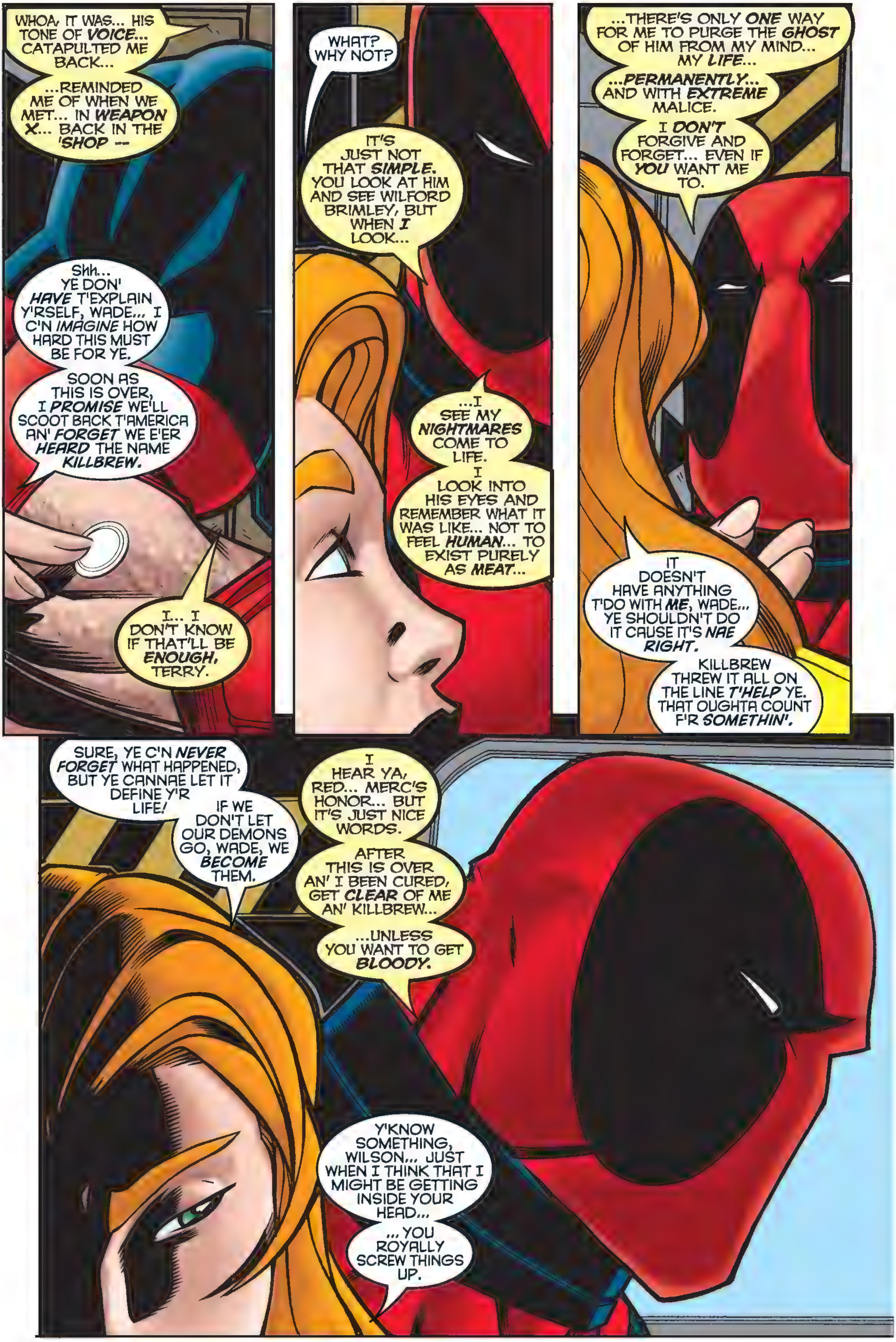

OH. AND THERE WAS THAT LITTLE GAMMA RADIATION THING DOWN IN ANTARCTICA...
ANTARCTICA? WHAT WERE YE DOIN' IN ANTARCTICA?!
GAMMA RADIATION?
I SORT OF BLEW UP A CANADIAN RESEARCH FACILITY THAT ABSORBED AMBIENT RADIATION FROM THE ATMOSPHERE...✪
IT WAS NO BIG WHOOP. I HAVE POLAROIDS...
✪ Issue #1. Our first intra-series continuity! Yay! --Matt

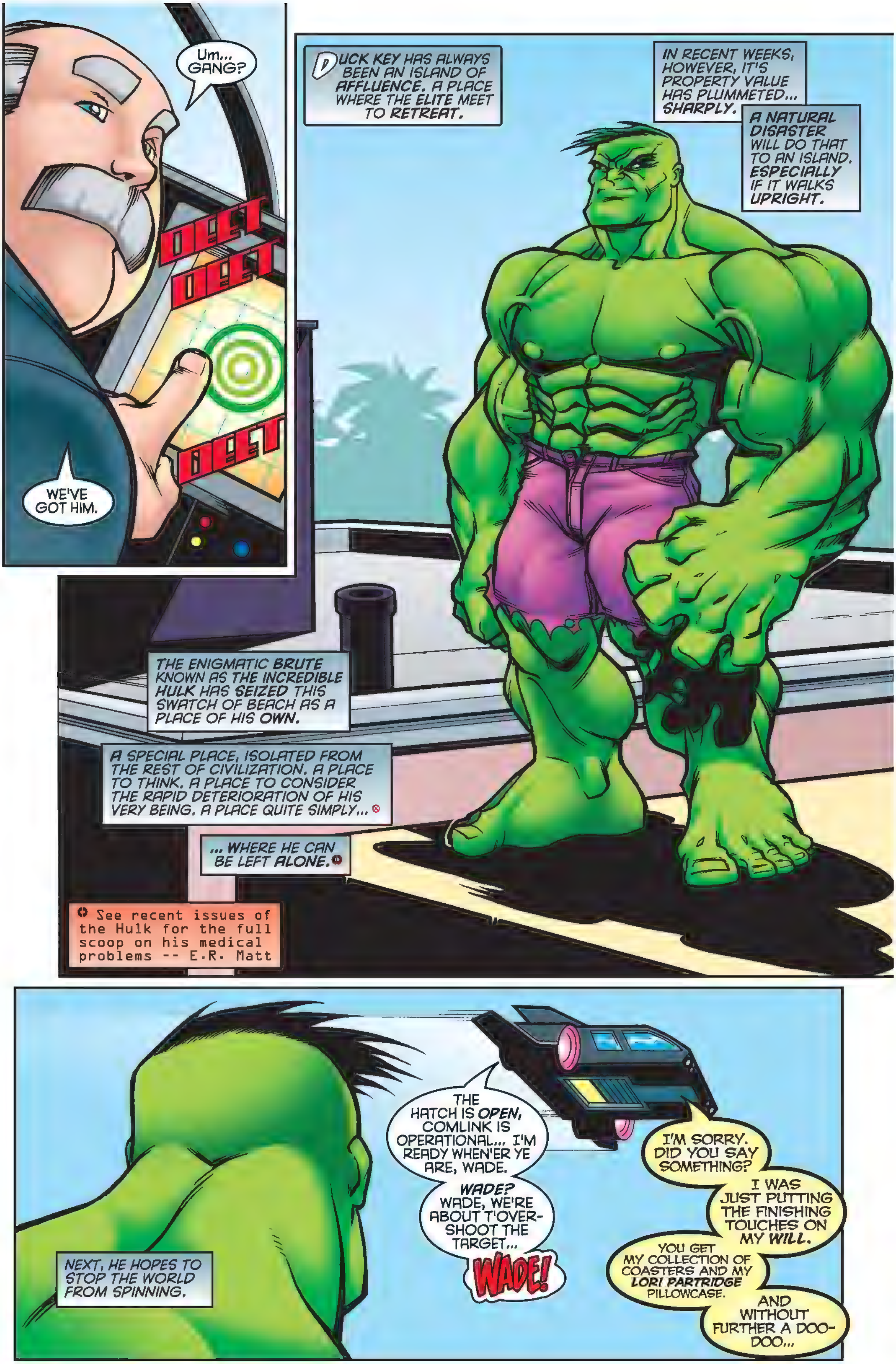

SHOULD I E'EN BOTHER T'ASK...
...OR IS IT A GUY THING?
HMMPF! OBVIOUSLY, YOU CAN'T GRASP THE SUBTLETIES OF MY WORK.
I PITY YOU, PHILISTINE...
ADDING GAMMA RADIATION INTO THE SIMULATION... ASSUME INTRACELLULAR INDUCTION...
BY FERMI, THAT'S IT!
SOMEHOW, THE GAMMA RADIATION SLOWED DOWN YOUR CELLULAR DEGENERATION!
YEAH? WELL, IT WAS ALSO THE GAMMA RADIATION THAT DELIVERED UNTO ME A SERIOUS TAIL WHUPPIN'!
YOU CAN STILL SEE THE RADIOACTIVE FOOTPRINTS... GO ON... LOOK...
I'M NOT SUGGESTING ANOTHER GROSS EXPOSURE, WILSON. PERHAPS IF WE BATHE YOUR INSIDES WITH GAMMA-IRRADIATED FLUID...
...PROVIDING EVEN DISTRIBUTION OF ENERGY THROUGHOUT YOUR BODY... THEORETICALLY, WE COULD HEAL ALL OF YOUR CELLS!
CATCH IS, THE RADIATION NEEDS TO BE ATTACHED TO AN ORGANIC BASE IN ORDER TO "PIGGY-BACK" ITS WAY INTO YOUR SYSTEM WITHOUT KILLING YOU OUTRIGHT.
EVEN IF I HAD THE RESOURCES, TO SYNTHESIZE THE MEDIUM WOULD TAKE YEARS.
COOL! SO SCURRY OFF TO DAIRY BARN AND BOIL ME UP A HALF GALLON OF TWO PERCENT.
HOWEVER... Um... AN ACCEPTABLE FORM OF THE MATERIAL IN QUESTION MAY ALREADY EXIST...
KTHUNK
WHERE?
QUICKLY NOW... BEFORE I MAKE AN ASHTRAY OUT OF YOUR PANCREAS.
"LAST I HEARD, HE APPROPRIATED AN ISLAND IN THE FLORIDA KEYS...
"...I'VE BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE EYE ON HIM... WELL, EVERYONE HAS SINCE THE WHOLE ONSLAUGHT THING..."
"Onslaught", what's an "Onslaught?" -- Facetious Matt

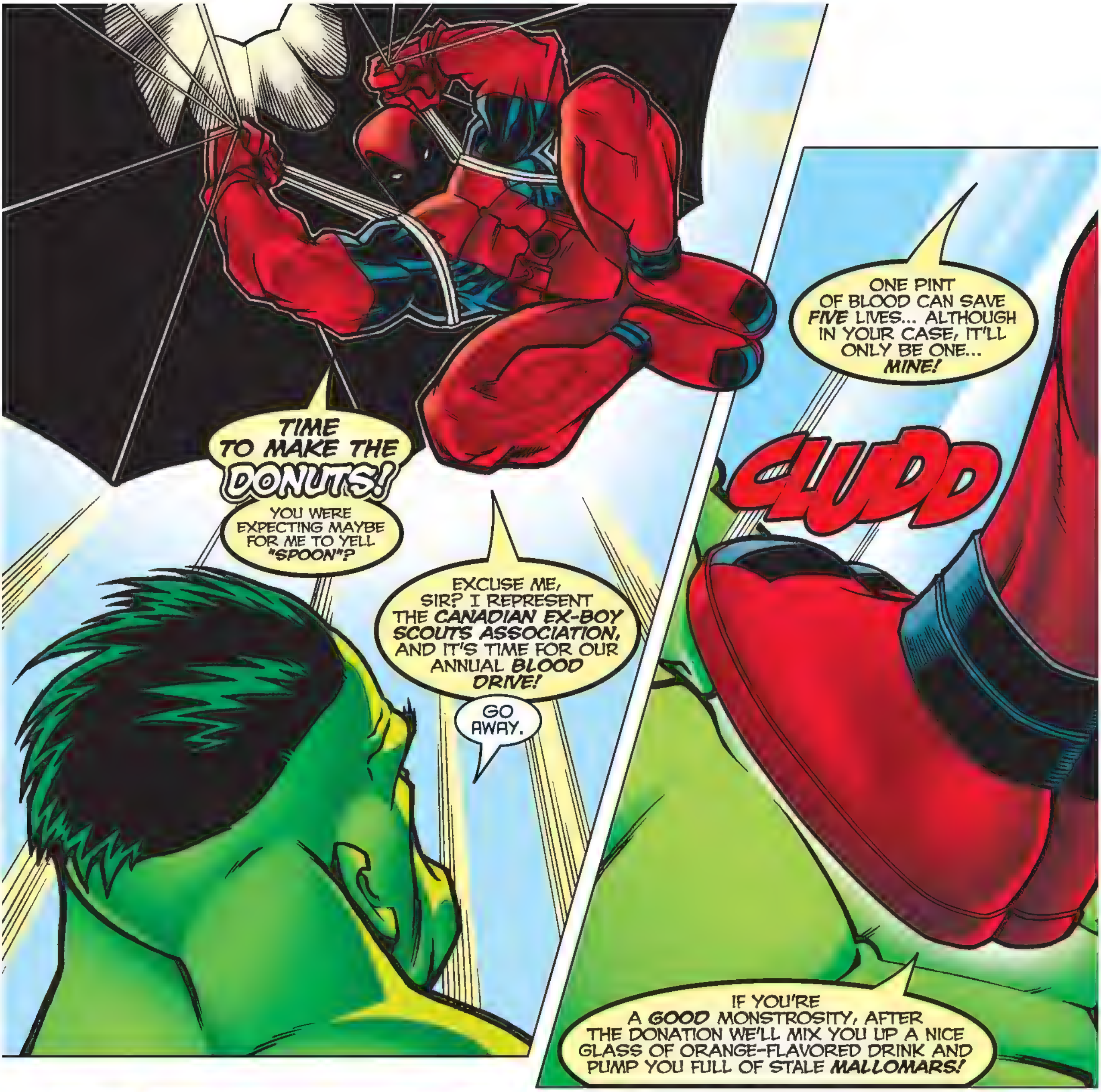

"PERSONALLY, I THINK THAT THE *MILITARY* IS HANDLING THE SITUATION *POORLY...*"
"FLORIDA? REALLY, IN *MY* CONDITION, SHOULDN'T I STAY *OUT* OF THE SUN?"
"HE HASN'T *HARMED* ANYONE... NOT PERSONALLY AT LEAST.
"THOUGH THE MATERIAL *DESTRUCTION* HAS BEEN *PHENOMENAL.*"
"I DON'T THINK I LIKE THIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT, KILLBREW...
"...JUST WHO... EXACTLY... ARE WE TALKIN' 'BOUT HERE?"
"GAMMA RAYS... BLOODSTREAM... MASSIVE PROPERTY DAMAGE...
"ISN'T IT *OBVIOUS?*✪"
✪ For more info on our mysterious guest-star, see the cover. -- Matt

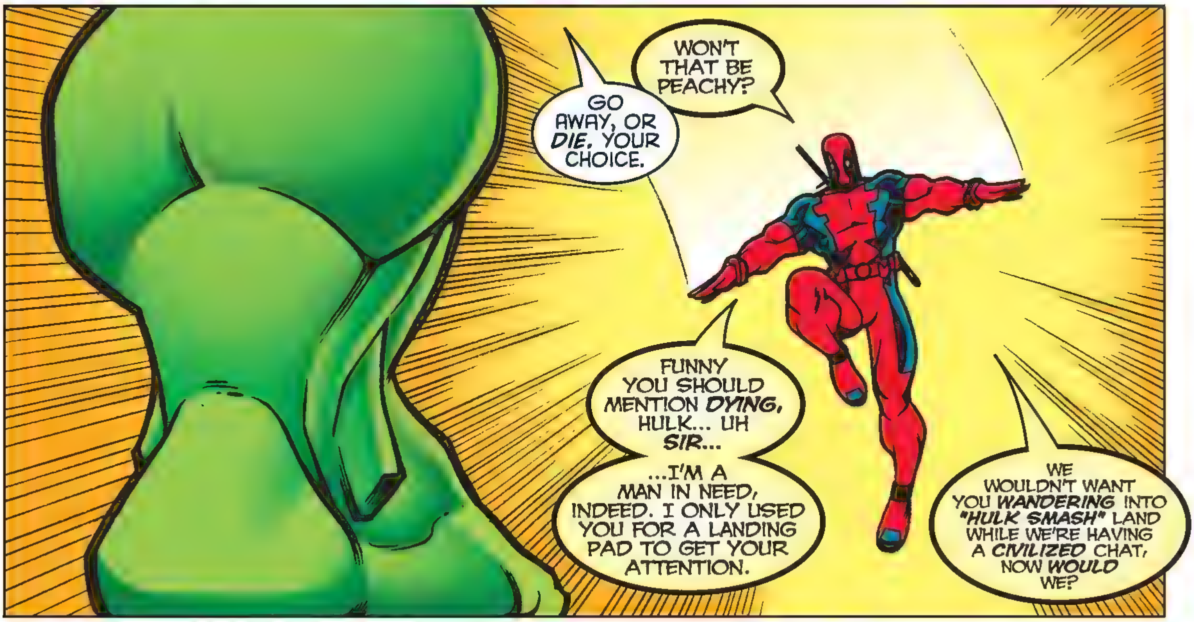

ONE SHORT (AND VERY RELUCTANT) PLANE RIDE LATER...
NOOO @#$%&* WAY! FORGET IT! NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
MEASURE ME UP FOR THE OL' PINEWOOD SLEEPING BAG! BRING ON THE FLOWERS AND HANG THE FLAG AT HALFMAST...
CALL THE GRIM REAPER, COLLECT! STICK A FORK IN ME 'CAUSE I AM OFFICIALLY D-U-N, DONE!
WADE, STUFF A SOCK IN IT ALREADY! YE'VE BEEN BELLY-ACHIN' SINCE WE LEFT THE ALPS!
SOMEONE MIGHT START T'THINK THAT YER A WEE BIT SCARED.
NO SHINOLA, I'M SCARED! THIS IS THE INCREDIBLE HULK HERE!
DOC BRUCE BANNER, PELTED BY GAMMA RAYS, TURNED INTO THE HULK --
-- AIN'T HE UNGLAMOROUS?!? THE FREAKIN' HULK!
WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU WENT HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH A RAVING MONSTROSITY LIKE THAT?
DOES THE JUGGERNAUT COUNT?
THE JUGGERNAUT? COMPARED TO THE HULK?!
YOU OUGHTA LAY OFF THE GLUE FOR A WHILE, BABE... IT'S MESSING UP YOUR PERCEPTIONS --
WILSON, THIS IS REALLY QUITE ELEMENTARY. THE HULK'S BLOOD HAS ALL THE REQUISITE QUALITIES FOR YOUR TREATMENT.
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, YOU'LL GET A SAMPLE OF HIS BLOOD.
FIRST OFF, KILLJOY, GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME.

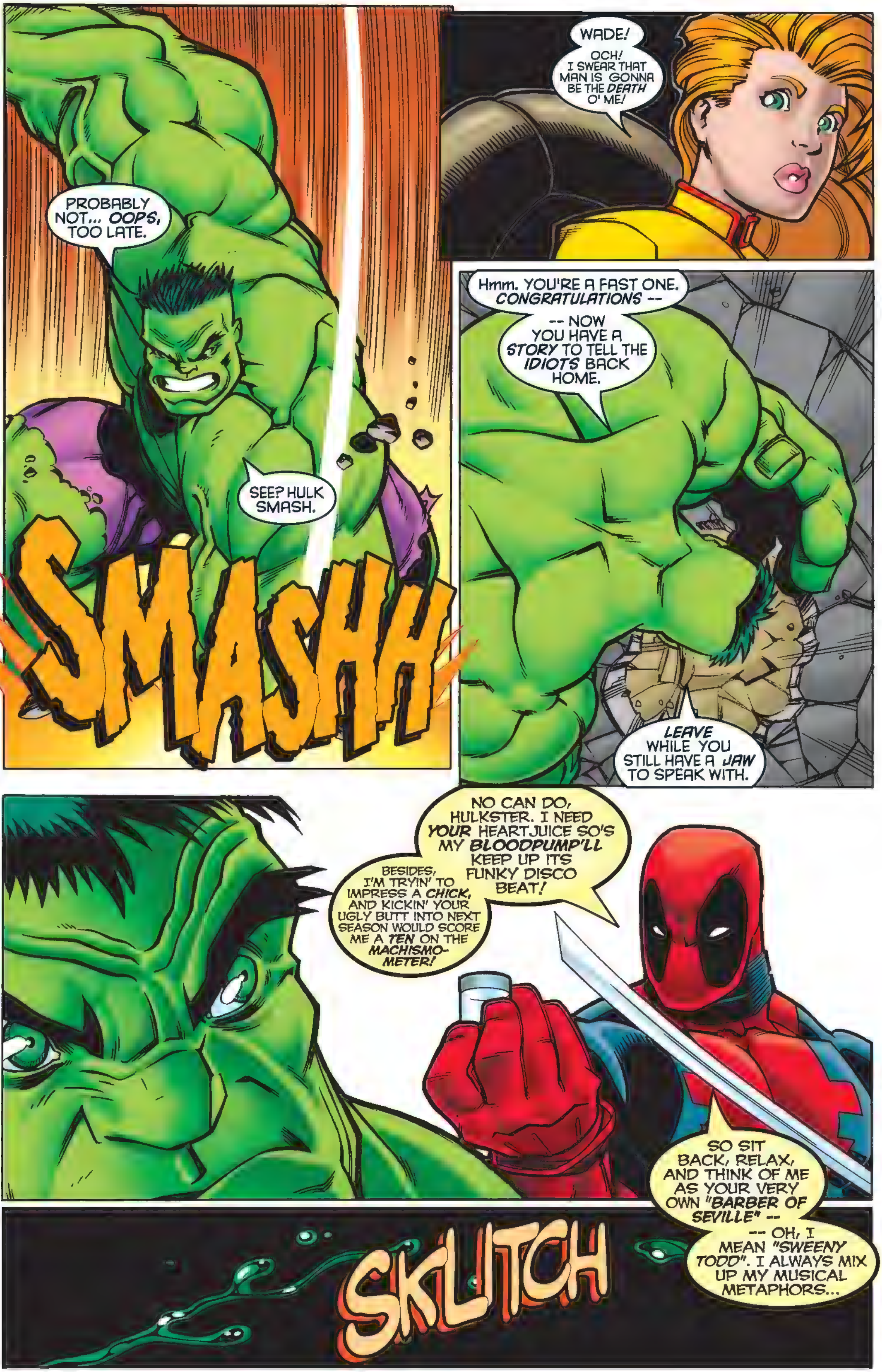

TO BE HONEST, I EXPECT THE WHOLE PROCEDURE TO BE QUITE... *STIMULATING*, FOR BOTH OF US... LIKE *OLD* TIMES. NOW PUT THIS ON --
"OLD TIMES"? KILLBREW, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY THIS NICELY, SO I WON'T...
BACK OFF *BEFORE I GUT YOU, YOU FAT* **SLOB!**
WADE! HAVE YE GONE DAFT?!
I WON'T LET YOU TREAT ME LIKE AN *EXPERIMENT!* NOT LIKE BEFORE! I --
...
DEEP BREATHS. *REALITY* CHECK... THIS *ISN'T* THE WORKSHOP. I AM IN CONTROL. THIS IS IN THE *FRIENDLY* SKIES... HEH HEH...
HOW *EMBARASSKIN'.*
WILSON? ARE YOU --
WHAT ARE YE DOIN' TO HIM, KILLBREW?!
NOTHING! I WAS JUST GOING TO APPLY THESE *SENSORS* TO MONITOR --
I'LL DO IT. YE'D BE BETTER OFF ON THE *OTHER* SIDE O' THE PLANE.
BUT --
THA' WAS NAE A REQUEST.
HEY *SCRAPPER*... ARE YE BACK WITH US YET, OR STILL OFF IN *LA-LA* LAND?
I'M HERE, RED... QUIETLY HOPING THAT YOU FIND *PSYCHOTIC* EPISODES *CHARMING*...

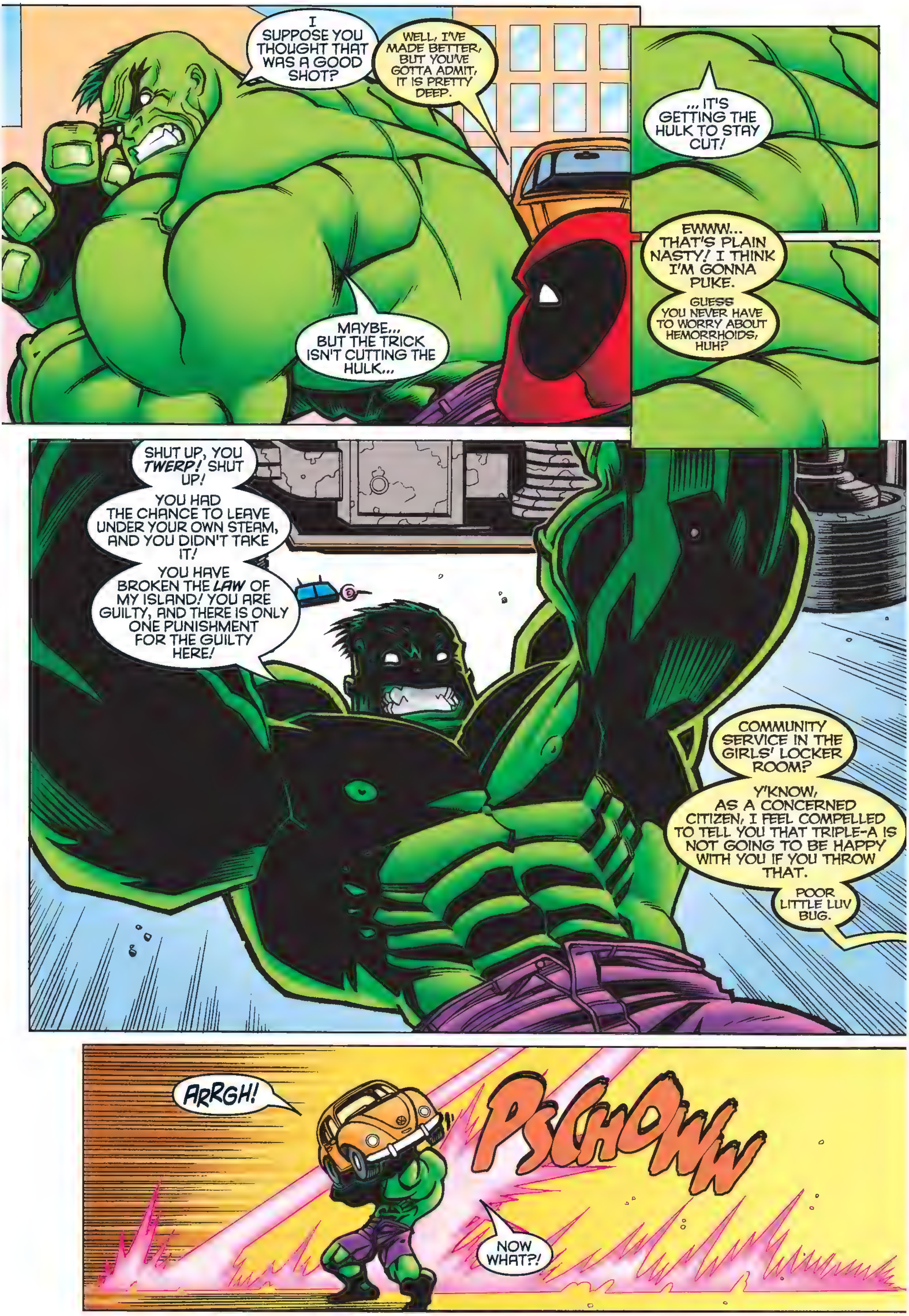

WHOA, IT WAS... HIS TONE OF VOICE... CATAPULTED ME BACK...
...REMINDED ME OF WHEN WE MET... IN WEAPON X... BACK IN THE 'SHOP --
Shh... YE DON' HAVE T'EXPLAIN Y'RSELF, WADE... I C'N IMAGINE HOW HARD THIS MUST BE FOR YE.
SOON AS THIS IS OVER, I PROMISE WE'LL SCOOT BACK T'AMERICA AN' FORGET WE E'ER HEARD THE NAME KILLBREW.
I... I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'LL BE ENOUGH, TERRY.
WHAT? WHY NOT?
IT'S JUST NOT THAT SIMPLE. YOU LOOK AT HIM AND SEE WILFORD BRIMLEY, BUT WHEN I LOOK...
...I SEE MY NIGHTMARES COME TO LIFE.
I LOOK INTO HIS EYES AND REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE... NOT TO FEEL HUMAN... TO EXIST PURELY AS MEAT...
...THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR ME TO PURGE THE GHOST OF HIM FROM MY MIND... MY LIFE...
...PERMANENTLY... AND WITH EXTREME MALICE.
I DON'T FORGIVE AND FORGET... EVEN IF YOU WANT ME TO.
IT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING T'DO WITH ME, WADE... YE SHOULDN'T DO IT CAUSE IT'S NAE RIGHT.
KILLBREW THREW IT ALL ON THE LINE T'HELP YE. THAT OUGHTA COUNT F'R SOMETHIN'.
SURE, YE C'N NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED, BUT YE CANNAE LET IT DEFINE Y'R LIFE!
IF WE DON'T LET OUR DEMONS GO, WADE, WE BECOME THEM.
I HEAR YA, RED... MERC'S HONOR... BUT IT'S JUST NICE WORDS.
AFTER THIS IS OVER AN' I BEEN CURED, GET CLEAR OF ME AN' KILLBREW...
...UNLESS YOU WANT TO GET BLOODY.
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, WILSON... JUST WHEN I THINK THAT I MIGHT BE GETTING INSIDE YOUR HEAD...
...YOU ROYALLY SCREW THINGS UP.

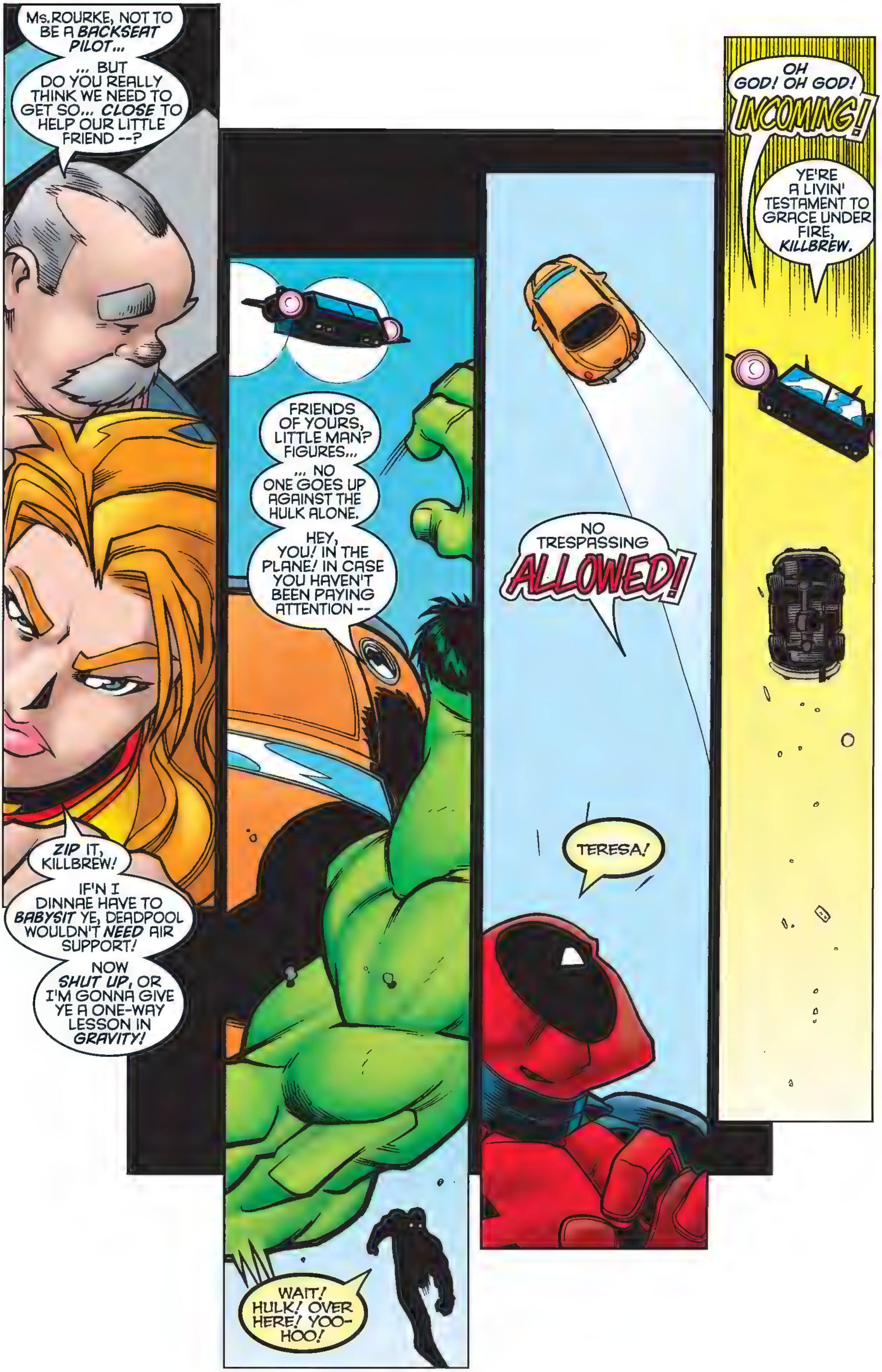
Um... GANG?
DEET
DEET
DEET
WE'VE GOT HIM.
DUCK KEY HAS ALWAYS BEEN AN ISLAND OF AFFLUENCE. A PLACE WHERE THE ELITE MEET TO RETREAT.
IN RECENT WEEKS, HOWEVER, IT'S PROPERTY VALUE HAS PLUMMETED... SHARPLY.
A NATURAL DISASTER WILL DO THAT TO AN ISLAND. ESPECIALLY IF IT WALKS UPRIGHT.
THE ENIGMATIC BRUTE KNOWN AS THE INCREDIBLE HULK HAS SEIZED THIS SWATCH OF BEACH AS A PLACE OF HIS OWN.
A SPECIAL PLACE, ISOLATED FROM THE REST OF CIVILIZATION. A PLACE TO THINK. A PLACE TO CONSIDER THE RAPID DETERIORATION OF HIS VERY BEING. A PLACE QUITE SIMPLY...
... WHERE HE CAN BE LEFT ALONE.
See recent issues of the Hulk for the full scoop on his medical problems -- E.R. Matt
THE HATCH IS OPEN, COMLINK IS OPERATIONAL... I'M READY WHEN'ER YE ARE, WADE.
WADE? WADE, WE'RE ABOUT T'OVER-SHOOT THE TARGET...
WADE!
I'M SORRY. DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?
I WAS JUST PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY WILL.
YOU GET MY COLLECTION OF COASTERS AND MY LORI PARTRIDGE PILLOWCASE.
AND WITHOUT FURTHER A DOO-DOO...
NEXT, HE HOPES TO STOP THE WORLD FROM SPINNING.

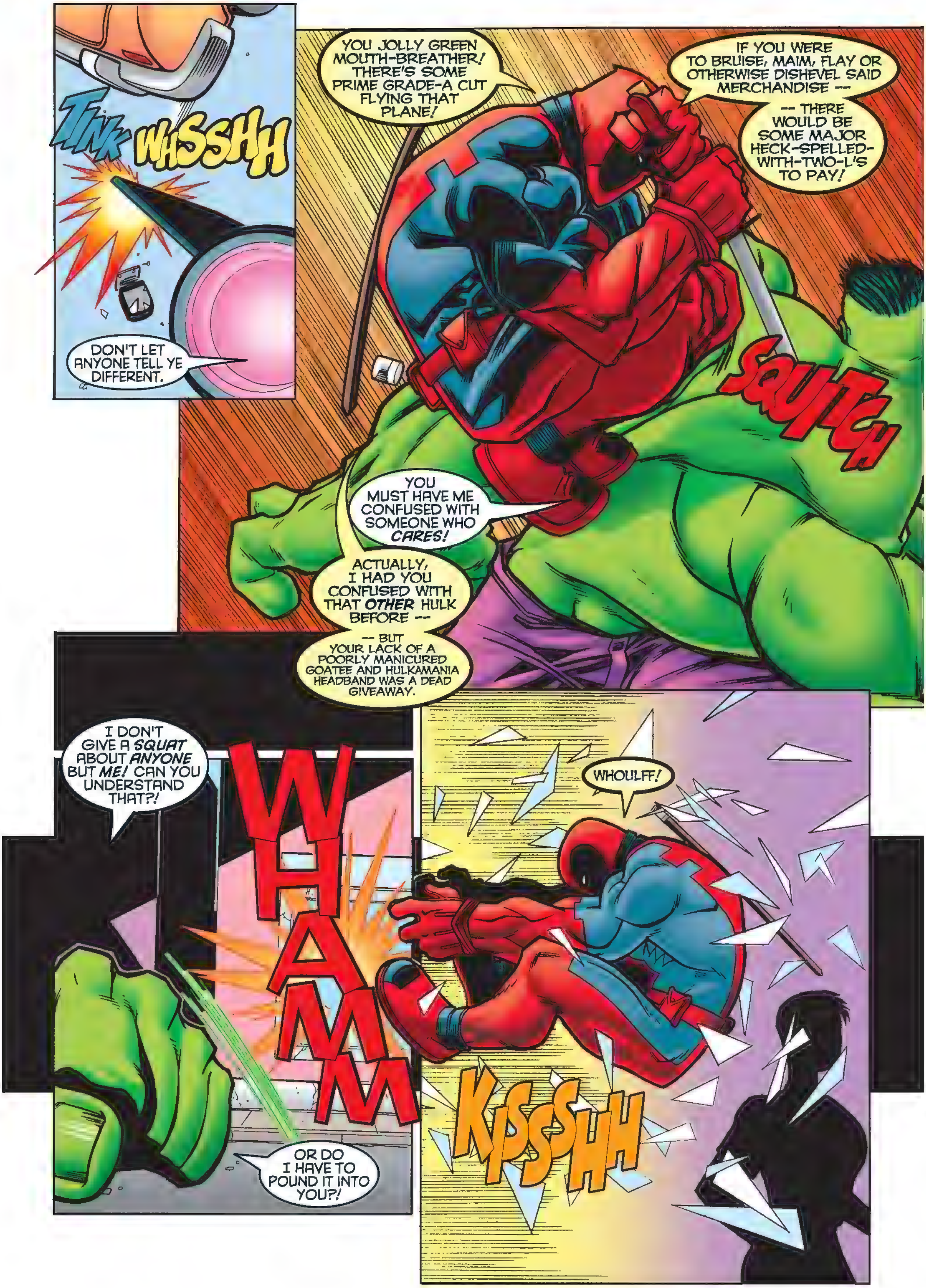

TIME TO MAKE THE DONUTS!
YOU WERE EXPECTING MAYBE FOR ME TO YELL "SPOON"?
EXCUSE ME, SIR? I REPRESENT THE CANADIAN EX-BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION, AND IT'S TIME FOR OUR ANNUAL BLOOD DRIVE!
GO AWAY.
ONE PINT OF BLOOD CAN SAVE FIVE LIVES... ALTHOUGH IN YOUR CASE, IT'LL ONLY BE ONE... MINE!
CLUDD
IF YOU'RE A GOOD MONSTROSITY, AFTER THE DONATION WE'LL MIX YOU UP A NICE GLASS OF ORANGE-FLAVORED DRINK AND PUMP YOU FULL OF STALE MALLOMARS!

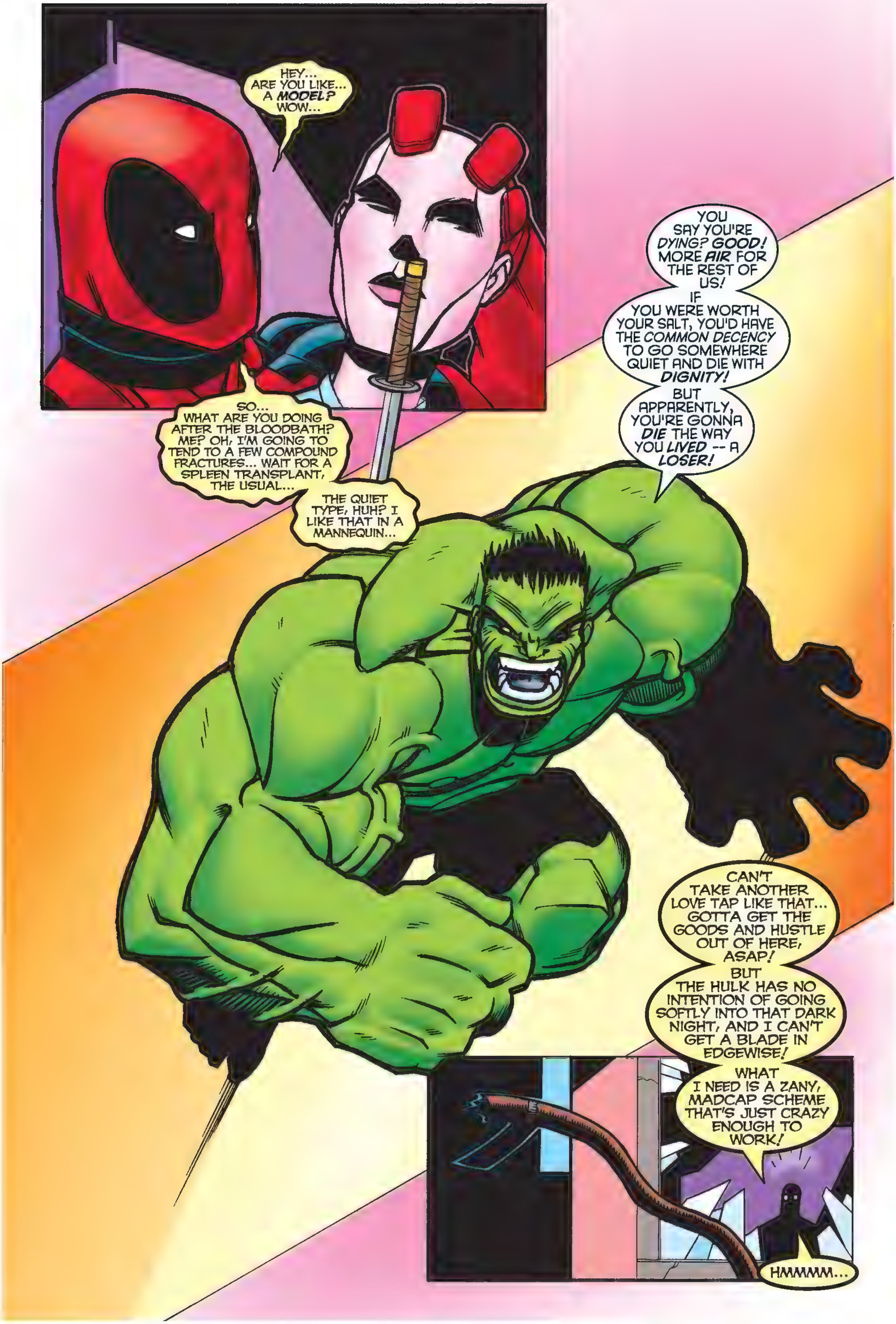

WON'T THAT BE PEACHY?
GO AWAY, OR DIE. YOUR CHOICE.
FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION DYING, HULK... UH SIR...
...I'M A MAN IN NEED, INDEED. I ONLY USED YOU FOR A LANDING PAD TO GET YOUR ATTENTION.
WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU WANDERING INTO "HULK SMASH" LAND WHILE WE'RE HAVING A CIVILIZED CHAT, NOW WOULD WE?

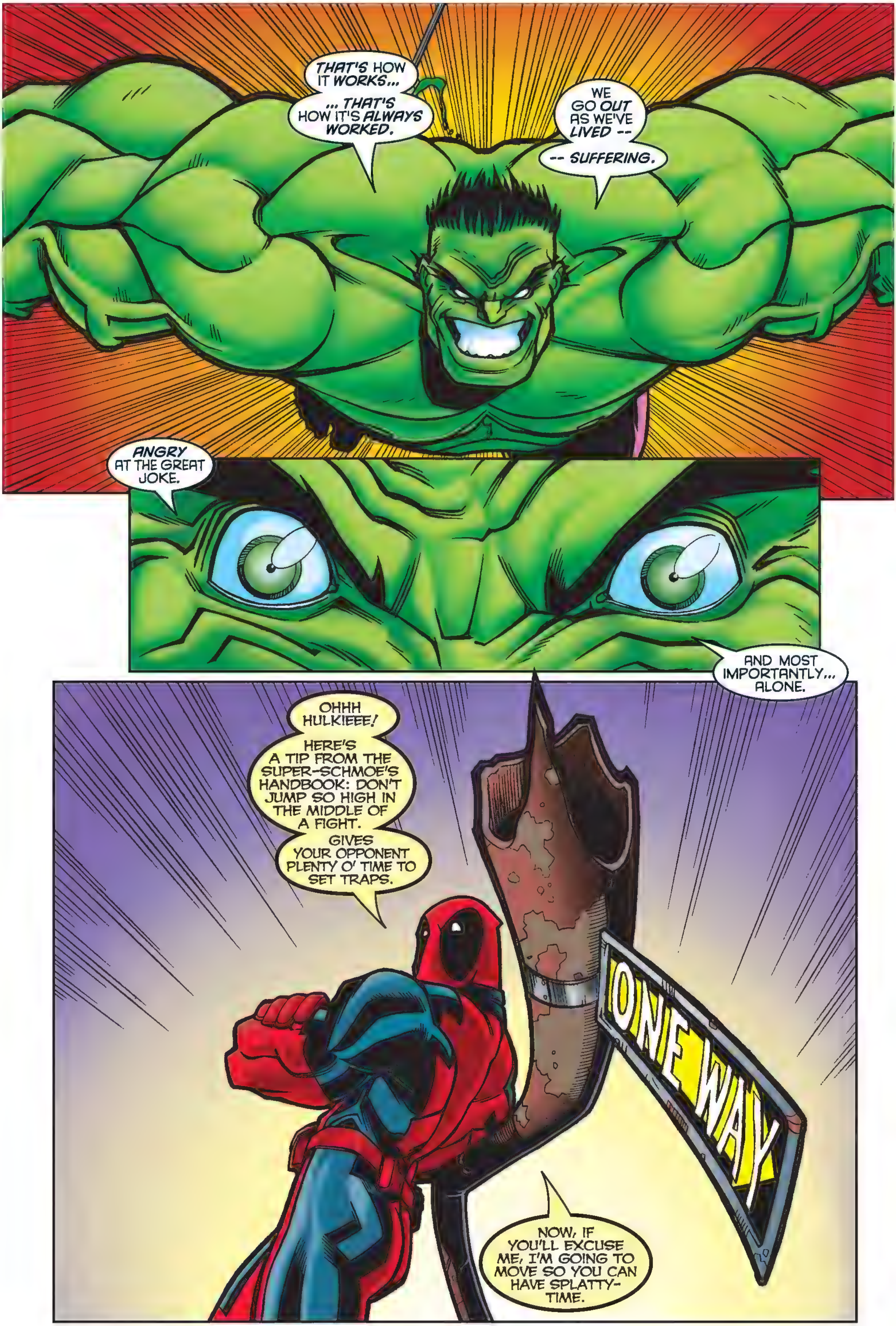

PROBABLY NOT... *OOPS*, TOO LATE.
SEE? HULK SMASH.
SMASHH
WADE!
OCH! I SWEAR THAT MAN IS GONNA BE THE *DEATH* O' ME!
Hmm. YOU'RE A FAST ONE. *CONGRATULATIONS* --
-- NOW YOU HAVE A *STORY* TO TELL THE *IDIOTS* BACK HOME.
LEAVE WHILE YOU STILL HAVE A *JAW* TO SPEAK WITH.
NO CAN DO, HULKSTER. I NEED *YOUR* HEARTJUICE SO'S MY *BLOODPUMP'LL* KEEP UP ITS FUNKY DISCO BEAT!
BESIDES, I'M TRYIN' TO IMPRESS A *CHICK*, AND KICKIN' YOUR UGLY BUTT INTO NEXT SEASON WOULD SCORE ME A *TEN* ON THE *MACHISMO-METER!*
SO SIT BACK, RELAX, AND THINK OF ME AS YOUR VERY OWN *"BARBER OF SEVILLE"* --
-- OH, I MEAN *"SWEENY TODD"*. I ALWAYS MIX UP MY MUSICAL METAPHORS...
SKLITCH

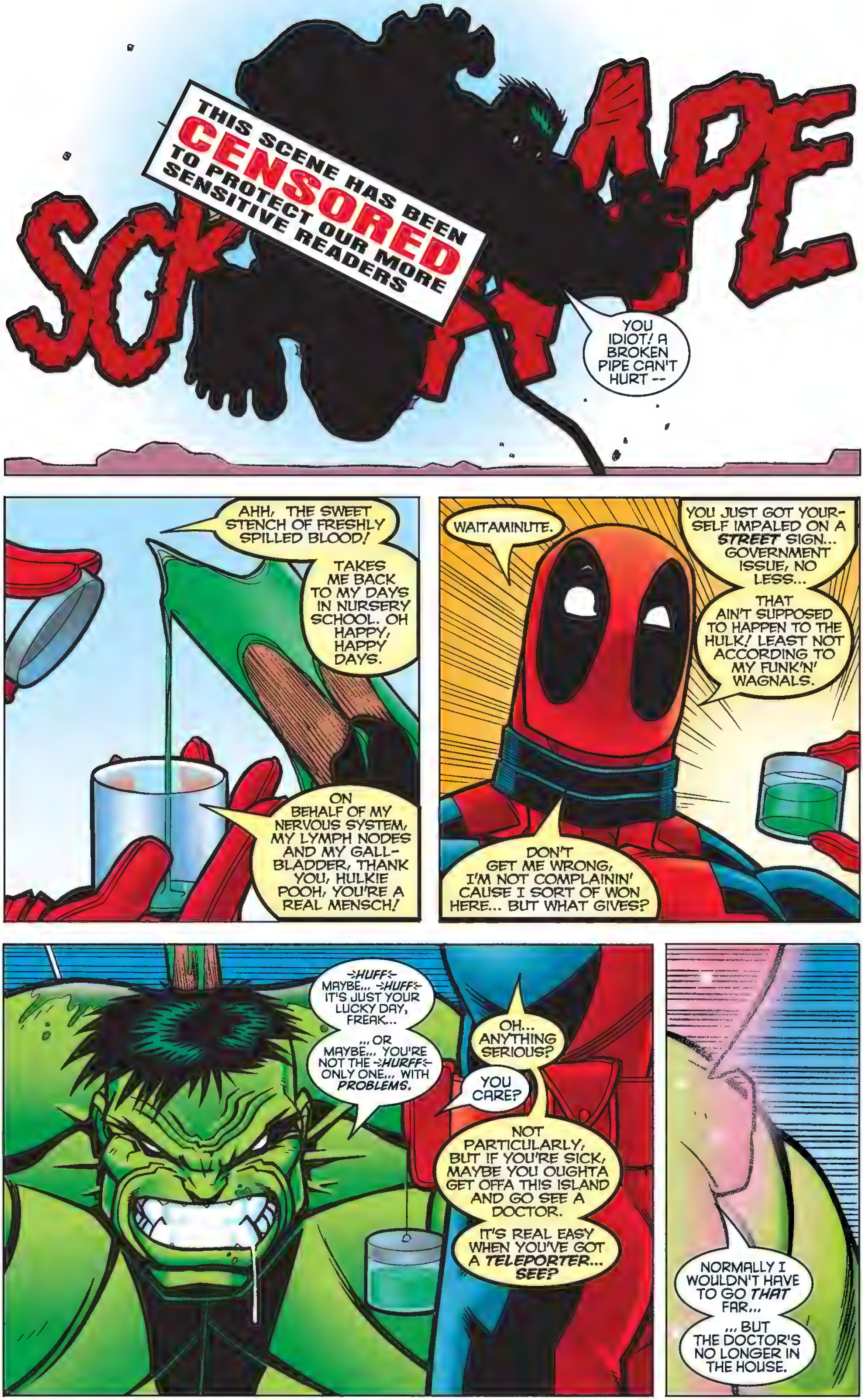

I SUPPOSE YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS A GOOD SHOT?
WELL, I'VE MADE BETTER, BUT YOU'VE GOTTA ADMIT, IT IS PRETTY DEEP.
MAYBE... BUT THE TRICK ISN'T CUTTING THE HULK...
...IT'S GETTING THE HULK TO STAY CUT!
EWWW... THAT'S PLAIN NASTY! I THINK I'M GONNA PUKE.
GUESS YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HEMORRHOIDS, HUH?
SHUT UP, YOU *TWERP!* SHUT UP!
YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO LEAVE UNDER YOUR OWN STEAM, AND YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT!
YOU HAVE BROKEN THE *LAW* OF MY ISLAND! YOU ARE GUILTY, AND THERE IS ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT FOR THE GUILTY HERE!
COMMUNITY SERVICE IN THE GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM?
Y'KNOW, AS A CONCERNED CITIZEN, I FEEL COMPELLED TO TELL YOU THAT TRIPLE-A IS NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY WITH YOU IF YOU THROW THAT.
POOR LITTLE LUV BUG.
ARRGH!
PSCHOWW
NOW WHAT?!

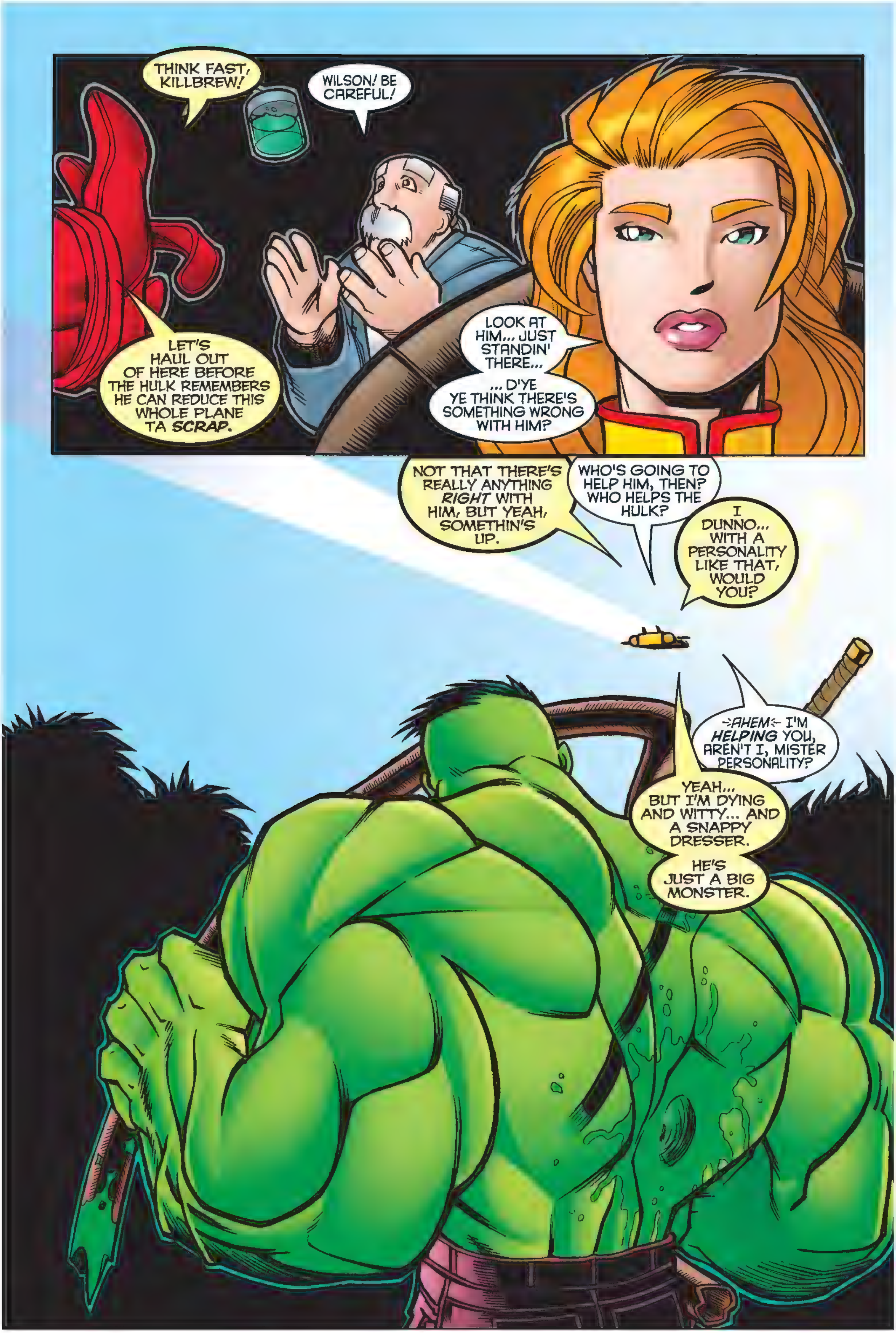

Ms. ROURKE, NOT TO BE A BACKSEAT PILOT...
... BUT DO YOU REALLY THINK WE NEED TO GET SO... CLOSE TO HELP OUR LITTLE FRIEND --?
ZIP IT, KILLBREW!
IF'N I DINNAE HAVE TO BABYSIT YE, DEADPOOL WOULDN'T NEED AIR SUPPORT!
NOW SHUT UP, OR I'M GONNA GIVE YE A ONE-WAY LESSON IN GRAVITY!
FRIENDS OF YOURS, LITTLE MAN? FIGURES...
... NO ONE GOES UP AGAINST THE HULK ALONE.
HEY, YOU! IN THE PLANE! IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PAYING ATTENTION --
WAIT! HULK! OVER HERE! YOO-HOO!
NO TRESPASSING ALLOWED!
TERESA!
OH GOD! OH GOD! INCOMING!
YE'RE A LIVIN' TESTAMENT TO GRACE UNDER FIRE, KILLBREW.

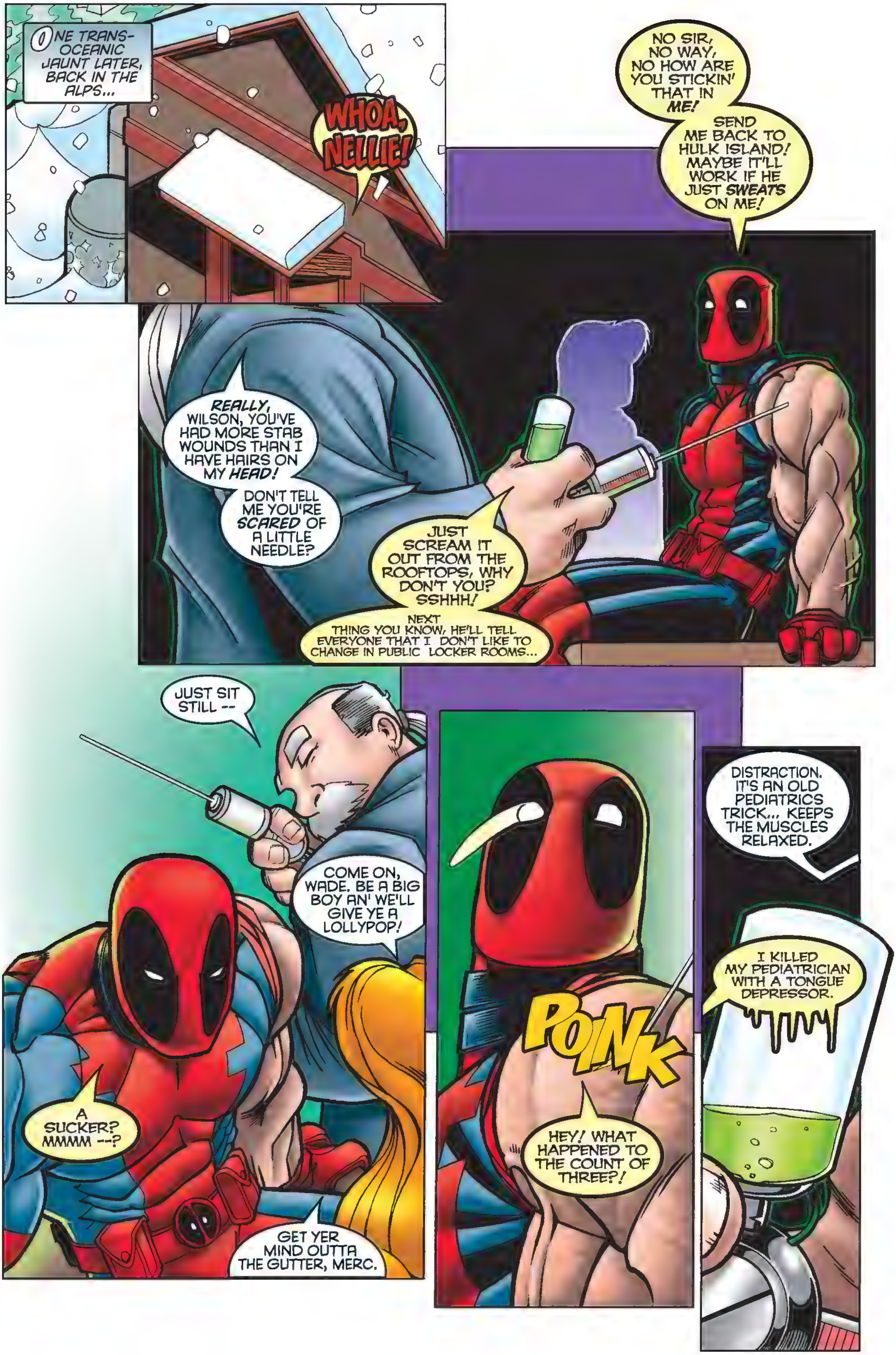

TINK
WHSSHH
DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YE DIFFERENT.
YOU JOLLY GREEN MOUTH-BREATHER! THERE'S SOME PRIME GRADE-A CUT FLYING THAT PLANE!
IF YOU WERE TO BRUISE, MAIM, FLAY OR OTHERWISE DISHEVEL SAID MERCHANDISE --
-- THERE WOULD BE SOME MAJOR HECK-SPELLED-WITH-TWO-L'S TO PAY!
SQUITCH
YOU MUST HAVE ME CONFUSED WITH SOMEONE WHO *CARES!*
ACTUALLY, I HAD YOU CONFUSED WITH THAT *OTHER* HULK BEFORE --
-- BUT YOUR LACK OF A POORLY MANICURED GOATEE AND HULKAMANIA HEADBAND WAS A DEAD GIVEAWAY.
I DON'T GIVE A *SQUAT* ABOUT *ANYONE* BUT *ME!* CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?!
WHAMM
OR DO I HAVE TO POUND IT INTO YOU?!
WHOULFF!
KISSHH

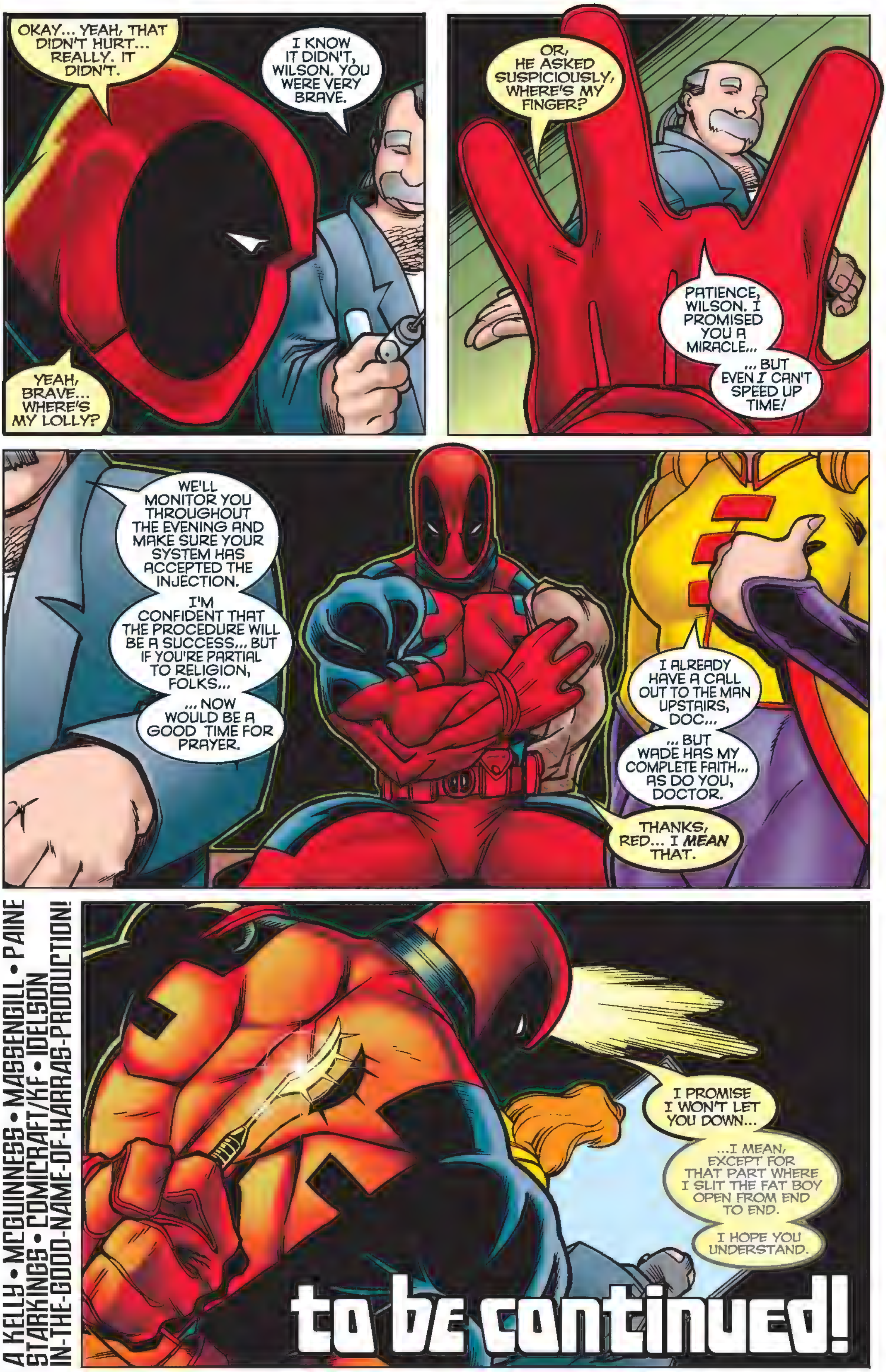

HEY... ARE YOU LIKE... A *MODEL?* WOW...
SO... WHAT ARE YOU DOING AFTER THE BLOODBATH? ME? OH, I'M GOING TO TEND TO A FEW COMPOUND FRACTURES... WAIT FOR A SPLEEN TRANSPLANT, THE USUAL...
THE QUIET TYPE, HUH? I LIKE THAT IN A MANNEQUIN...
YOU SAY YOU'RE *DYING? GOOD!* MORE *AIR* FOR THE REST OF US!
IF YOU WERE WORTH YOUR SALT, YOU'D HAVE THE *COMMON DECENCY* TO GO SOMEWHERE QUIET AND DIE WITH ***DIGNITY!***
BUT APPARENTLY, YOU'RE GONNA ***DIE*** THE WAY YOU ***LIVED*** -- A ***LOSER!***
CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER LOVE TAP LIKE THAT... GOTTA GET THE GOODS AND HUSTLE OUT OF HERE, ASAP!
BUT THE HULK HAS NO INTENTION OF GOING SOFTLY INTO THAT DARK NIGHT, AND I CAN'T GET A BLADE IN EDGEWISE!
WHAT I NEED IS A ZANY, MADCAP SCHEME THAT'S JUST CRAZY ENOUGH TO WORK!
HMMMMM...


THAT'S HOW IT WORKS...
...THAT'S HOW IT'S ALWAYS WORKED.
WE GO OUT AS WE'VE LIVED --
-- SUFFERING.
ANGRY AT THE GREAT JOKE.
AND MOST IMPORTANTLY... ALONE.
OHHH HULKIEEE!
HERE'S A TIP FROM THE SUPER-SCHMOE'S HANDBOOK: DON'T JUMP SO HIGH IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIGHT.
GIVES YOUR OPPONENT PLENTY O' TIME TO SET TRAPS.
ONE WAY
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING TO MOVE SO YOU CAN HAVE SPLATTY-TIME.


SCRAPE
THIS SCENE HAS BEEN CENSORED TO PROTECT OUR MORE SENSITIVE READERS
YOU IDIOT! A BROKEN PIPE CAN'T HURT --
AHH, THE SWEET STENCH OF FRESHLY SPILLED BLOOD!
TAKES ME BACK TO MY DAYS IN NURSERY SCHOOL. OH HAPPY, HAPPY DAYS.
ON BEHALF OF MY NERVOUS SYSTEM, MY LYMPH NODES AND MY GALL-BLADDER, THANK YOU, HULKIE POOH, YOU'RE A REAL MENSCH!
WAITAMINUTE.
YOU JUST GOT YOURSELF IMPALED ON A *STREET* SIGN... GOVERNMENT ISSUE, NO LESS...
THAT AIN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN TO THE HULK! LEAST NOT ACCORDING TO MY FUNK'N' WAGNALS.
DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M NOT COMPLAININ' CAUSE I SORT OF WON HERE... BUT WHAT GIVES?
HUFF MAYBE... *HUFF* IT'S JUST YOUR LUCKY DAY, FREAK...
...OR MAYBE... YOU'RE NOT THE *HURFF* ONLY ONE... WITH *PROBLEMS.*
OH... ANYTHING SERIOUS?
YOU CARE?
NOT PARTICULARLY, BUT IF YOU'RE SICK, MAYBE YOU OUGHTA GET OFFA THIS ISLAND AND GO SEE A DOCTOR.
IT'S REAL EASY WHEN YOU'VE GOT A *TELEPORTER*... *SEE?*
NORMALLY I WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO *THAT* FAR...
...BUT THE DOCTOR'S NO LONGER IN THE HOUSE.


THINK FAST, KILLBREW!
WILSON! BE CAREFUL!
LET'S HAUL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE HULK REMEMBERS HE CAN REDUCE THIS WHOLE PLANE TA *SCRAP*.
LOOK AT HIM... JUST STANDIN' THERE...
... D'YE YE THINK THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM?
NOT THAT THERE'S REALLY ANYTHING *RIGHT* WITH HIM, BUT YEAH, SOMETHIN'S UP.
WHO'S GOING TO HELP HIM, THEN? WHO HELPS THE HULK?
I DUNNO... WITH A PERSONALITY LIKE THAT, WOULD YOU?
AHEM I'M *HELPING* YOU, AREN'T I, MISTER PERSONALITY?
YEAH... BUT I'M DYING AND WITTY... AND A SNAPPY DRESSER.
HE'S JUST A BIG MONSTER.


ONE TRANS-OCEANIC JAUNT LATER, BACK IN THE ALPS...
WHOA, NELLIE!
NO SIR, NO WAY, NO HOW ARE YOU STICKIN' THAT IN *ME!*
SEND ME BACK TO HULK ISLAND! MAYBE IT'LL WORK IF HE JUST *SWEATS* ON ME!
REALLY, WILSON, YOU'VE HAD MORE STAB WOUNDS THAN I HAVE HAIRS ON MY *HEAD!*
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE *SCARED* OF A LITTLE NEEDLE?
JUST SCREAM IT OUT FROM THE ROOFTOPS, WHY DON'T YOU? SSHHH!
NEXT THING YOU KNOW, HE'LL TELL EVERYONE THAT I DON'T LIKE TO CHANGE IN PUBLIC LOCKER ROOMS...
JUST SIT STILL --
COME ON, WADE. BE A BIG BOY AN' WE'LL GIVE YE A LOLLYPOP!
A SUCKER? MMMM --?
GET YER MIND OUTTA THE GUTTER, MERC.
POINK
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE COUNT OF THREE?!
DISTRACTION. IT'S AN OLD PEDIATRICS TRICK... KEEPS THE MUSCLES RELAXED.
I KILLED MY PEDIATRICIAN WITH A TONGUE DEPRESSOR.


OKAY... YEAH, THAT DIDN'T HURT... REALLY. IT DIDN'T.
I KNOW IT DIDN'T, WILSON. YOU WERE VERY BRAVE.
YEAH, BRAVE... WHERE'S MY LOLLY?
OR, HE ASKED SUSPICIOUSLY, WHERE'S MY FINGER?
PATIENCE, WILSON. I PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE...
... BUT EVEN *I* CAN'T SPEED UP TIME!
WE'LL MONITOR YOU THROUGHOUT THE EVENING AND MAKE SURE YOUR SYSTEM HAS ACCEPTED THE INJECTION.
I'M CONFIDENT THAT THE PROCEDURE WILL BE A SUCCESS... BUT IF YOU'RE PARTIAL TO RELIGION, FOLKS...
... NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME FOR PRAYER.
I ALREADY HAVE A CALL OUT TO THE MAN UPSTAIRS, DOC...
... BUT WADE HAS MY COMPLETE FAITH... AS DO YOU, DOCTOR.
THANKS, RED... I ***MEAN*** THAT.
I PROMISE I WON'T LET YOU DOWN...
...I MEAN, EXCEPT FOR THAT PART WHERE I SLIT THE FAT BOY OPEN FROM END TO END.
I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND.
to be continued!

A KELLY • McGUINNESS • MASSENGILL • PAINE
STARKINGS • COMICRAFT/KF • IDELSON
IN-THE-GOOD-NAME-OF-HARRAS-PRODUCTION!
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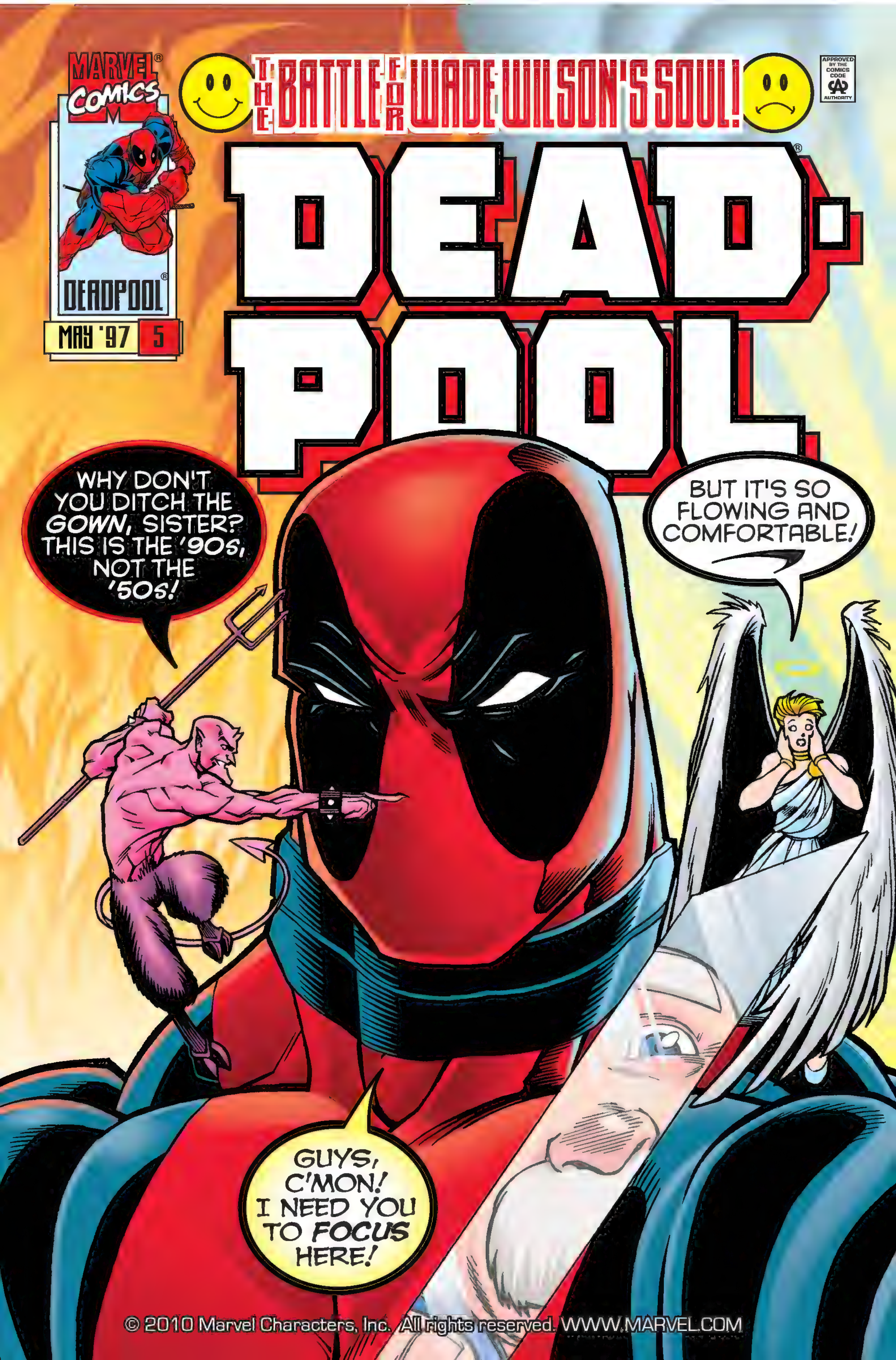

MARVEL COMICS
DEADPOOL
MAY '97
5
THE BATTLE FOR WADE WILSON'S SOUL!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DEAD-POOL
WHY DON'T YOU DITCH THE *GOWN*, SISTER? THIS IS THE '*90s*, NOT THE '*50s*!
BUT IT'S SO FLOWING AND COMFORTABLE!
GUYS, C'MON! I NEED YOU TO *FOCUS* HERE!

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70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
70 YEARS MARVEL COMICS

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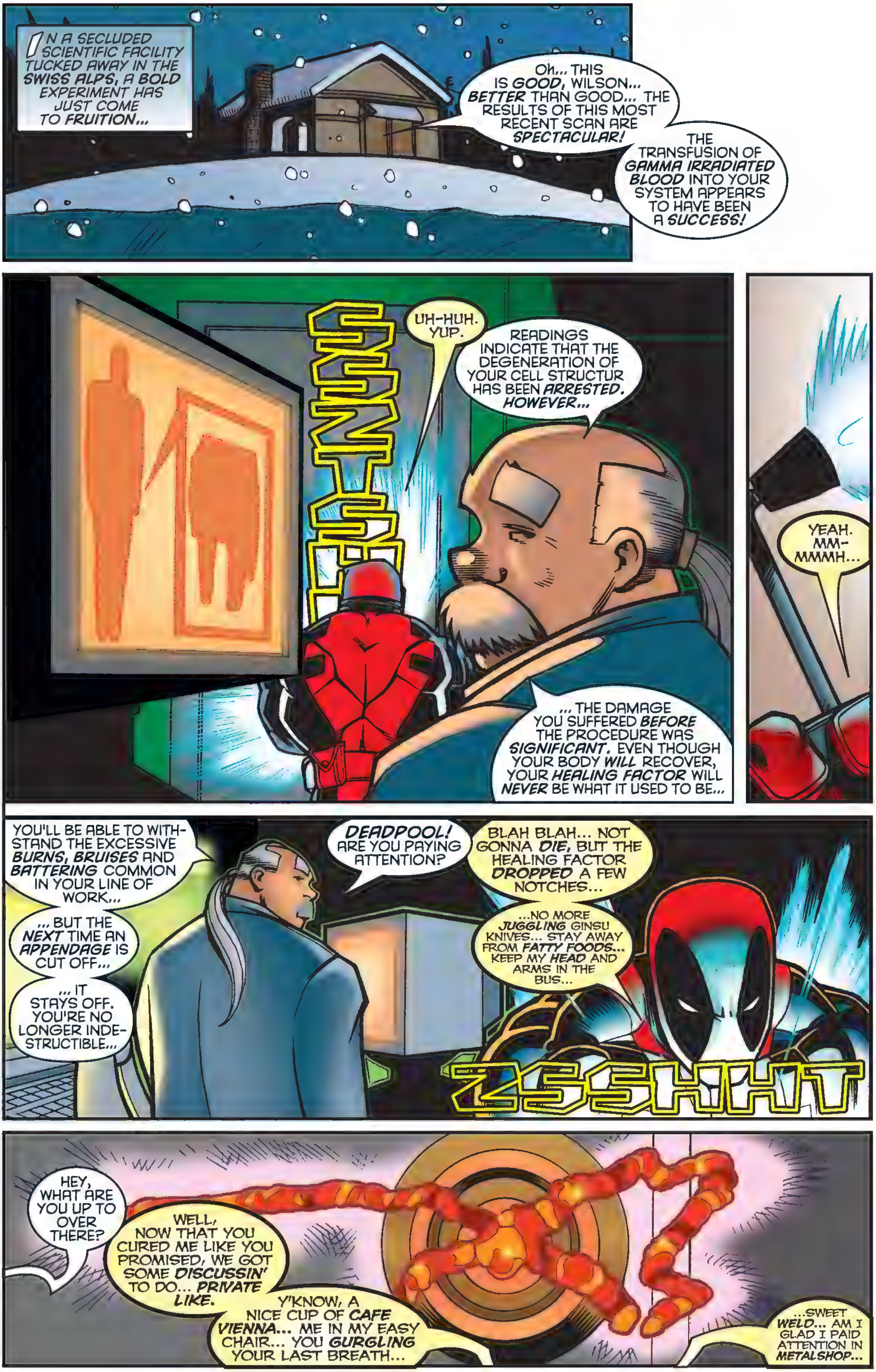
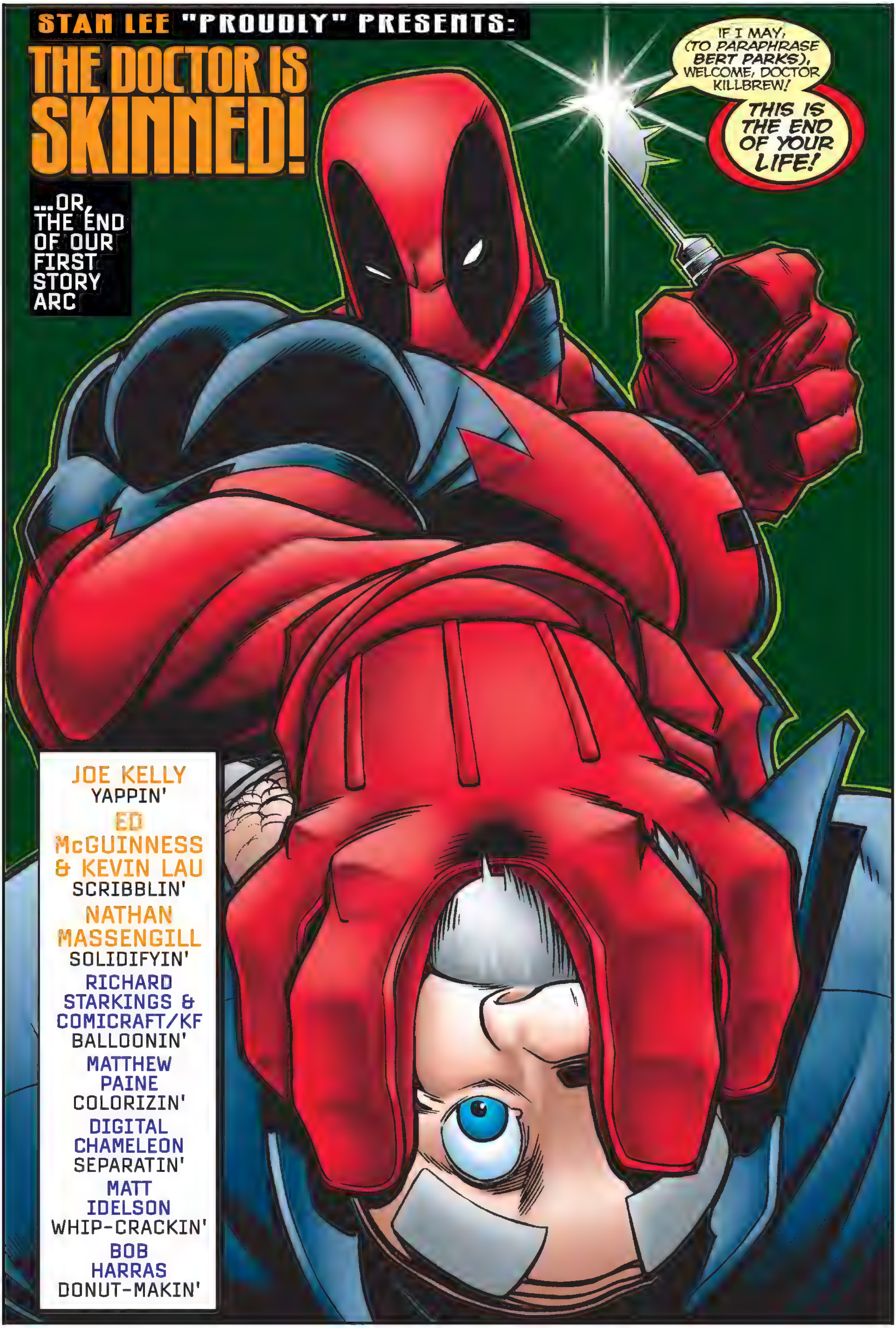
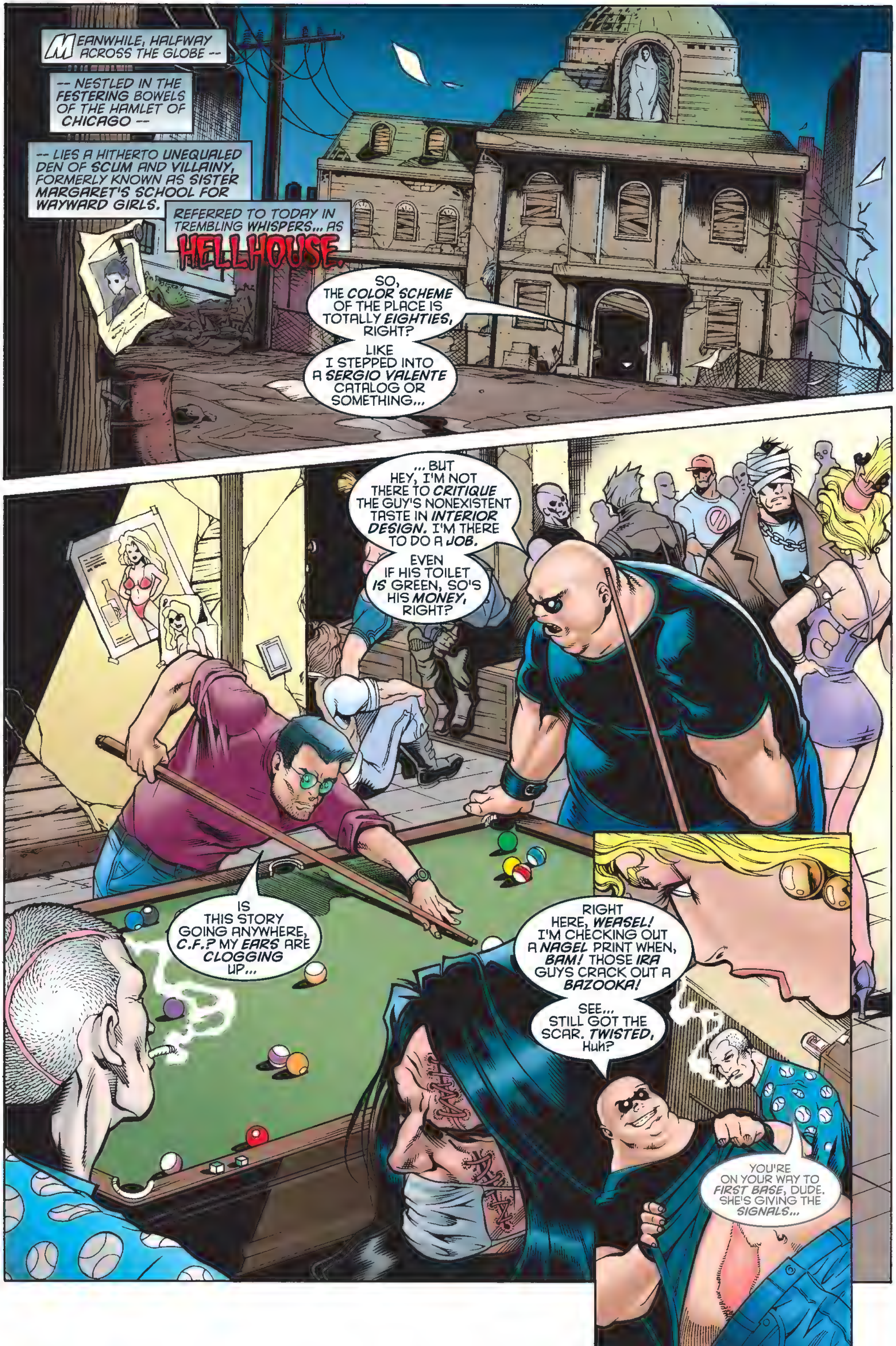
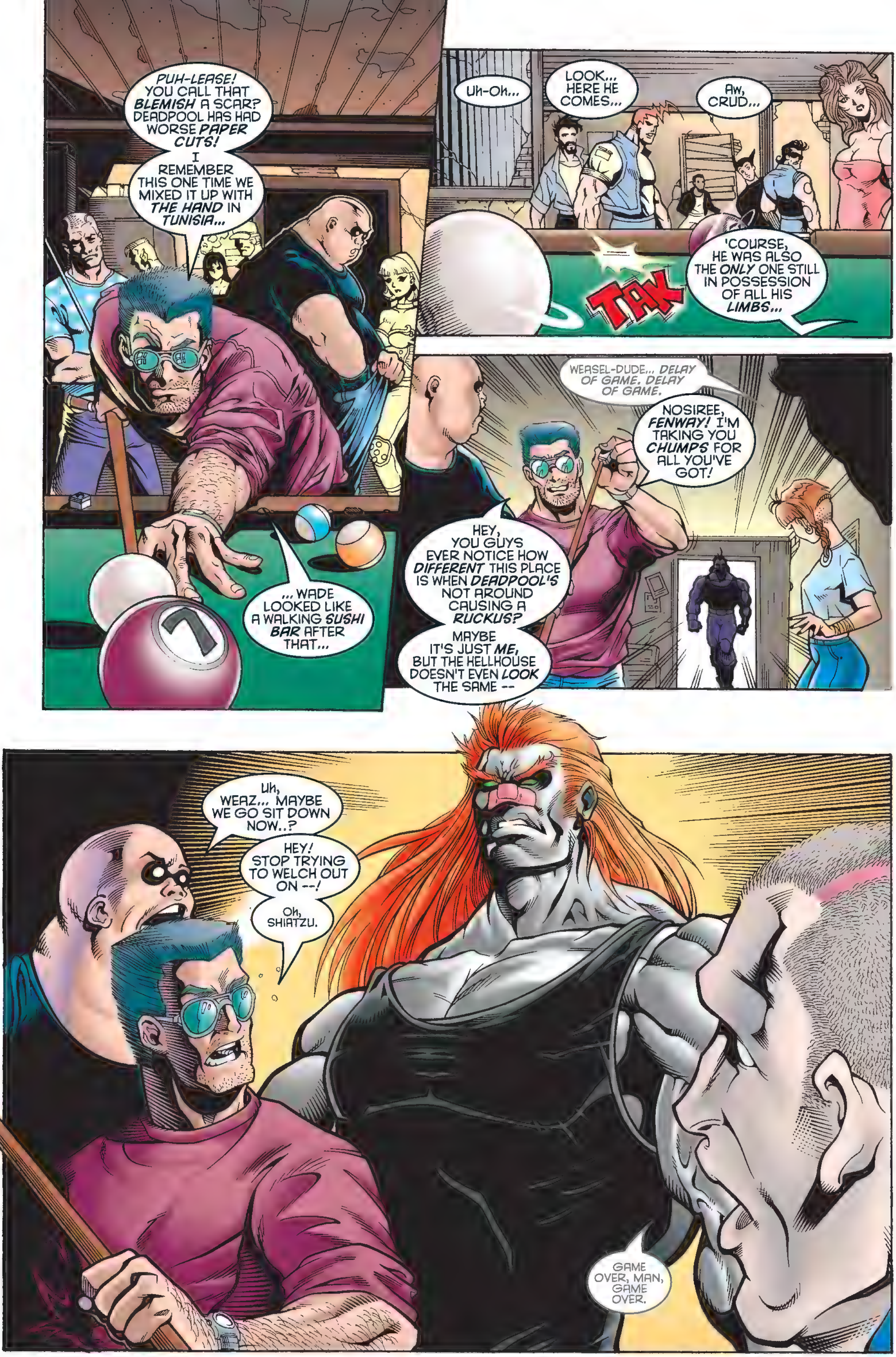
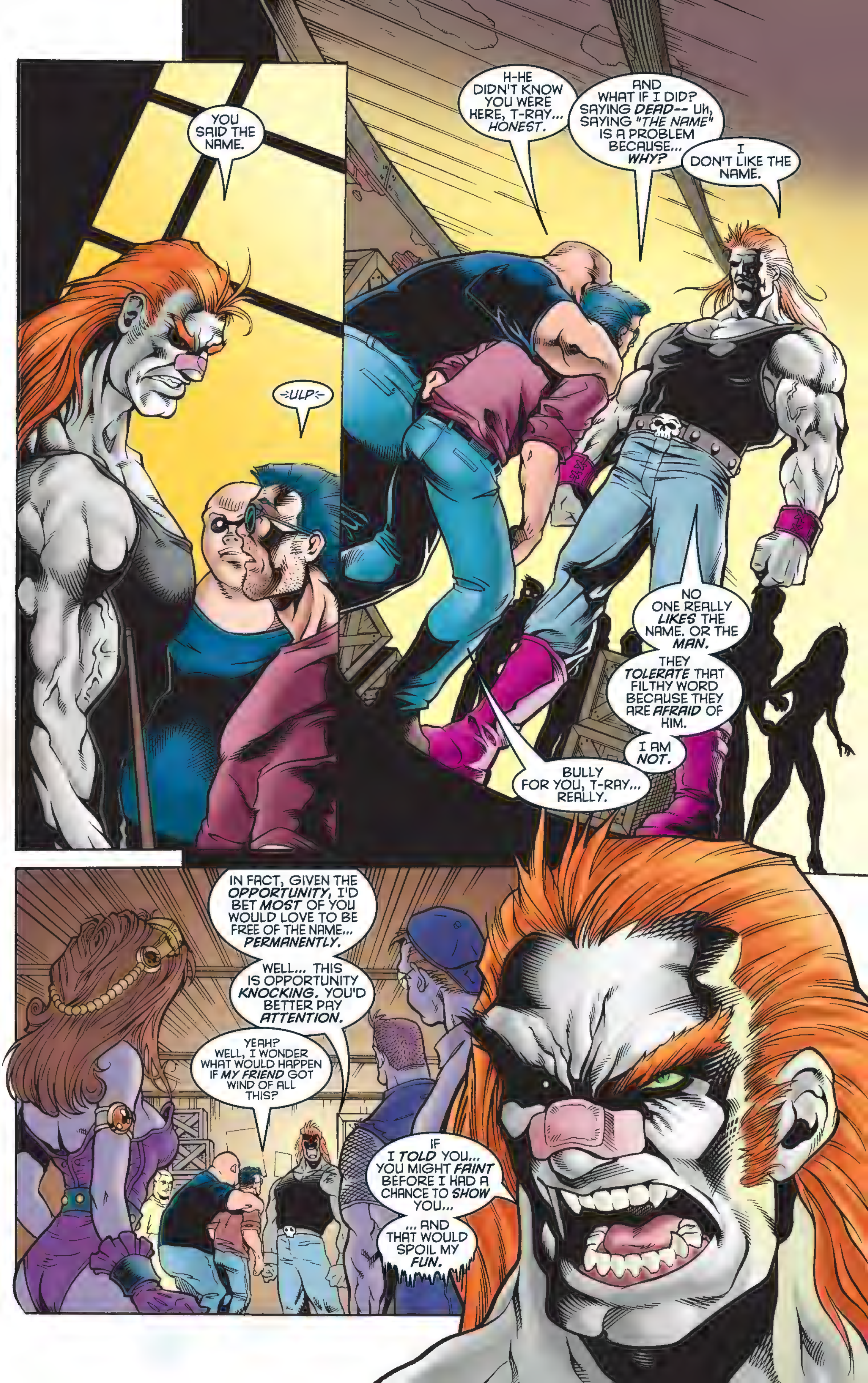
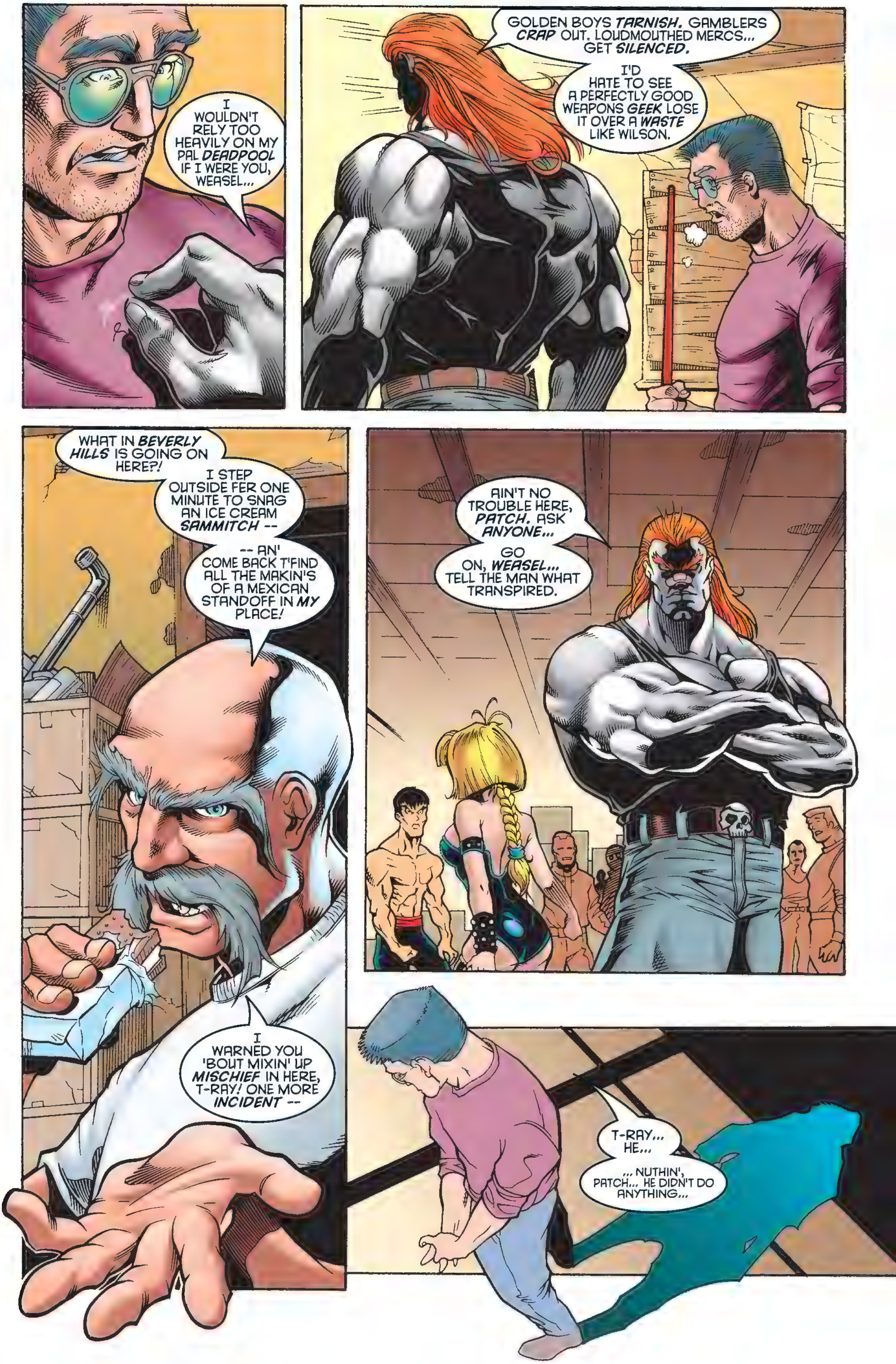

IN A SECLUDED SCIENTIFIC FACILITY TUCKED AWAY IN THE SWISS ALPS, A BOLD EXPERIMENT HAS JUST COME TO FRUITION...
Oh... THIS IS GOOD, WILSON... BETTER THAN GOOD... THE RESULTS OF THIS MOST RECENT SCAN ARE SPECTACULAR!
THE TRANSFUSION OF GAMMA IRRADIATED BLOOD INTO YOUR SYSTEM APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN A SUCCESS!
SSZTSH
UH-HUH. YUP.
READINGS INDICATE THAT THE DEGENERATION OF YOUR CELL STRUCTUR HAS BEEN ARRESTED. HOWEVER...
...THE DAMAGE YOU SUFFERED BEFORE THE PROCEDURE WAS SIGNIFICANT. EVEN THOUGH YOUR BODY WILL RECOVER, YOUR HEALING FACTOR WILL NEVER BE WHAT IT USED TO BE...
YEAH. MM-MMMH...
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WITHSTAND THE EXCESSIVE BURNS, BRUISES AND BATTERING COMMON IN YOUR LINE OF WORK...
...BUT THE NEXT TIME AN APPENDAGE IS CUT OFF...
...IT STAYS OFF. YOU'RE NO LONGER INDESTRUCTIBLE...
DEADPOOL! ARE YOU PAYING ATTENTION?
BLAH BLAH... NOT GONNA DIE, BUT THE HEALING FACTOR DROPPED A FEW NOTCHES...
...NO MORE JUGGLING GINSU KNIVES... STAY AWAY FROM FATTY FOODS... KEEP MY HEAD AND ARMS IN THE BUS...
ZSSHHT
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU UP TO OVER THERE?
WELL, NOW THAT YOU CURED ME LIKE YOU PROMISED, WE GOT SOME DISCUSSIN' TO DO... PRIVATE LIKE.
Y'KNOW, A NICE CUP OF CAFE VIENNA... ME IN MY EASY CHAIR... YOU GURGLING YOUR LAST BREATH...
...SWEET WELD... AM I GLAD I PAID ATTENTION IN METALSHOP...

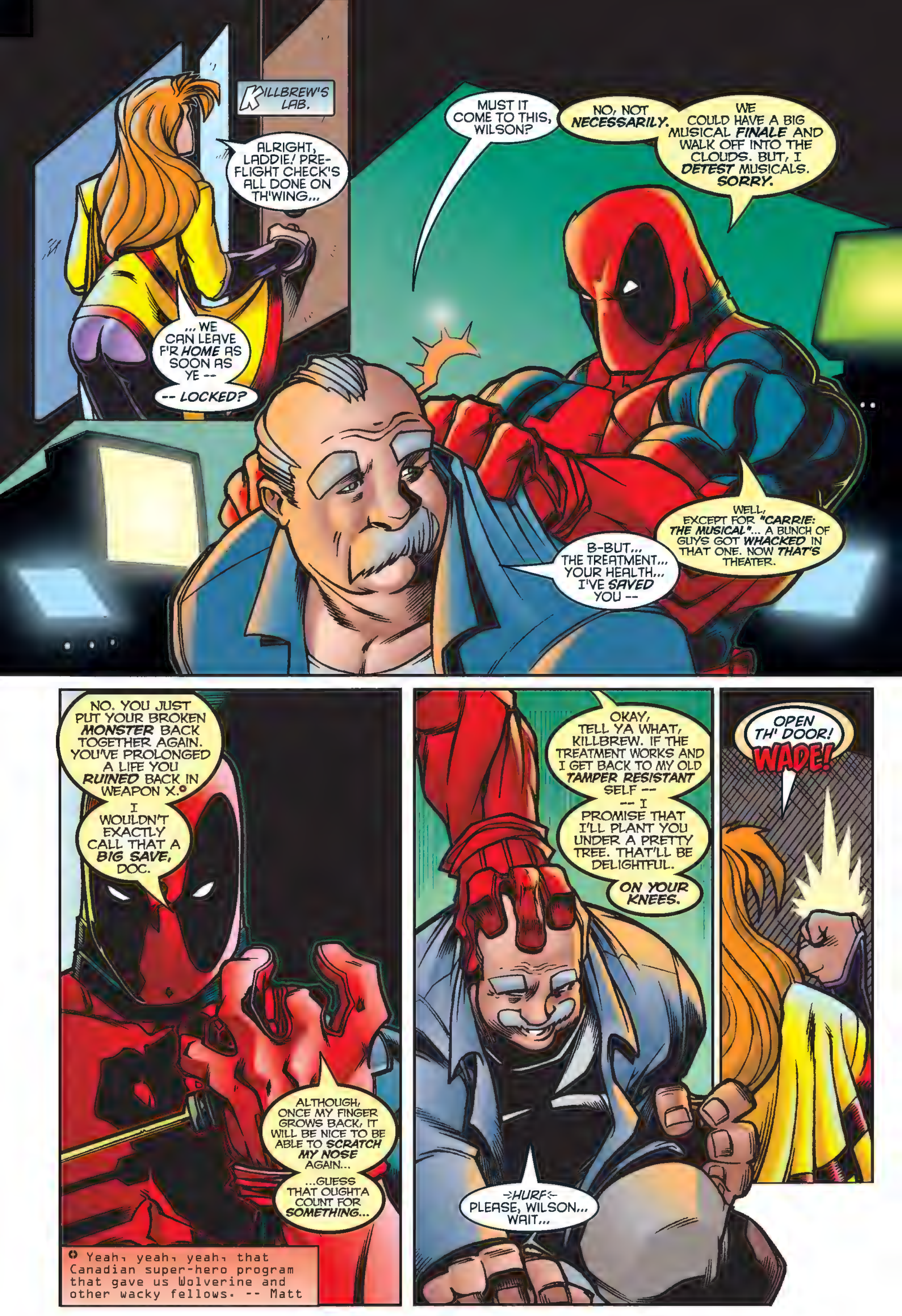

STAN LEE "PROUDLY" PRESENTS:
THE DOCTOR IS SKINNED!
...OR, THE END OF OUR FIRST STORY ARC
IF I MAY, (TO PARAPHRASE BERT PARKS), WELCOME, DOCTOR KILLBREW!
THIS IS THE END OF YOUR LIFE!
JOE KELLY YAPPIN'
ED McGUINNESS & KEVIN LAU SCRIBBLIN'
NATHAN MASSENGILL SOLIDIFYIN'
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT/KF BALLOONIN'
MATTHEW PAINE COLORIZIN'
DIGITAL CHAMELEON SEPARATIN'
MATT IDELSON WHIP-CRACKIN'
BOB HARRAS DONUT-MAKIN'

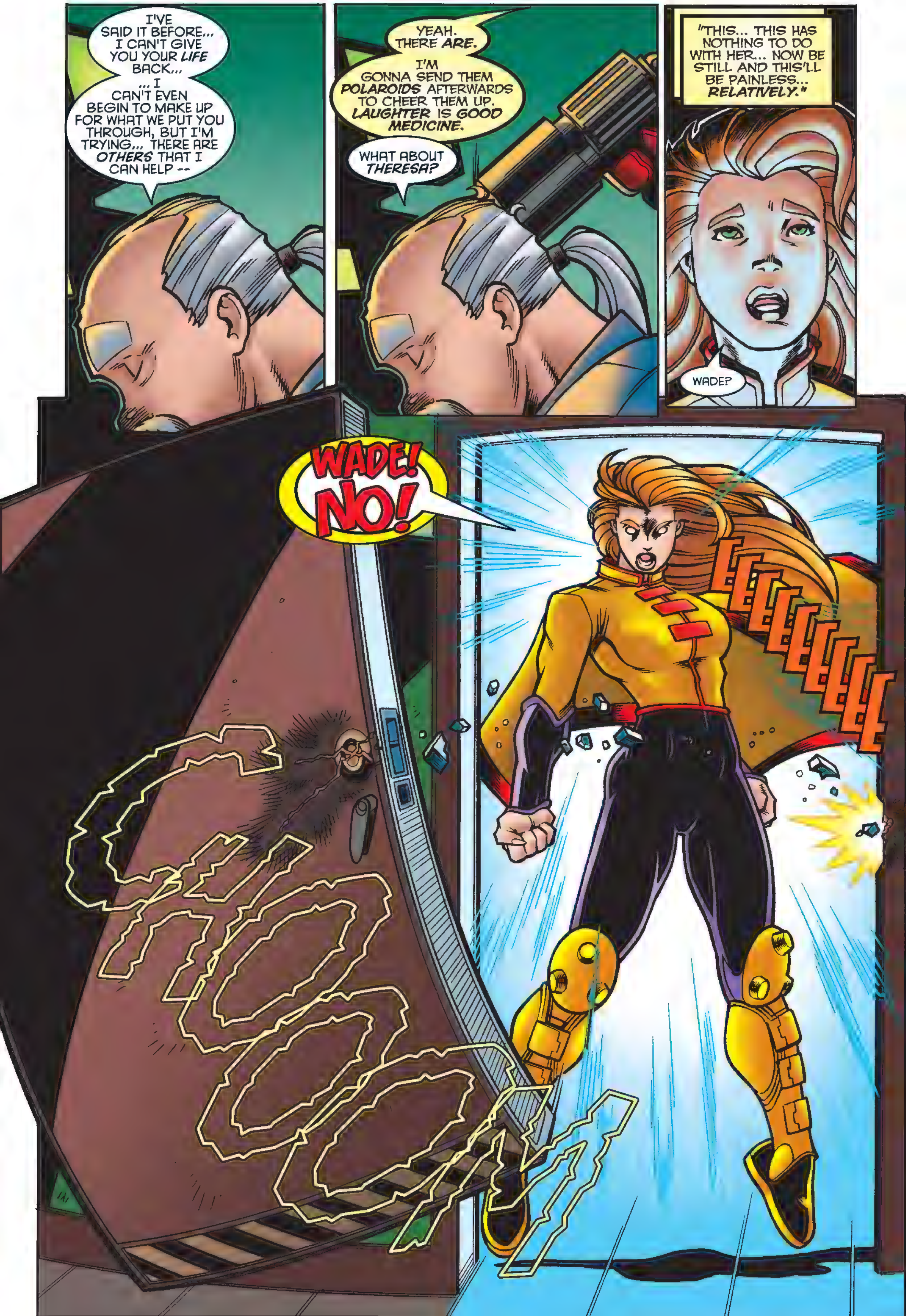

MEANWHILE, HALFWAY ACROSS THE GLOBE --
-- NESTLED IN THE FESTERING BOWELS OF THE HAMLET OF CHICAGO --
-- LIES A HITHERTO UNEQUALED DEN OF SCUM AND VILLAINY, FORMERLY KNOWN AS SISTER MARGARET'S SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD GIRLS.
REFERRED TO TODAY IN TREMBLING WHISPERS... AS HELLHOUSE.
SO, THE COLOR SCHEME OF THE PLACE IS TOTALLY EIGHTIES, RIGHT?
LIKE I STEPPED INTO A SERGIO VALENTE CATALOG OR SOMETHING...
... BUT HEY, I'M NOT THERE TO CRITIQUE THE GUY'S NONEXISTENT TASTE IN INTERIOR DESIGN. I'M THERE TO DO A JOB.
EVEN IF HIS TOILET IS GREEN, SO'S HIS MONEY, RIGHT?
IS THIS STORY GOING ANYWHERE, C.F.? MY EARS ARE CLOGGING UP...
RIGHT HERE, WEASEL! I'M CHECKING OUT A NAGEL PRINT WHEN, BAM! THOSE IRA GUYS CRACK OUT A BAZOOKA!
SEE... STILL GOT THE SCAR. TWISTED, HUH?
YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO FIRST BASE, DUDE. SHE'S GIVING THE SIGNALS...

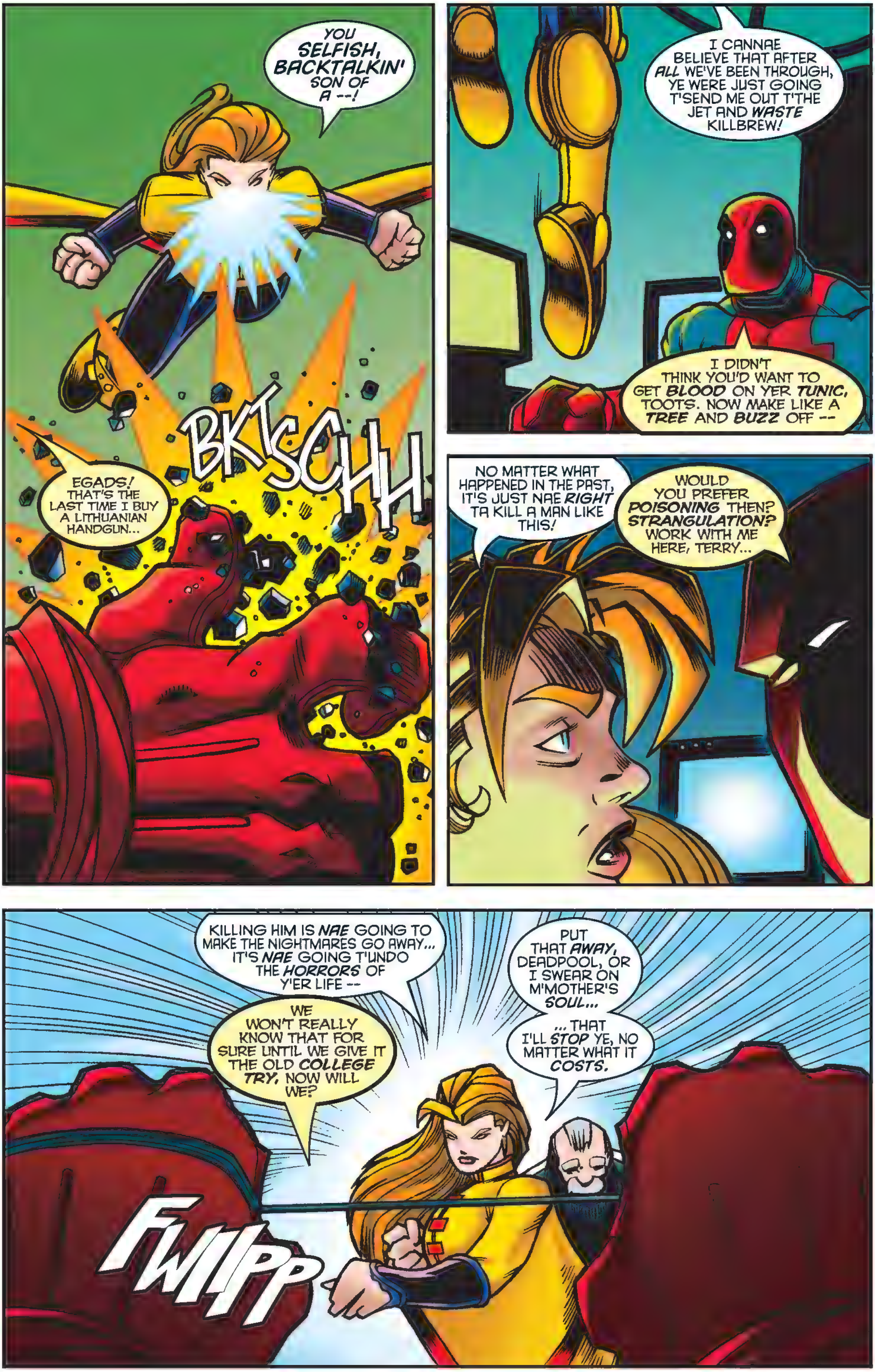

PUH-LEASE! YOU CALL THAT BLEMISH A SCAR? DEADPOOL HAS HAD WORSE PAPER CUTS!
I REMEMBER THIS ONE TIME WE MIXED IT UP WITH THE HAND IN TUNISIA...
...WADE LOOKED LIKE A WALKING SUSHI BAR AFTER THAT...
Uh-Oh...
LOOK... HERE HE COMES...
AW, CRUD...
TAK
'COURSE, HE WAS ALSO THE ONLY ONE STILL IN POSSESSION OF ALL HIS LIMBS...
WEASEL-DUDE... DELAY OF GAME. DELAY OF GAME.
NOSIREE, FENWAY! I'M TAKING YOU CHUMPS FOR ALL YOU'VE GOT!
HEY, YOU GUYS EVER NOTICE HOW DIFFERENT THIS PLACE IS WHEN DEADPOOL'S NOT AROUND CAUSING A RUCKUS?
MAYBE IT'S JUST ME, BUT THE HELLHOUSE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK THE SAME --
Uh, WEAZ... MAYBE WE GO SIT DOWN NOW..?
HEY! STOP TRYING TO WELCH OUT ON --!
Oh, SHIATZU.
GAME OVER, MAN, GAME OVER.

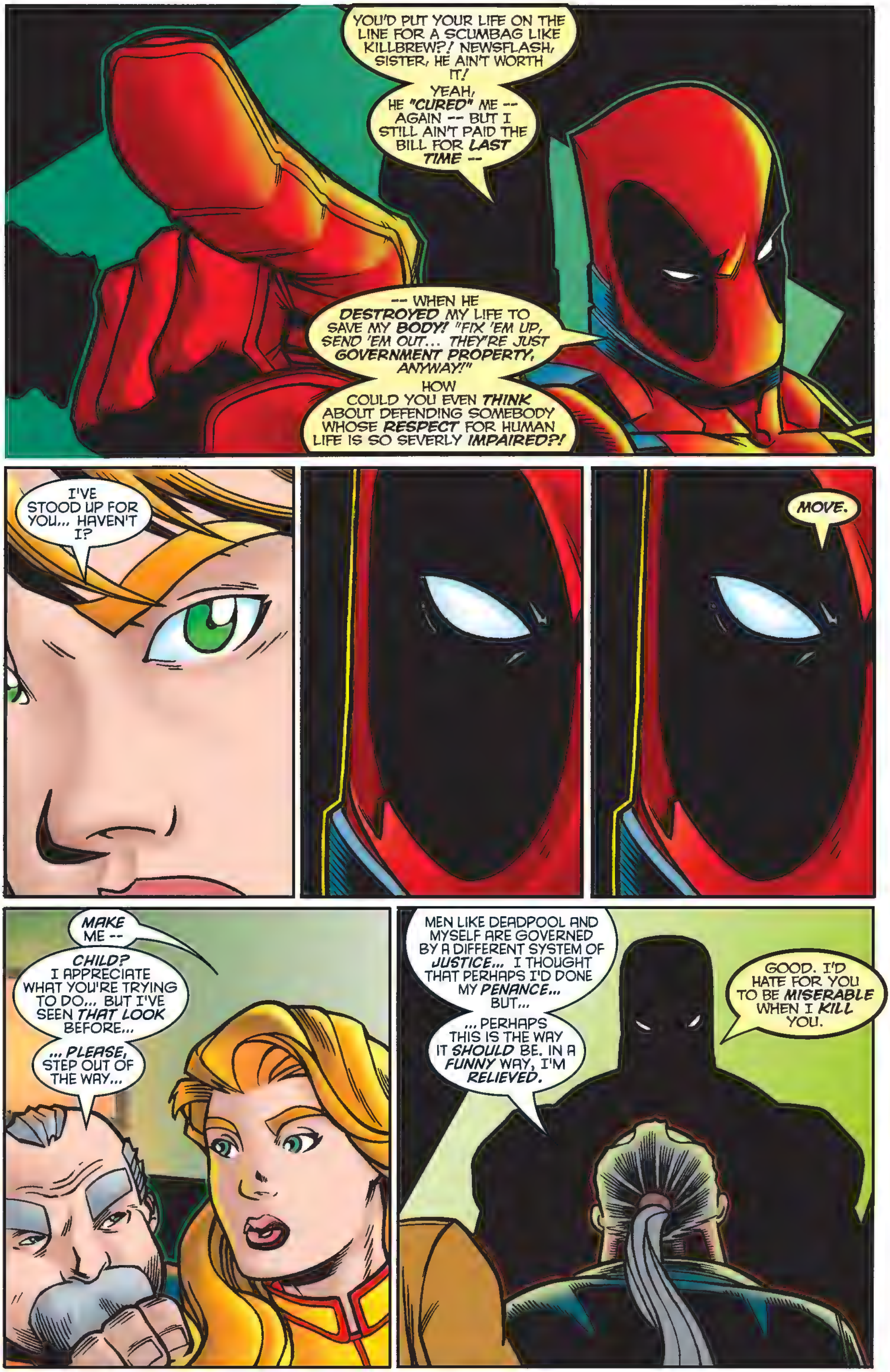

YOU SAID THE NAME.
-ULP-
H-HE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE, T-RAY... HONEST.
AND WHAT IF I DID? SAYING DEAD-- Uh, SAYING "THE NAME" IS A PROBLEM BECAUSE... WHY?
I DON'T LIKE THE NAME.
NO ONE REALLY LIKES THE NAME. OR THE MAN.
THEY TOLERATE THAT FILTHY WORD BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID OF HIM.
I AM NOT.
BULLY FOR YOU, T-RAY... REALLY.
IN FACT, GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY, I'D BET MOST OF YOU WOULD LOVE TO BE FREE OF THE NAME... PERMANENTLY.
WELL... THIS IS OPPORTUNITY KNOCKING. YOU'D BETTER PAY ATTENTION.
YEAH? WELL, I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF MY FRIEND GOT WIND OF ALL THIS?
IF I TOLD YOU... YOU MIGHT FAINT BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU...
...AND THAT WOULD SPOIL MY FUN.

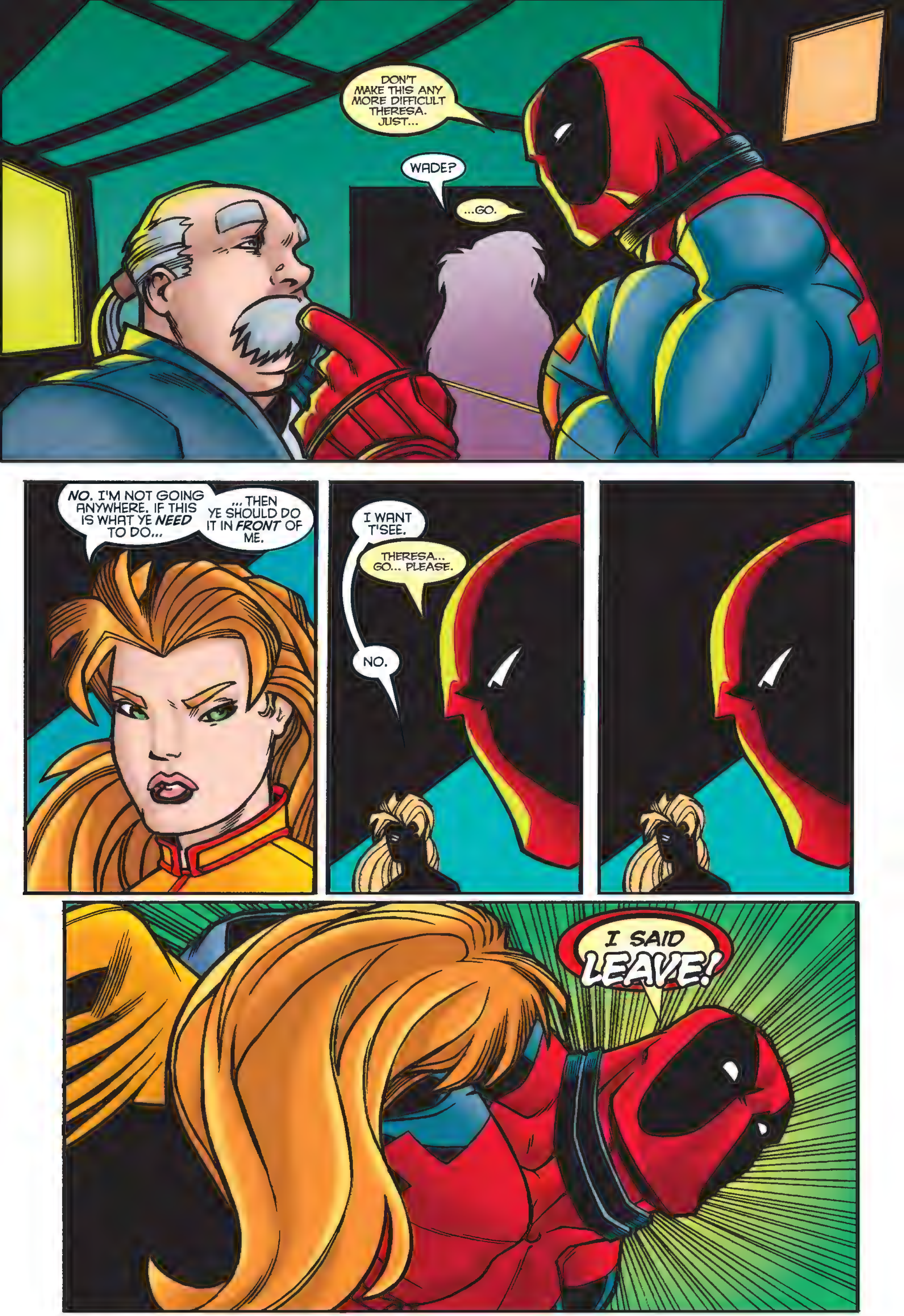

I WOULDN'T RELY TOO HEAVILY ON MY PAL **DEADPOOL** IF I WERE YOU, WEASEL...
GOLDEN BOYS **TARNISH.** GAMBLERS **CRAP** OUT. LOUDMOUTHED MERCS... GET **SILENCED.**
I'D HATE TO SEE A PERFECTLY GOOD WEAPONS **GEEK** LOSE IT OVER A **WASTE** LIKE WILSON.
WHAT IN **BEVERLY HILLS** IS GOING ON HERE?!
I STEP OUTSIDE FER ONE MINUTE TO SNAG AN ICE CREAM **SAMMITCH** --
-- AN' COME BACK T'FIND ALL THE MAKIN'S OF A MEXICAN STANDOFF IN **MY** PLACE!
AIN'T NO TROUBLE HERE, **PATCH.** ASK **ANYONE...**
GO ON, **WEASEL...** TELL THE MAN WHAT TRANSPIRED.
I WARNED YOU 'BOUT MIXIN' UP **MISCHIEF** IN HERE, T-RAY! ONE MORE **INCIDENT** --
T-RAY... HE...
... NUTHIN', PATCH... HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING...

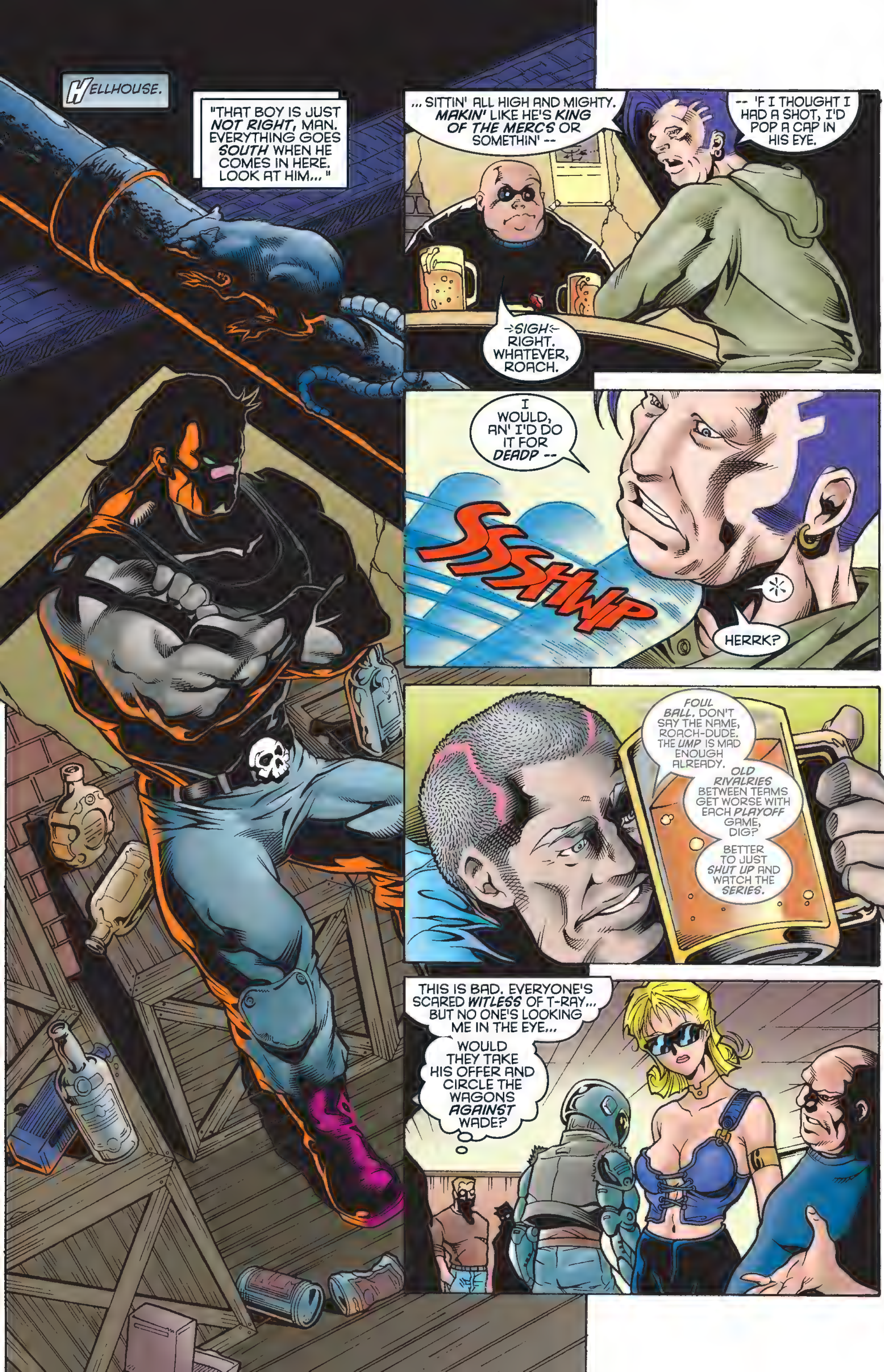

KILLBREW'S LAB.
ALRIGHT, LADDIE! PRE-FLIGHT CHECK'S ALL DONE ON TH'WING...
...WE CAN LEAVE F'R HOME AS SOON AS YE --
-- LOCKED?
MUST IT COME TO THIS, WILSON?
NO, NOT NECESSARILY.
WE COULD HAVE A BIG MUSICAL FINALE AND WALK OFF INTO THE CLOUDS. BUT, I DETEST MUSICALS. SORRY.
B-BUT... THE TREATMENT... YOUR HEALTH... I'VE SAVED YOU --
WELL, EXCEPT FOR "CARRIE: THE MUSICAL"... A BUNCH OF GUYS GOT WHACKED IN THAT ONE. NOW THAT'S THEATER.
NO. YOU JUST PUT YOUR BROKEN MONSTER BACK TOGETHER AGAIN. YOU'VE PROLONGED A LIFE YOU RUINED BACK IN WEAPON X.*
I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL THAT A BIG SAVE, DOC.
ALTHOUGH, ONCE MY FINGER GROWS BACK, IT WILL BE NICE TO BE ABLE TO SCRATCH MY NOSE AGAIN...
...GUESS THAT OUGHTA COUNT FOR SOMETHING...
* Yeah, yeah, yeah, that Canadian super-hero program that gave us Wolverine and other wacky fellows. -- Matt
OKAY, TELL YA WHAT, KILLBREW. IF THE TREATMENT WORKS AND I GET BACK TO MY OLD TAMPER RESISTANT SELF --
-- I PROMISE THAT I'LL PLANT YOU UNDER A PRETTY TREE. THAT'LL BE DELIGHTFUL.
ON YOUR KNEES.
HURF
PLEASE, WILSON... WAIT...
OPEN TH' DOOR! WADE!

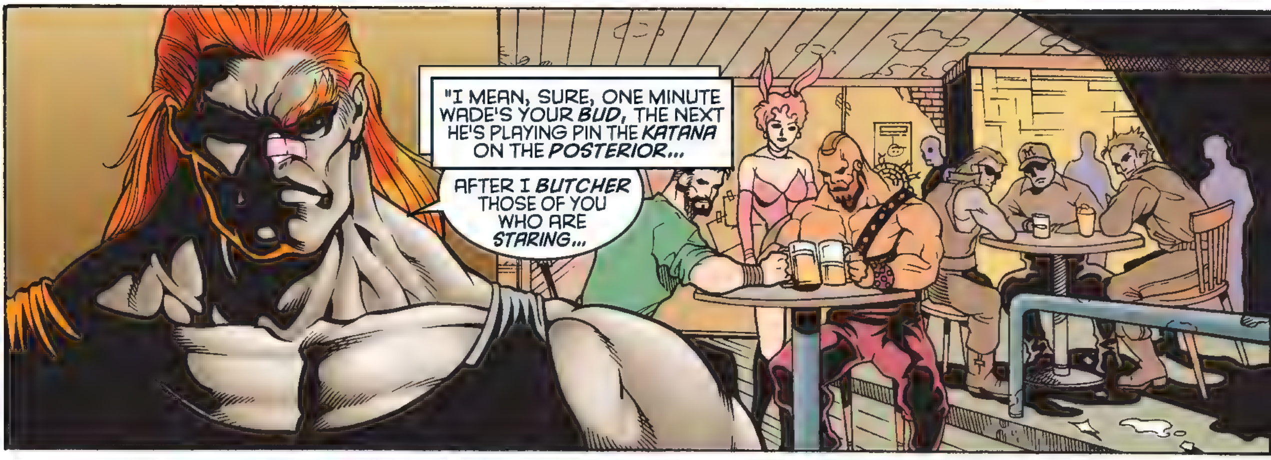

I'VE SAID IT BEFORE... I CAN'T GIVE YOU YOUR *LIFE* BACK...
... I CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO MAKE UP FOR WHAT WE PUT YOU THROUGH, BUT I'M TRYING... THERE ARE *OTHERS* THAT I CAN HELP --
YEAH. THERE *ARE.*
I'M GONNA SEND THEM *POLAROIDS* AFTERWARDS TO CHEER THEM UP. *LAUGHTER* IS *GOOD MEDICINE.*
WHAT ABOUT *THERESA?*
"THIS... THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HER... NOW BE STILL AND THIS'LL BE PAINLESS... *RELATIVELY.*"
WADE?
WADE! NO!
EEEEEEEEE

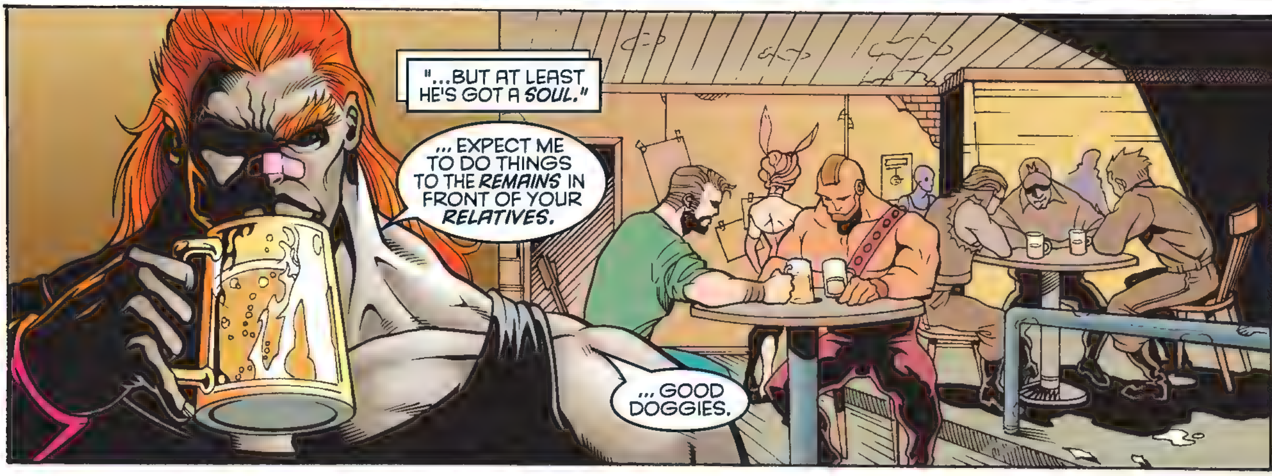

YOU SELFISH, BACKTALKIN' SON OF A --!
BKTSCHH
EGADS! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I BUY A LITHUANIAN HANDGUN...
I CANNAE BELIEVE THAT AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, YE WERE JUST GOING T'SEND ME OUT T'THE JET AND WASTE KILLBREW!
I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT TO GET BLOOD ON YER TUNIC, TOOTS. NOW MAKE LIKE A TREE AND BUZZ OFF --
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PAST, IT'S JUST NAE RIGHT TA KILL A MAN LIKE THIS!
WOULD YOU PREFER POISONING THEN? STRANGULATION? WORK WITH ME HERE, TERRY...
KILLING HIM IS NAE GOING TO MAKE THE NIGHTMARES GO AWAY... IT'S NAE GOING T'UNDO THE HORRORS OF Y'ER LIFE --
WE WON'T REALLY KNOW THAT FOR SURE UNTIL WE GIVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY, NOW WILL WE?
PUT THAT AWAY, DEADPOOL, OR I SWEAR ON M'MOTHER'S SOUL...
... THAT I'LL STOP YE, NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS.
FWIPP

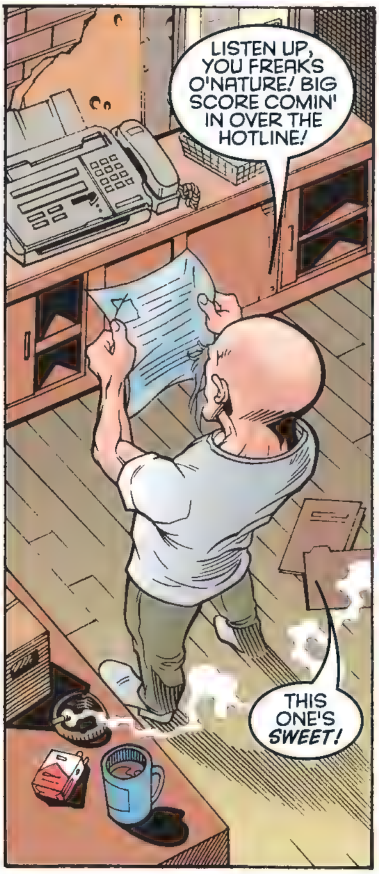

YOU'D PUT YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE FOR A SCUMBAG LIKE KILLBREW?! NEWSFLASH, SISTER, HE AIN'T WORTH IT!
YEAH, HE "CURED" ME -- AGAIN -- BUT I STILL AIN'T PAID THE BILL FOR LAST TIME --
-- WHEN HE DESTROYED MY LIFE TO SAVE MY BODY! "FIX 'EM UP, SEND 'EM OUT... THEY'RE JUST GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, ANYWAY!"
HOW COULD YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT DEFENDING SOMEBODY WHOSE RESPECT FOR HUMAN LIFE IS SO SEVERLY IMPAIRED?!
I'VE STOOD UP FOR YOU... HAVEN'T I?
MOVE.
MAKE ME --
CHILD? I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO... BUT I'VE SEEN THAT LOOK BEFORE...
... PLEASE, STEP OUT OF THE WAY...
MEN LIKE DEADPOOL AND MYSELF ARE GOVERNED BY A DIFFERENT SYSTEM OF JUSTICE... I THOUGHT THAT PERHAPS I'D DONE MY PENANCE... BUT...
... PERHAPS THIS IS THE WAY IT SHOULD BE. IN A FUNNY WAY, I'M RELIEVED.
GOOD. I'D HATE FOR YOU TO BE MISERABLE WHEN I KILL YOU.

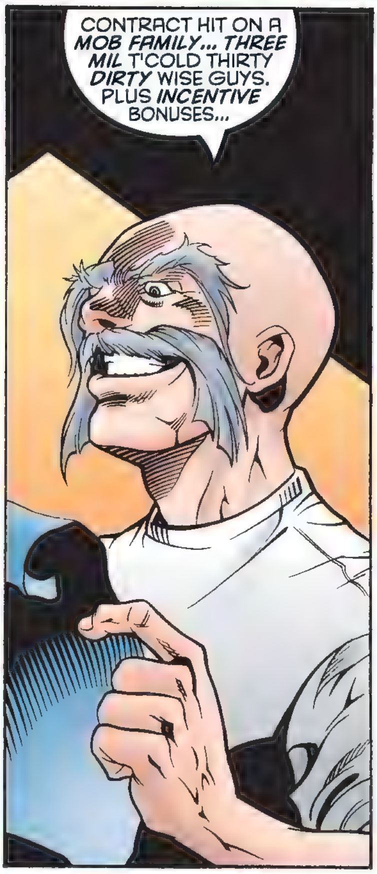

DON'T MAKE THIS ANY MORE DIFFICULT THERESA. JUST...
WADE?
...GO.
NO. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. IF THIS IS WHAT YE *NEED* TO DO...
... THEN YE SHOULD DO IT IN *FRONT* OF ME.
I WANT T'SEE.
THERESA... GO... PLEASE.
NO.
I SAID LEAVE!

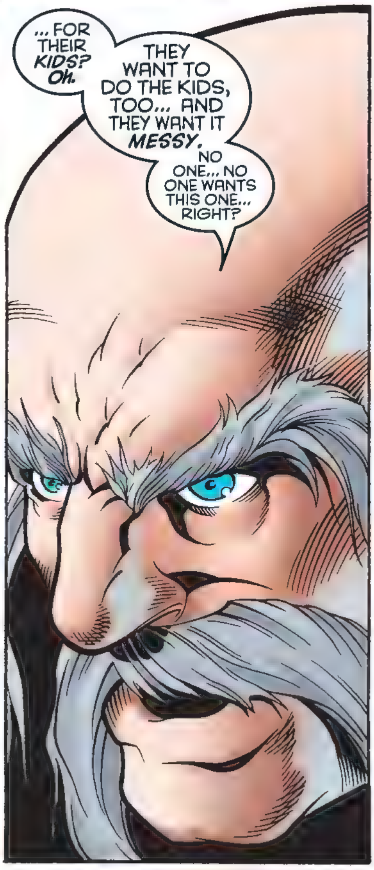

HELLHOUSE.
"THAT BOY IS JUST *NOT RIGHT*, MAN. EVERYTHING GOES *SOUTH* WHEN HE COMES IN HERE. LOOK AT HIM..."
... SITTIN' ALL HIGH AND MIGHTY, *MAKIN'* LIKE HE'S *KING OF THE MERCS* OR SOMETHIN' --
-- 'F I THOUGHT I HAD A SHOT, I'D POP A CAP IN HIS EYE.
SIGH RIGHT. WHATEVER, ROACH.
I WOULD, AN' I'D DO IT FOR *DEADP* --
SSSHWIP
HERRK?
FOUL BALL. DON'T SAY THE NAME, ROACH-DUDE. THE *UMP* IS MAD ENOUGH ALREADY.
OLD RIVALRIES BETWEEN TEAMS GET WORSE WITH EACH *PLAYOFF* GAME, DIG?
BETTER TO JUST *SHUT UP* AND WATCH THE *SERIES*.
THIS IS BAD. EVERYONE'S SCARED *WITLESS* OF T-RAY... BUT NO ONE'S LOOKING ME IN THE EYE...
WOULD THEY TAKE HIS OFFER AND CIRCLE THE WAGONS *AGAINST* WADE?

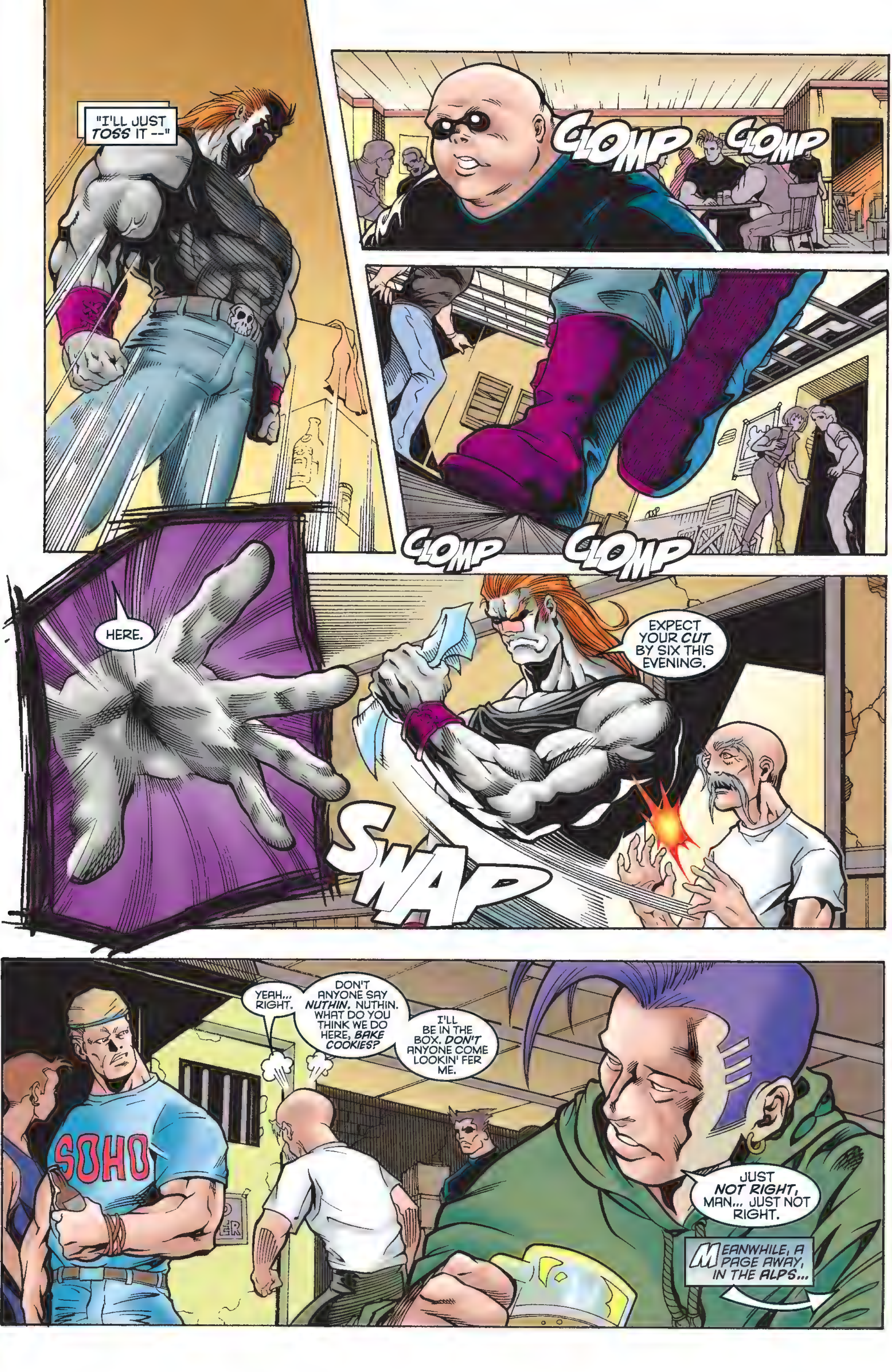

"I MEAN, SURE, ONE MINUTE WADE'S YOUR *BUD*, THE NEXT HE'S PLAYING PIN THE *KATANA* ON THE *POSTERIOR*...
AFTER I *BUTCHER* THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE *STARING*...

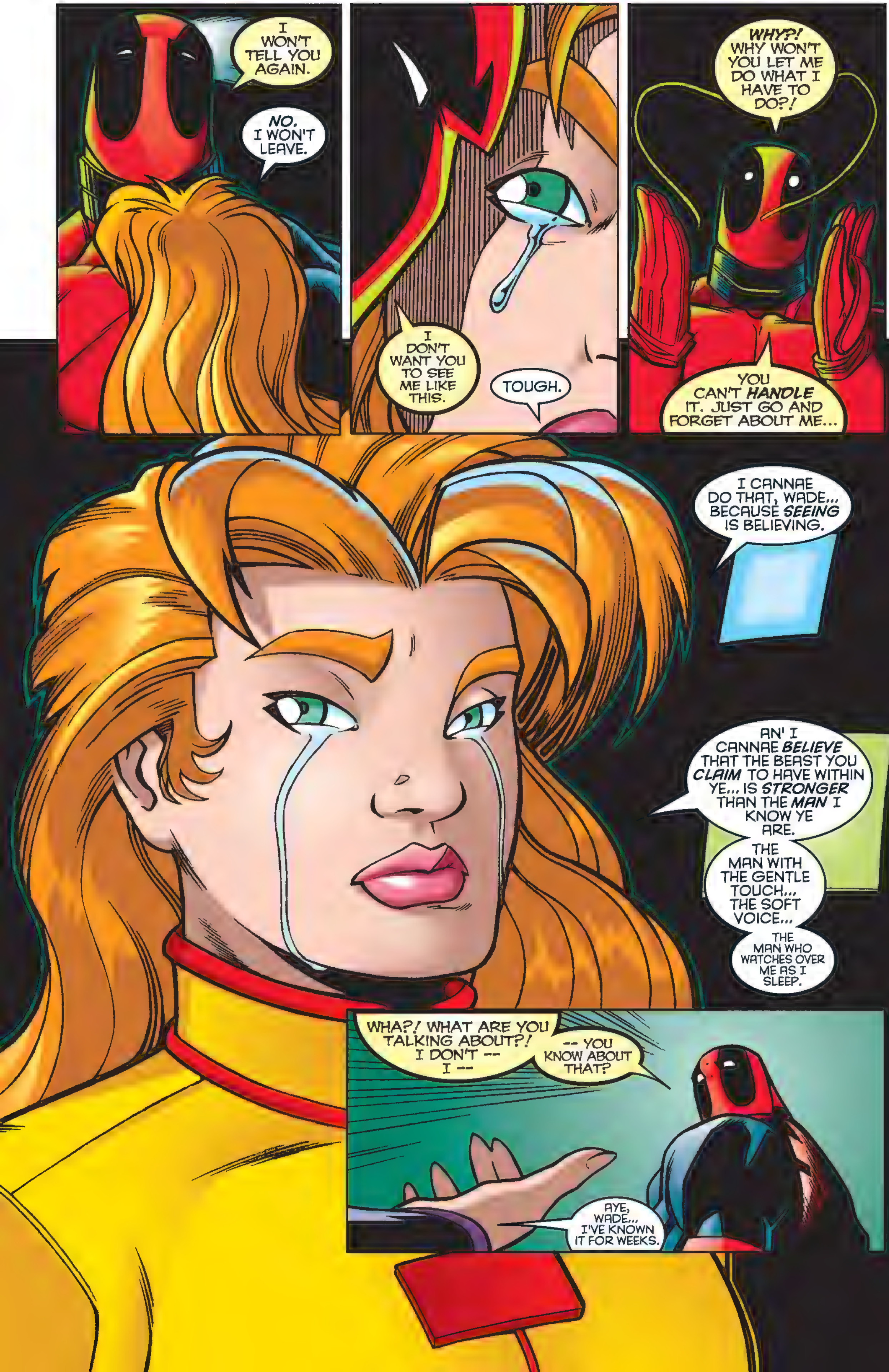

"...BUT AT LEAST HE'S GOT A *SOUL*."
...EXPECT ME TO DO THINGS TO THE *REMAINS* IN FRONT OF YOUR *RELATIVES*.
...GOOD DOGGIES.

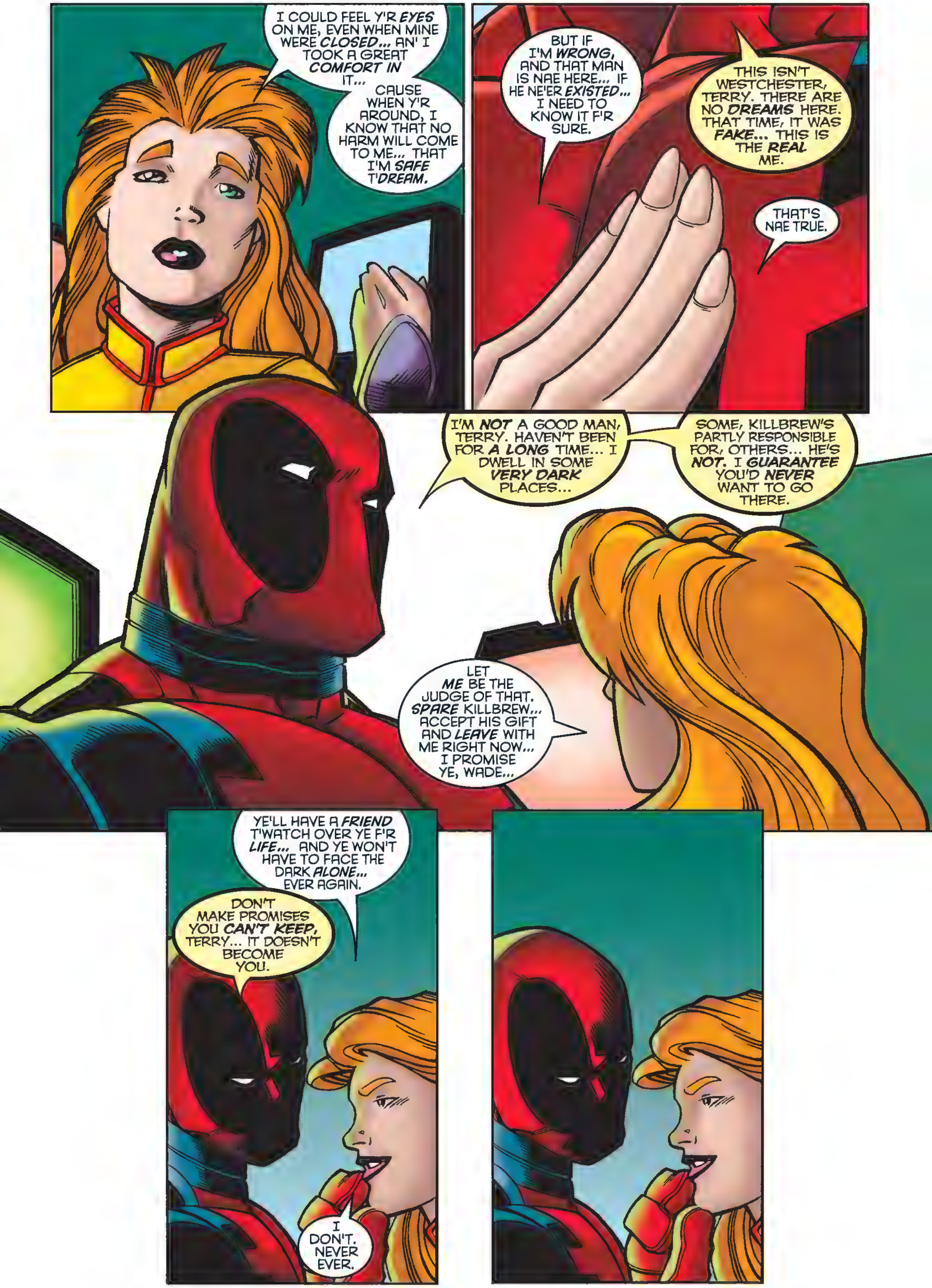

LISTEN UP, YOU FREAKS O'NATURE! BIG SCORE COMIN' IN OVER THE HOTLINE!
THIS ONE'S *SWEET!*

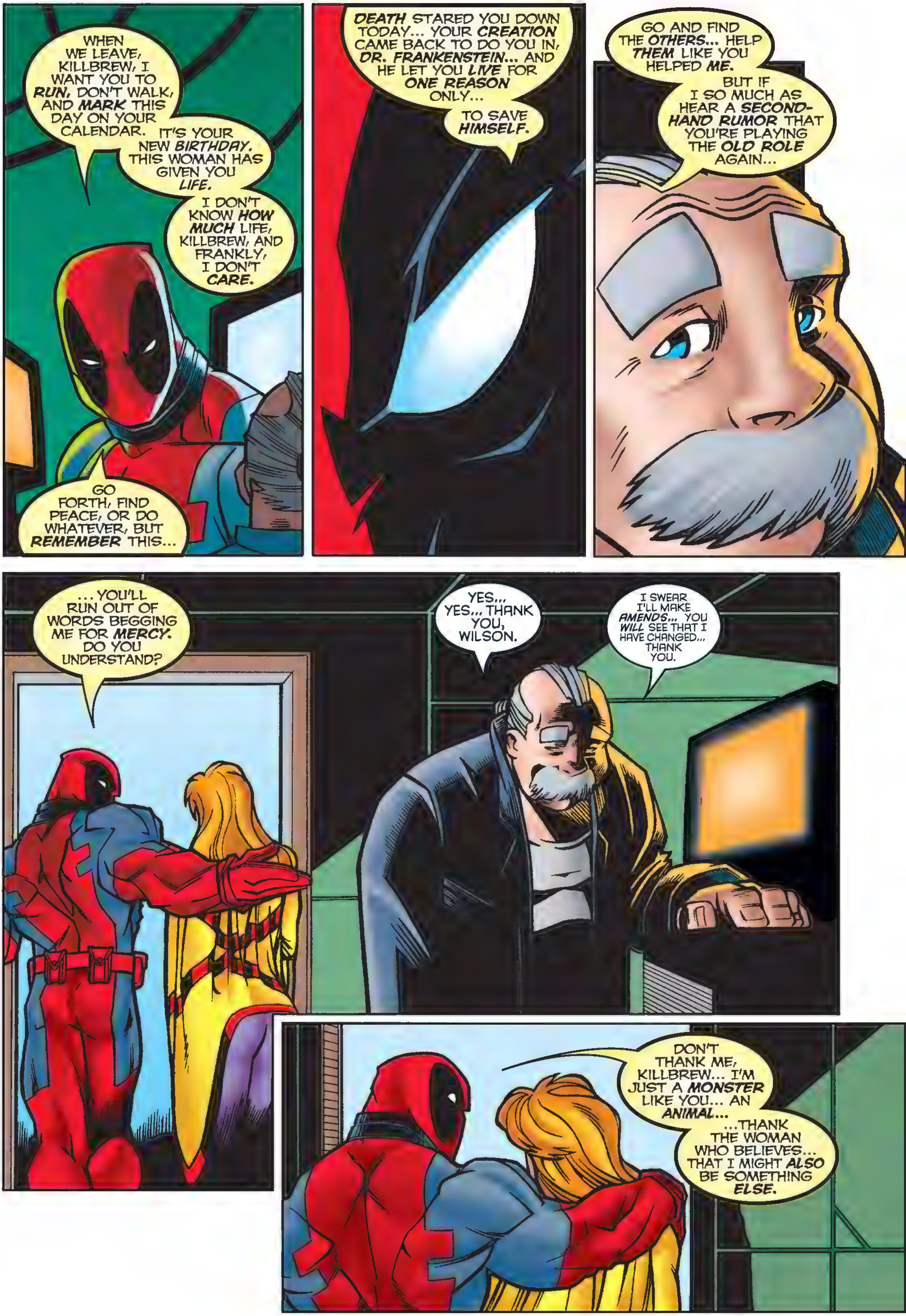

CONTRACT HIT ON A *MOB FAMILY... THREE MIL* T'COLD THIRTY *DIRTY* WISE GUYS. PLUS *INCENTIVE* BONUSES...

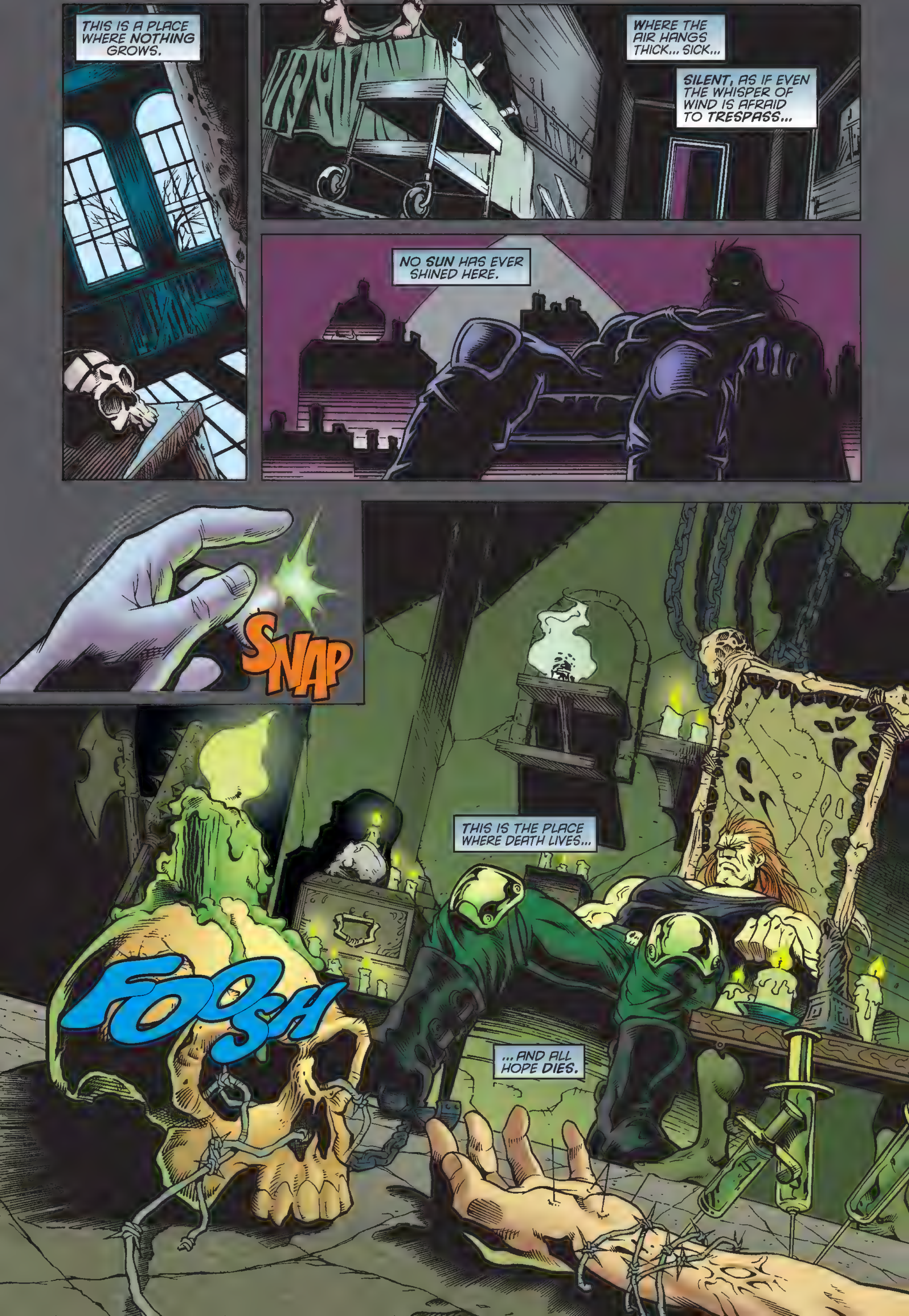

...FOR THEIR *KIDS? Oh.*
THEY WANT TO DO THE KIDS, TOO... AND THEY WANT IT *MESSY.*
NO ONE... NO ONE WANTS THIS ONE... RIGHT?

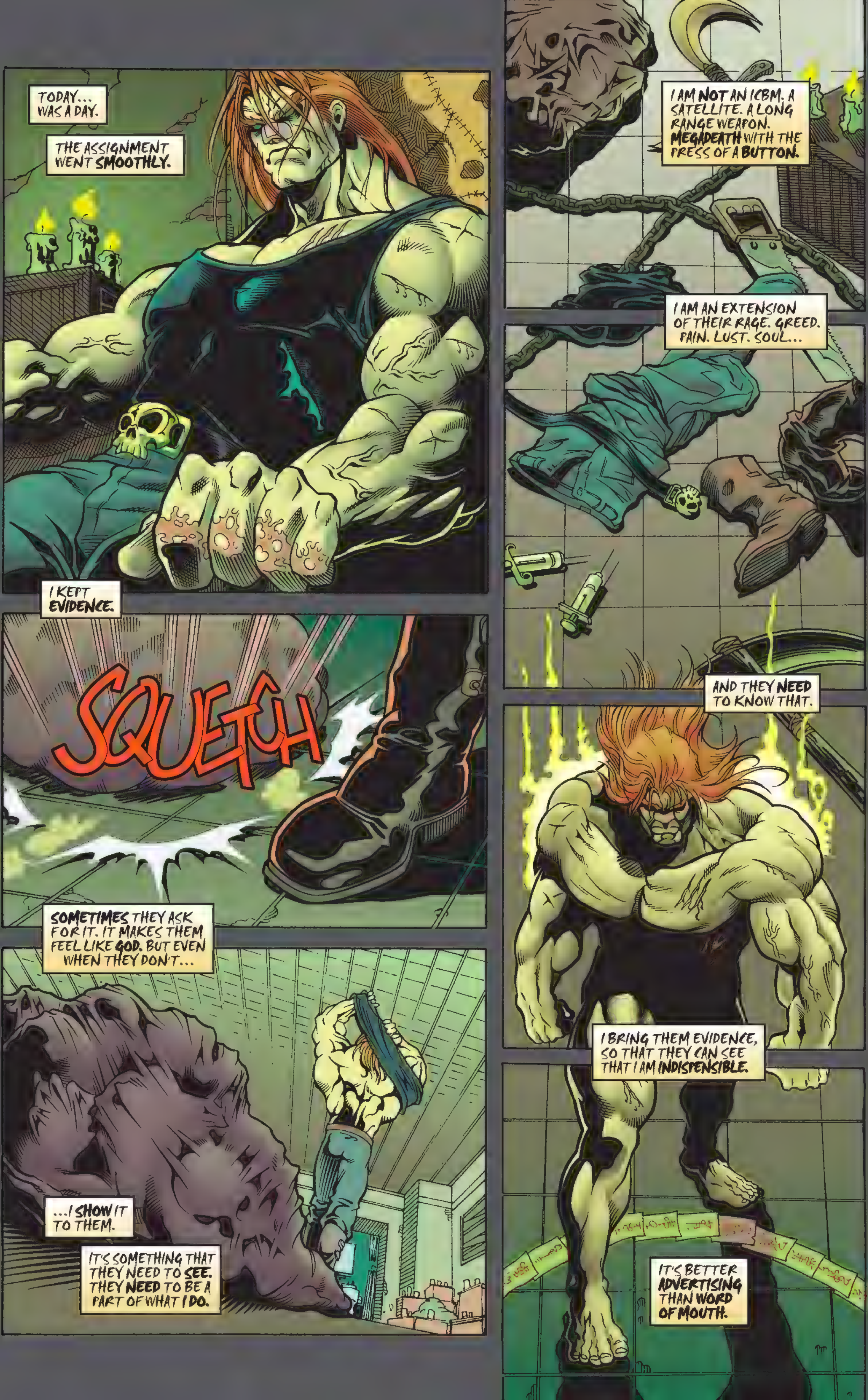

"I'LL JUST *TOSS* IT --"
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
HERE.
EXPECT YOUR *CUT* BY SIX THIS EVENING.
SWAP
SOHO
YEAH... RIGHT.
DON'T ANYONE SAY *NUTHIN.* NUTHIN. WHAT DO YOU THINK WE DO HERE, *BAKE COOKIES?*
I'LL BE IN THE BOX. *DON'T* ANYONE COME LOOKIN' FER ME.
JUST *NOT RIGHT,* MAN... JUST NOT RIGHT.
MEANWHILE, A PAGE AWAY, IN THE *ALPS...*

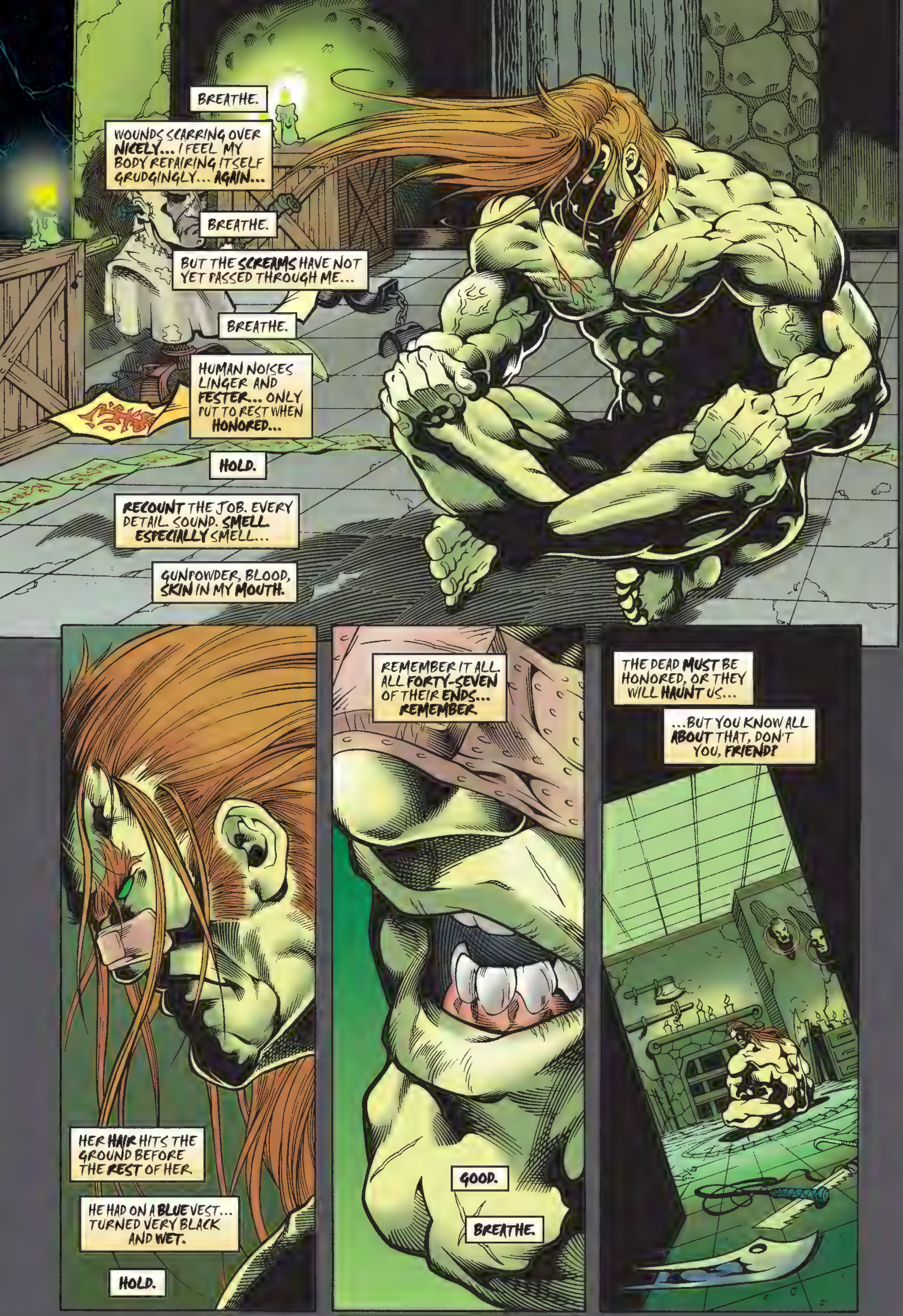

I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN.
NO. I WON'T LEAVE.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME LIKE THIS.
TOUGH.
WHY?! WHY WON'T YOU LET ME DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO?!
YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT. JUST GO AND FORGET ABOUT ME...
I CANNAE DO THAT, WADE... BECAUSE SEEING IS BELIEVING.
AN' I CANNAE BELIEVE THAT THE BEAST YOU CLAIM TO HAVE WITHIN YE... IS STRONGER THAN THE MAN I KNOW YE ARE.
THE MAN WITH THE GENTLE TOUCH... THE SOFT VOICE...
THE MAN WHO WATCHES OVER ME AS I SLEEP.
WHA?! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! I DON'T -- I --
-- YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
AYE, WADE... I'VE KNOWN IT FOR WEEKS.

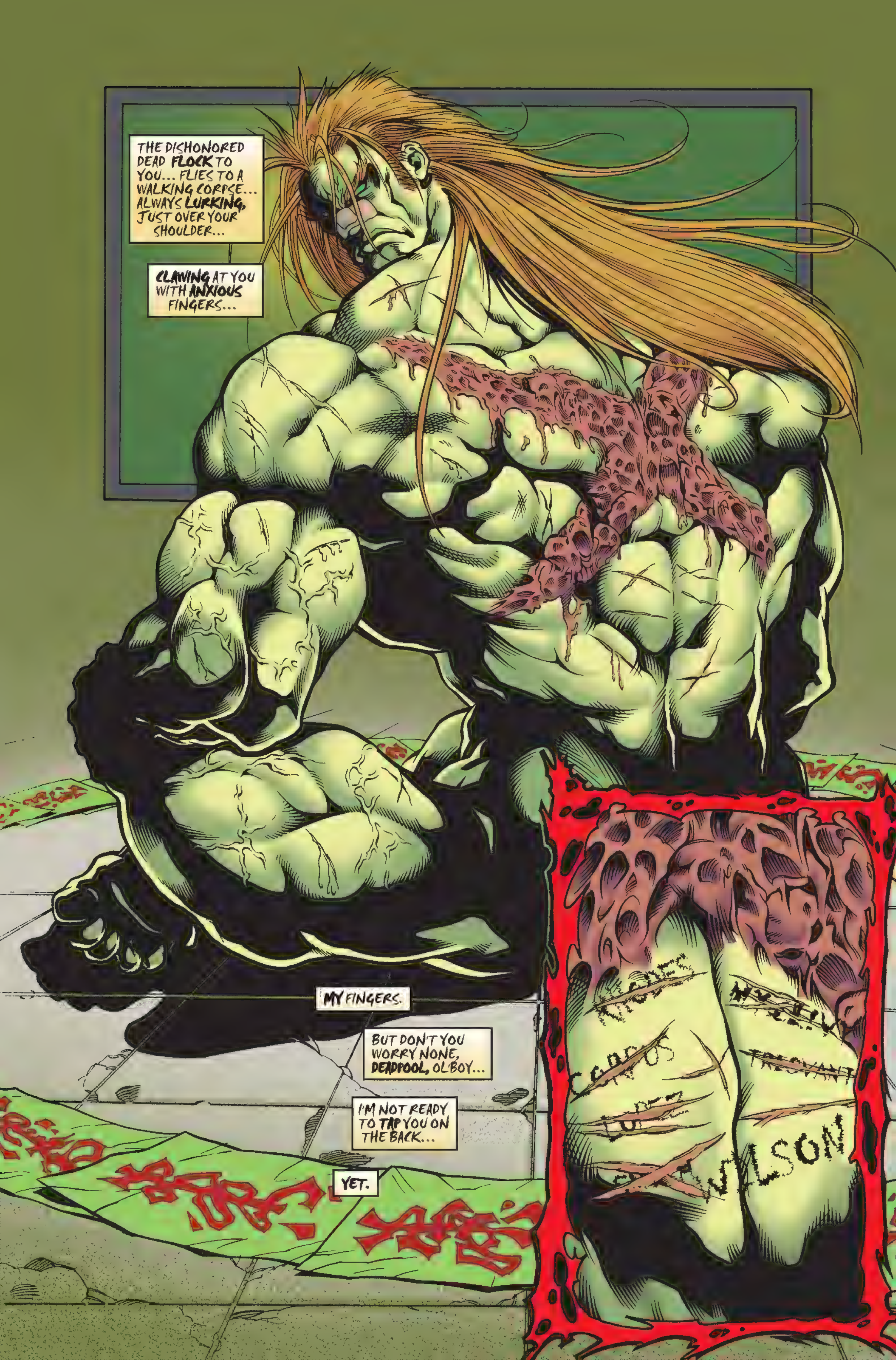

I COULD FEEL Y'R *EYES* ON ME, EVEN WHEN MINE WERE *CLOSED...* AN' I TOOK A GREAT *COMFORT IN* IT...
CAUSE WHEN Y'R AROUND, I KNOW THAT NO HARM WILL COME TO ME... THAT I'M *SAFE* T'*DREAM.*
BUT IF I'M *WRONG*, AND THAT MAN IS NAE HERE... IF HE NE'ER *EXISTED...* I NEED TO KNOW IT F'R SURE.
THIS ISN'T WESTCHESTER, TERRY. THERE ARE NO *DREAMS* HERE. THAT TIME, IT WAS *FAKE...* THIS IS THE *REAL* ME.
THAT'S NAE TRUE.
I'M *NOT* A GOOD MAN, TERRY. HAVEN'T BEEN FOR *A LONG* TIME... I DWELL IN SOME *VERY DARK* PLACES...
SOME, KILLBREW'S PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR, OTHERS... HE'S *NOT.* I *GUARANTEE* YOU'D *NEVER* WANT TO GO THERE.
LET *ME* BE THE JUDGE OF THAT. *SPARE* KILLBREW... ACCEPT HIS GIFT AND *LEAVE* WITH ME RIGHT NOW... I PROMISE YE, WADE...
YE'LL HAVE A *FRIEND* T'WATCH OVER YE F'R *LIFE...* AND YE WON'T HAVE TO FACE THE DARK *ALONE...* EVER AGAIN.
DON'T MAKE PROMISES YOU *CAN'T KEEP,* TERRY... IT DOESN'T BECOME YOU.
I DON'T. NEVER EVER.

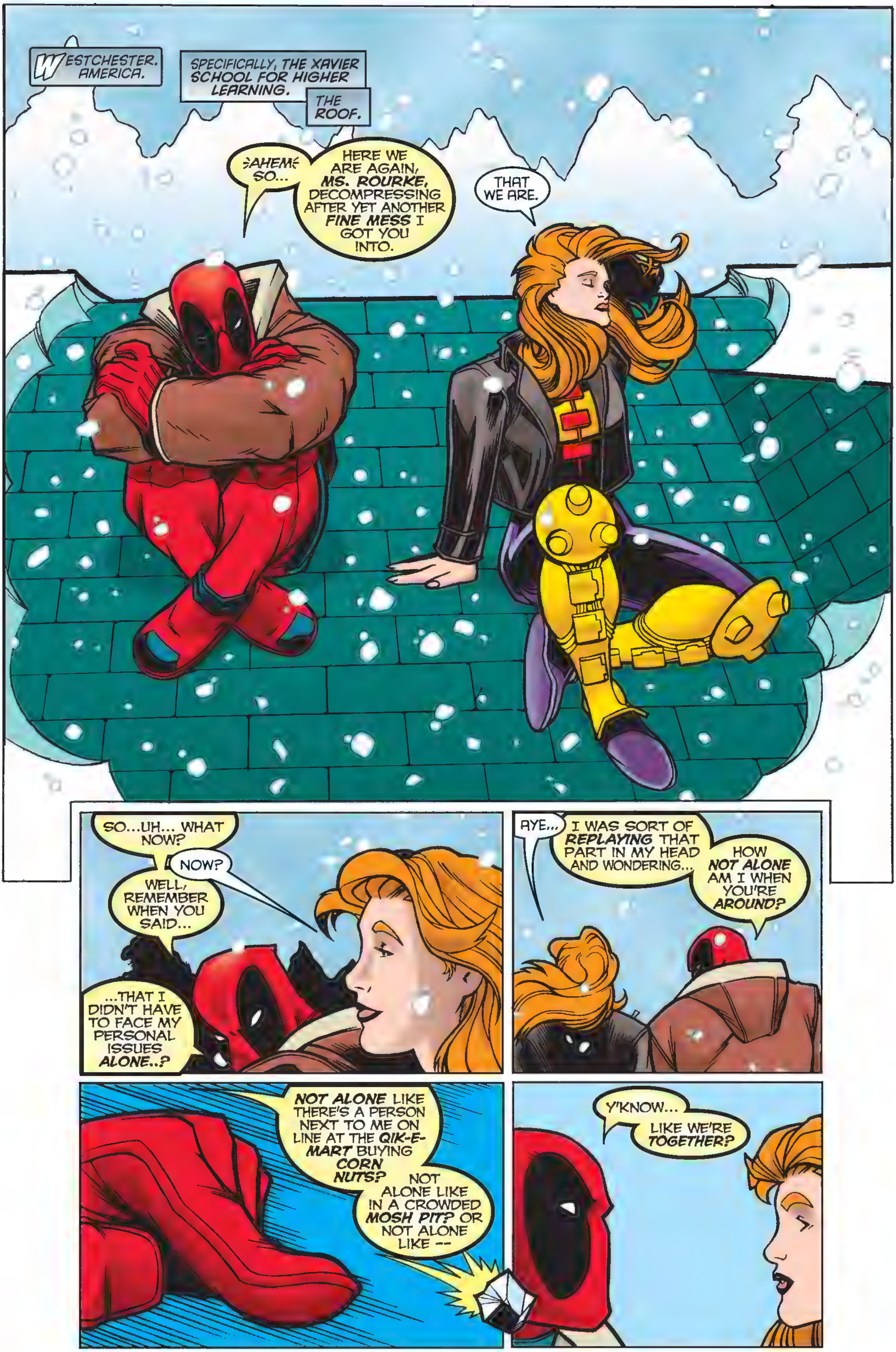

WHEN WE LEAVE, KILLBREW, I WANT YOU TO RUN, DON'T WALK, AND MARK THIS DAY ON YOUR CALENDAR.
IT'S YOUR NEW BIRTHDAY. THIS WOMAN HAS GIVEN YOU LIFE.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LIFE, KILLBREW, AND FRANKLY, I DON'T CARE.
GO FORTH, FIND PEACE, OR DO WHATEVER, BUT REMEMBER THIS...
DEATH STARED YOU DOWN TODAY... YOUR CREATION CAME BACK TO DO YOU IN, DR. FRANKENSTEIN... AND HE LET YOU LIVE FOR ONE REASON ONLY...
TO SAVE HIMSELF.
GO AND FIND THE OTHERS... HELP THEM LIKE YOU HELPED ME.
BUT IF I SO MUCH AS HEAR A SECOND-HAND RUMOR THAT YOU'RE PLAYING THE OLD ROLE AGAIN...
...YOU'LL RUN OUT OF WORDS BEGGING ME FOR MERCY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES... YES... THANK YOU, WILSON.
I SWEAR I'LL MAKE AMENDS... YOU WILL SEE THAT I HAVE CHANGED... THANK YOU.
DON'T THANK ME, KILLBREW... I'M JUST A MONSTER LIKE YOU... AN ANIMAL...
...THANK THE WOMAN WHO BELIEVES... THAT I MIGHT ALSO BE SOMETHING ELSE.

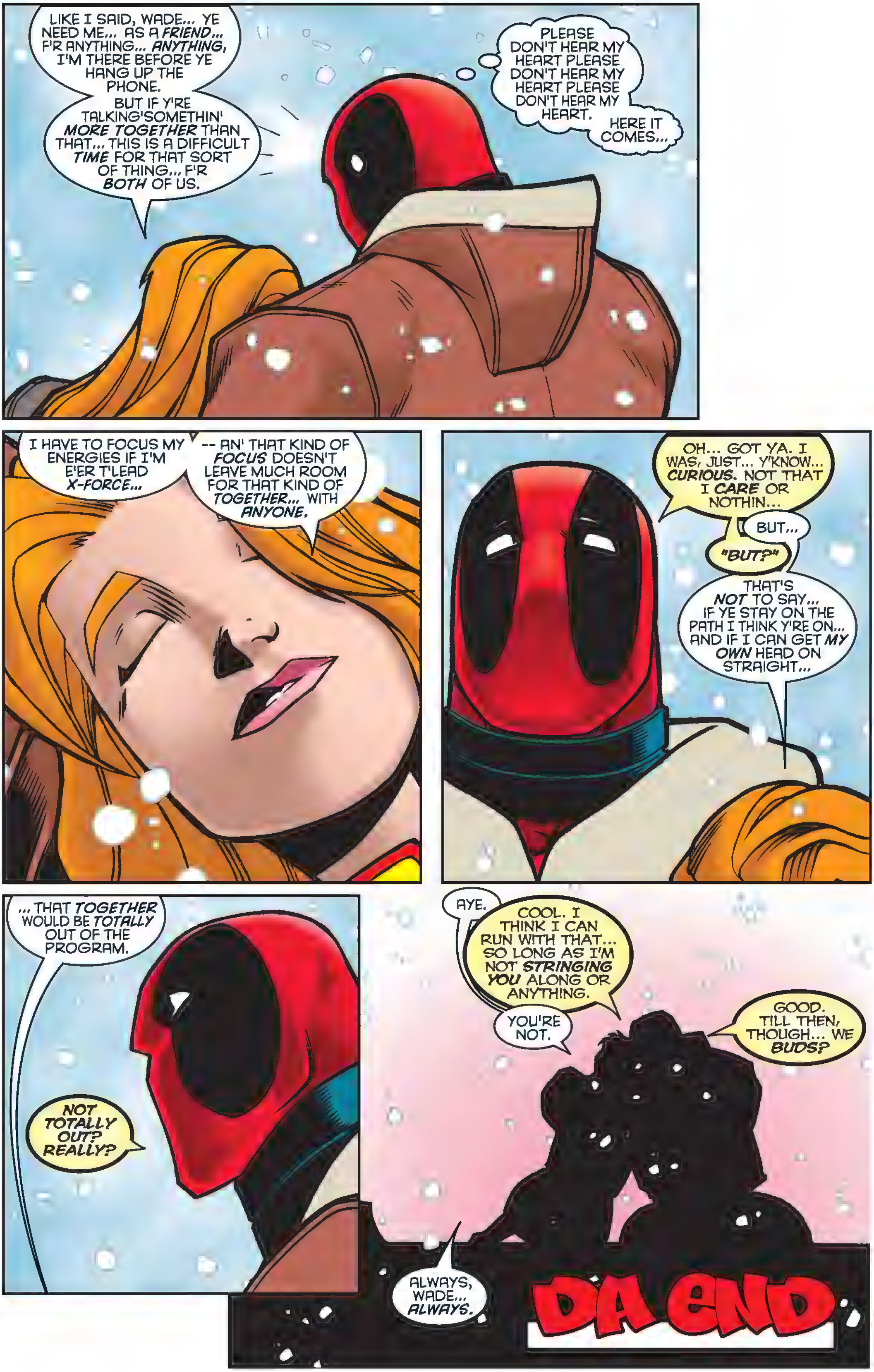

THIS IS A PLACE WHERE NOTHING GROWS.
WHERE THE AIR HANGS THICK... SICK...
SILENT, AS IF EVEN THE WHISPER OF WIND IS AFRAID TO TRESPASS...
NO SUN HAS EVER SHINED HERE.
SNAP
THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE DEATH LIVES...
FOOSH
...AND ALL HOPE DIES.


TODAY... WAS A DAY.
THE ASSIGNMENT WENT SMOOTHLY.
I KEPT EVIDENCE.
SQUETCH
SOMETIMES THEY ASK FOR IT. IT MAKES THEM FEEL LIKE GOD. BUT EVEN WHEN THEY DON'T...
...I SHOW IT TO THEM.
IT'S SOMETHING THAT THEY NEED TO SEE. THEY NEED TO BE A PART OF WHAT I DO.
I AM NOT AN ICBM. A SATELLITE. A LONG RANGE WEAPON. MEGADEATH WITH THE PRESS OF A BUTTON.
I AM AN EXTENSION OF THEIR RAGE. GREED. PAIN. LUST. SOUL...
AND THEY NEED TO KNOW THAT.
I BRING THEM EVIDENCE, SO THAT THEY CAN SEE THAT I AM INDISPENSIBLE.
IT'S BETTER ADVERTISING THAN WORD OF MOUTH.


BREATHE.
WOUNDS SCARRING OVER NICELY... I FEEL MY BODY REPAIRING ITSELF GRUDGINGLY... AGAIN...
BREATHE.
BUT THE SCREAMS HAVE NOT YET PASSED THROUGH ME...
BREATHE.
HUMAN NOISES LINGER AND FESTER... ONLY PUT TO REST WHEN HONORED...
HOLD.
RECOUNT THE JOB. EVERY DETAIL. SOUND. SMELL. ESPECIALLY SMELL...
GUNPOWDER, BLOOD, SKIN IN MY MOUTH.
HER HAIR HITS THE GROUND BEFORE THE REST OF HER.
HE HAD ON A BLUE VEST... TURNED VERY BLACK AND WET.
HOLD.
REMEMBER IT ALL. ALL FORTY-SEVEN OF THEIR ENDS... REMEMBER.
GOOD.
BREATHE.
THE DEAD MUST BE HONORED, OR THEY WILL HAUNT US...
...BUT YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT, DON'T YOU, FRIEND?


THE DISHONORED DEAD **FLOCK** TO YOU... FLIES TO A WALKING CORPSE... ALWAYS **LURKING**, JUST OVER YOUR SHOULDER...
CLAWING AT YOU WITH **ANXIOUS** FINGERS...
MY FINGERS.
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY NONE, **DEADPOOL**, OL' BOY...
I'M NOT READY TO **TAP** YOU ON THE BACK...
YET.
WILSON


WESTCHESTER. AMERICA.
SPECIFICALLY, THE XAVIER SCHOOL FOR HIGHER LEARNING.
THE ROOF.
AHEM SO...
HERE WE ARE AGAIN, MS. ROURKE, DECOMPRESSING AFTER YET ANOTHER FINE MESS I GOT YOU INTO.
THAT WE ARE.
SO...UH... WHAT NOW?
NOW?
WELL, REMEMBER WHEN YOU SAID...
...THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TO FACE MY PERSONAL ISSUES ALONE..?
AYE...
I WAS SORT OF REPLAYING THAT PART IN MY HEAD AND WONDERING...
HOW NOT ALONE AM I WHEN YOU'RE AROUND?
NOT ALONE LIKE THERE'S A PERSON NEXT TO ME ON LINE AT THE QIK-E-MART BUYING CORN NUTS?
NOT ALONE LIKE IN A CROWDED MOSH PIT? OR NOT ALONE LIKE --
Y'KNOW...
LIKE WE'RE TOGETHER?


LIKE I SAID, WADE... YE NEED ME... AS A FRIEND... F'R ANYTHING... ANYTHING, I'M THERE BEFORE YE HANG UP THE PHONE.
BUT IF Y'RE TALKING'SOMETHIN' MORE TOGETHER THAN THAT... THIS IS A DIFFICULT TIME FOR THAT SORT OF THING... F'R BOTH OF US.
PLEASE DON'T HEAR MY HEART PLEASE DON'T HEAR MY HEART PLEASE DON'T HEAR MY HEART.
HERE IT COMES...
I HAVE TO FOCUS MY ENERGIES IF I'M E'ER T'LEAD X-FORCE...
-- AN' THAT KIND OF FOCUS DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH ROOM FOR THAT KIND OF TOGETHER... WITH ANYONE.
OH... GOT YA. I WAS, JUST... Y'KNOW... CURIOUS. NOT THAT I CARE OR NOTHIN'...
BUT...
"BUT?"
THAT'S NOT TO SAY... IF YE STAY ON THE PATH I THINK Y'RE ON... AND IF I CAN GET MY OWN HEAD ON STRAIGHT...
...THAT TOGETHER WOULD BE TOTALLY OUT OF THE PROGRAM.
NOT TOTALLY OUT? REALLY?
AYE.
COOL. I THINK I CAN RUN WITH THAT... SO LONG AS I'M NOT STRINGING YOU ALONG OR ANYTHING.
YOU'RE NOT.
GOOD. TILL THEN, THOUGH... WE BUDS?
ALWAYS, WADE... ALWAYS.
DA END

FLASHBACK

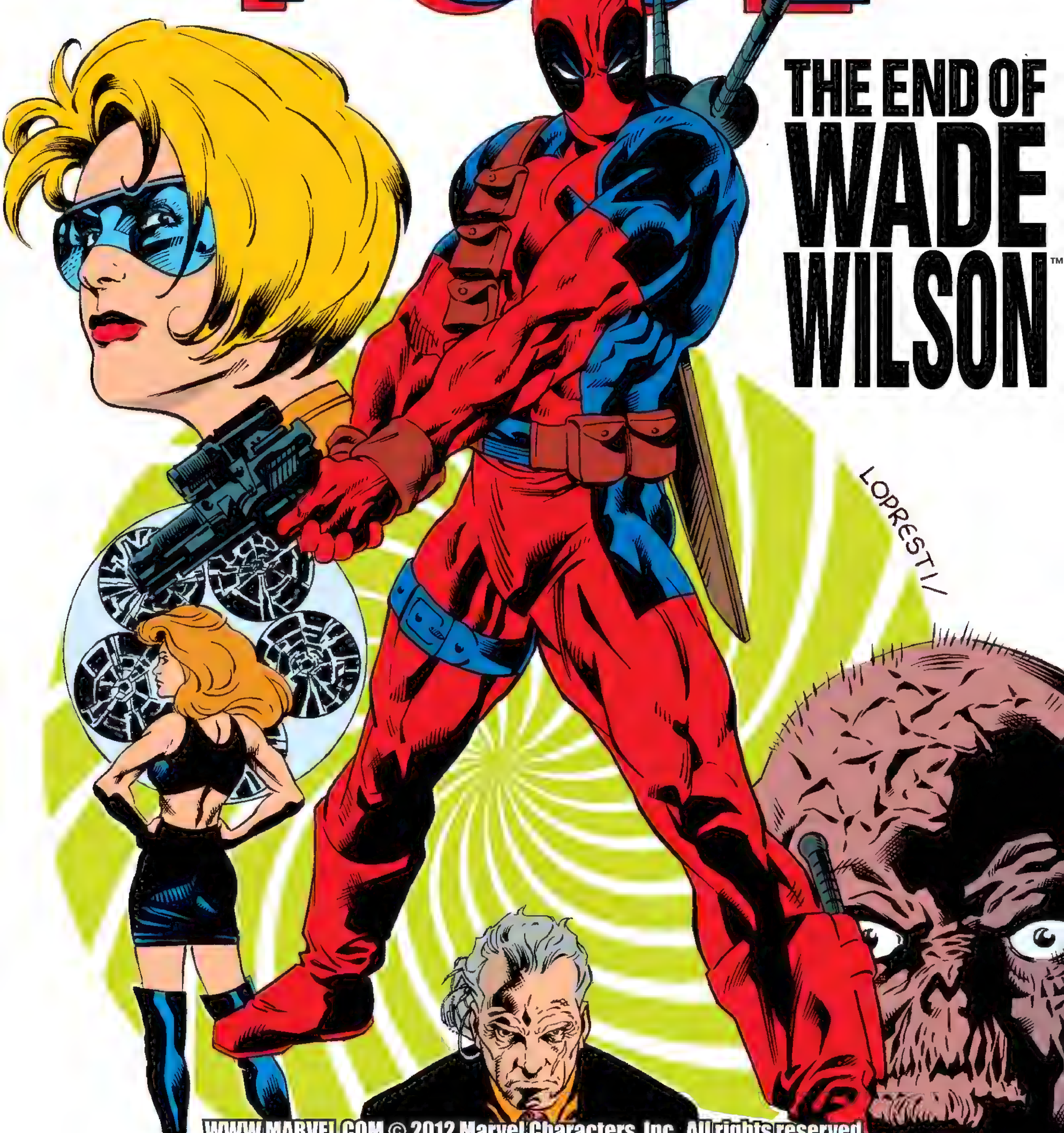
WADE WILSON™, ALSO KNOWN AS...

DEAD-POOL®

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

MINUS 1
JULY



THE END OF WADE WILSON™

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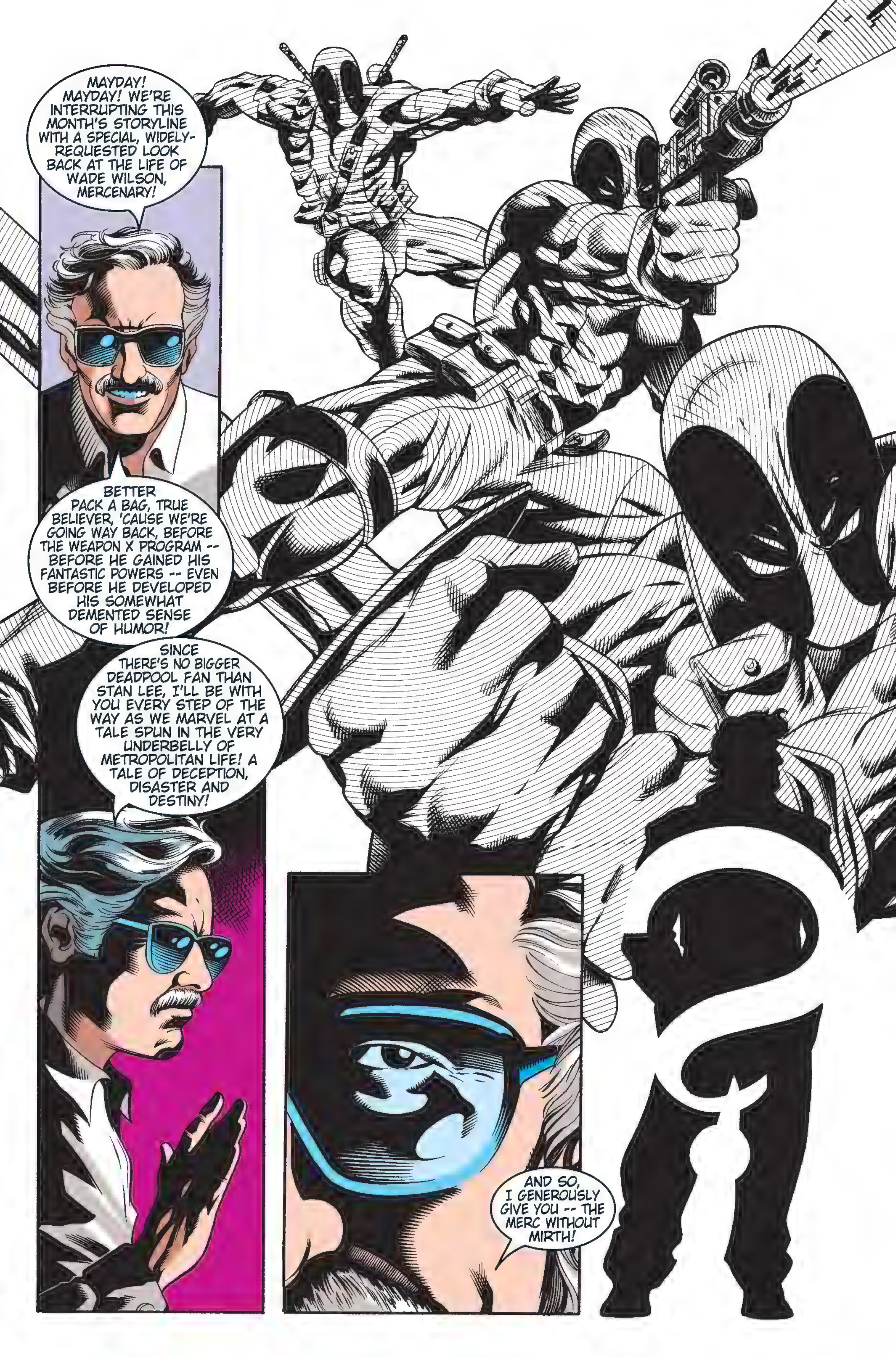
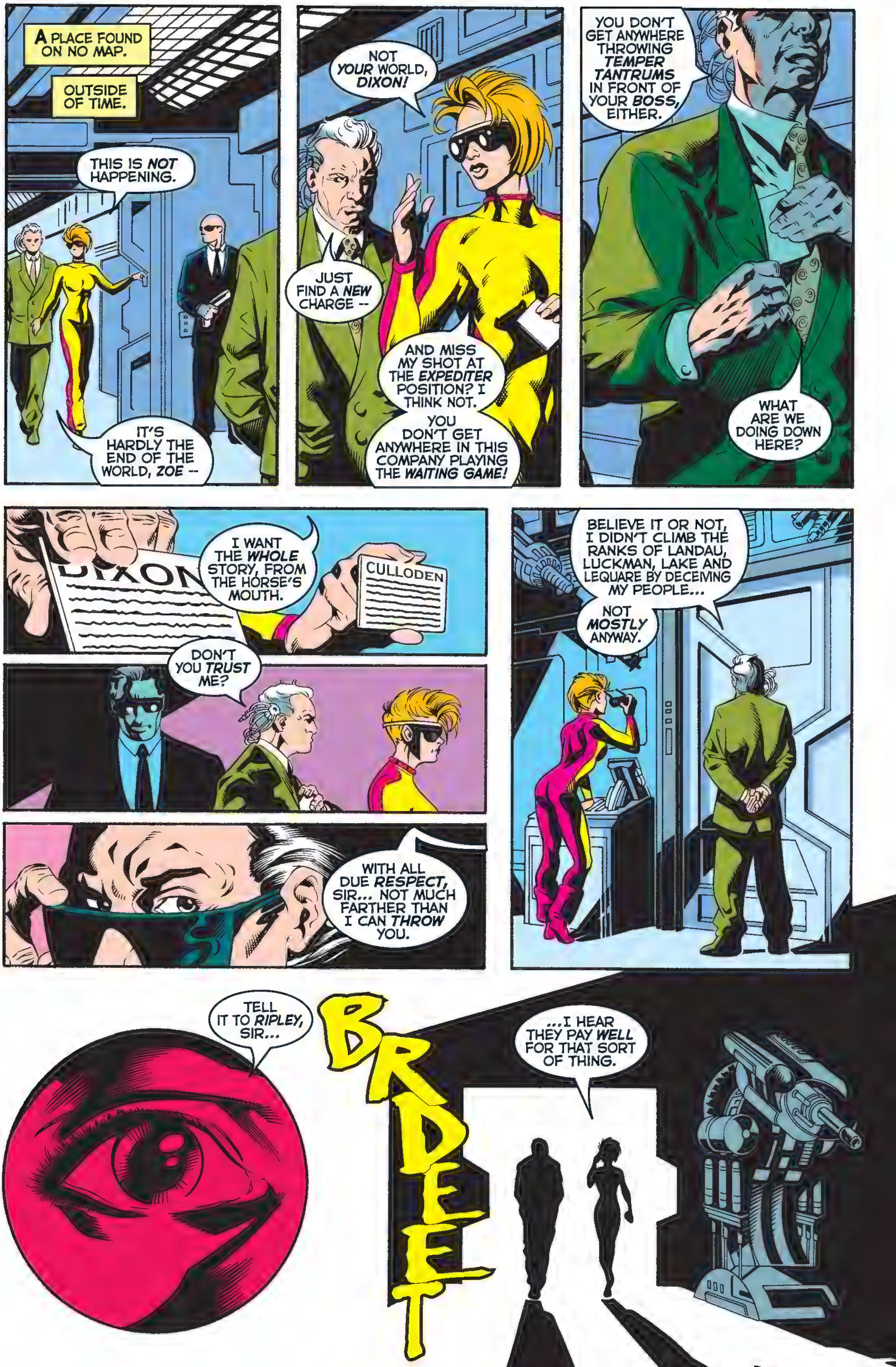
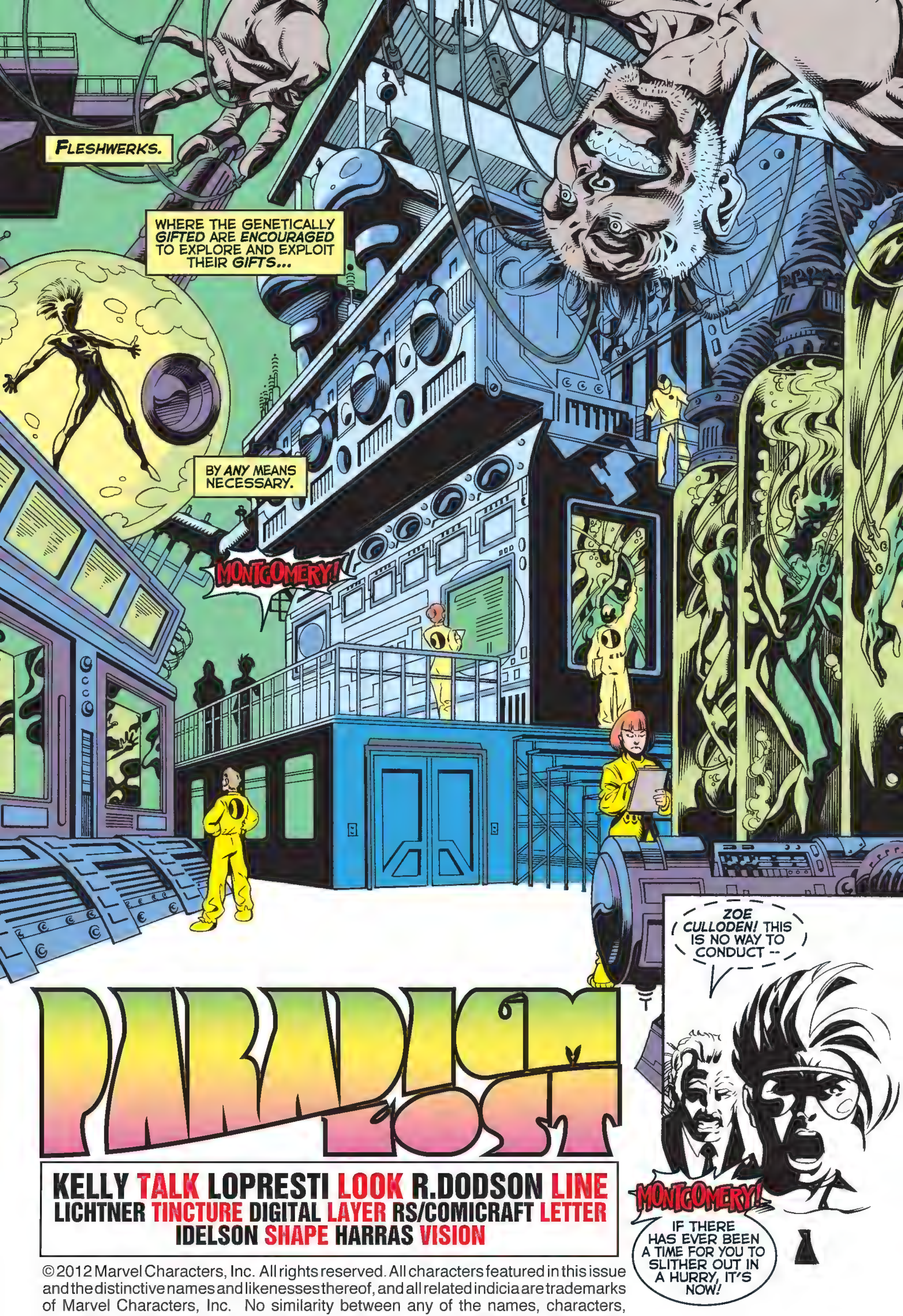

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! WE'RE INTERRUPTING THIS MONTH'S STORYLINE WITH A SPECIAL, WIDELY-REQUESTED LOOK BACK AT THE LIFE OF WADE WILSON, MERCENARY!
BETTER PACK A BAG, TRUE BELIEVER, 'CAUSE WE'RE GOING WAY BACK, BEFORE THE WEAPON X PROGRAM -- BEFORE HE GAINED HIS FANTASTIC POWERS -- EVEN BEFORE HE DEVELOPED HIS SOMEWHAT DEMENTED SENSE OF HUMOR!
SINCE THERE'S NO BIGGER DEADPOOL FAN THAN STAN LEE, I'LL BE WITH YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY AS WE MARVEL AT A TALE SPUN IN THE VERY UNDERBELLY OF METROPOLITAN LIFE! A TALE OF DECEPTION, DISASTER AND DESTINY!
AND SO, I GENEROUSLY GIVE YOU -- THE MERC WITHOUT MIRTH!


A PLACE FOUND ON NO MAP.
OUTSIDE OF TIME.
THIS IS *NOT* HAPPENING.
IT'S HARDLY THE END OF THE WORLD, *ZOE* --
NOT *YOUR* WORLD, *DIXON!*
JUST FIND A *NEW* CHARGE --
AND MISS MY SHOT AT THE *EXPEDITER* POSITION? I THINK NOT.
YOU DON'T GET ANYWHERE IN THIS COMPANY PLAYING THE *WAITING GAME!*
YOU DON'T GET ANYWHERE THROWING *TEMPER TANTRUMS* IN FRONT OF YOUR *BOSS,* EITHER.
WHAT ARE WE DOING DOWN HERE?
DIXON
I WANT THE *WHOLE* STORY, FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH.
CULLODEN
DON'T YOU *TRUST* ME?
WITH ALL DUE *RESPECT,* SIR... NOT MUCH FARTHER THAN I CAN *THROW* YOU.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I DIDN'T CLIMB THE RANKS OF LANDAU, LUCKMAN, LAKE AND LEQUARE BY DECEIVING MY PEOPLE...
NOT *MOSTLY* ANYWAY.
TELL IT TO *RIPLEY,* SIR...
BRDEET
...I HEAR THEY PAY *WELL* FOR THAT SORT OF THING.


FLESHWERKS.
WHERE THE GENETICALLY *GIFTED* ARE *ENCOURAGED* TO EXPLORE AND EXPLOIT THEIR *GIFTS...*
BY *ANY* MEANS NECESSARY.
MONTGOMERY!
ZOE CULLODEN! THIS IS NO WAY TO CONDUCT --
MONTGOMERY!
IF THERE HAS EVER BEEN A TIME FOR YOU TO SLITHER OUT IN A HURRY, IT'S *NOW!*

PARADIGM LOST

KELLY TALK LOPRESTI LOOK R.DODSON LINE
LICHTNER TINCTURE DIGITAL LAYER RS/COMICRAFT LETTER
IDELSON SHAPE HARRAS VISION

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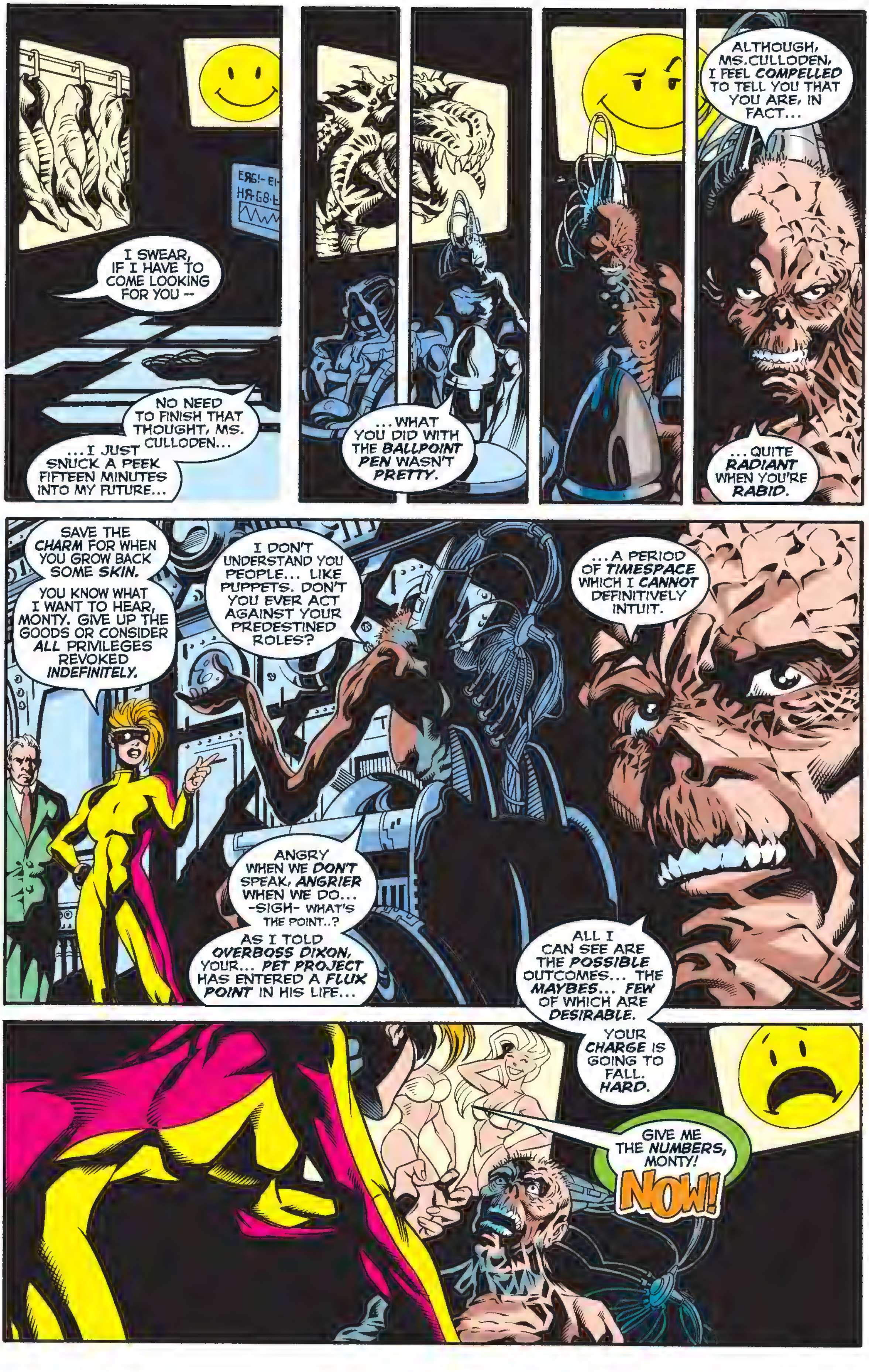
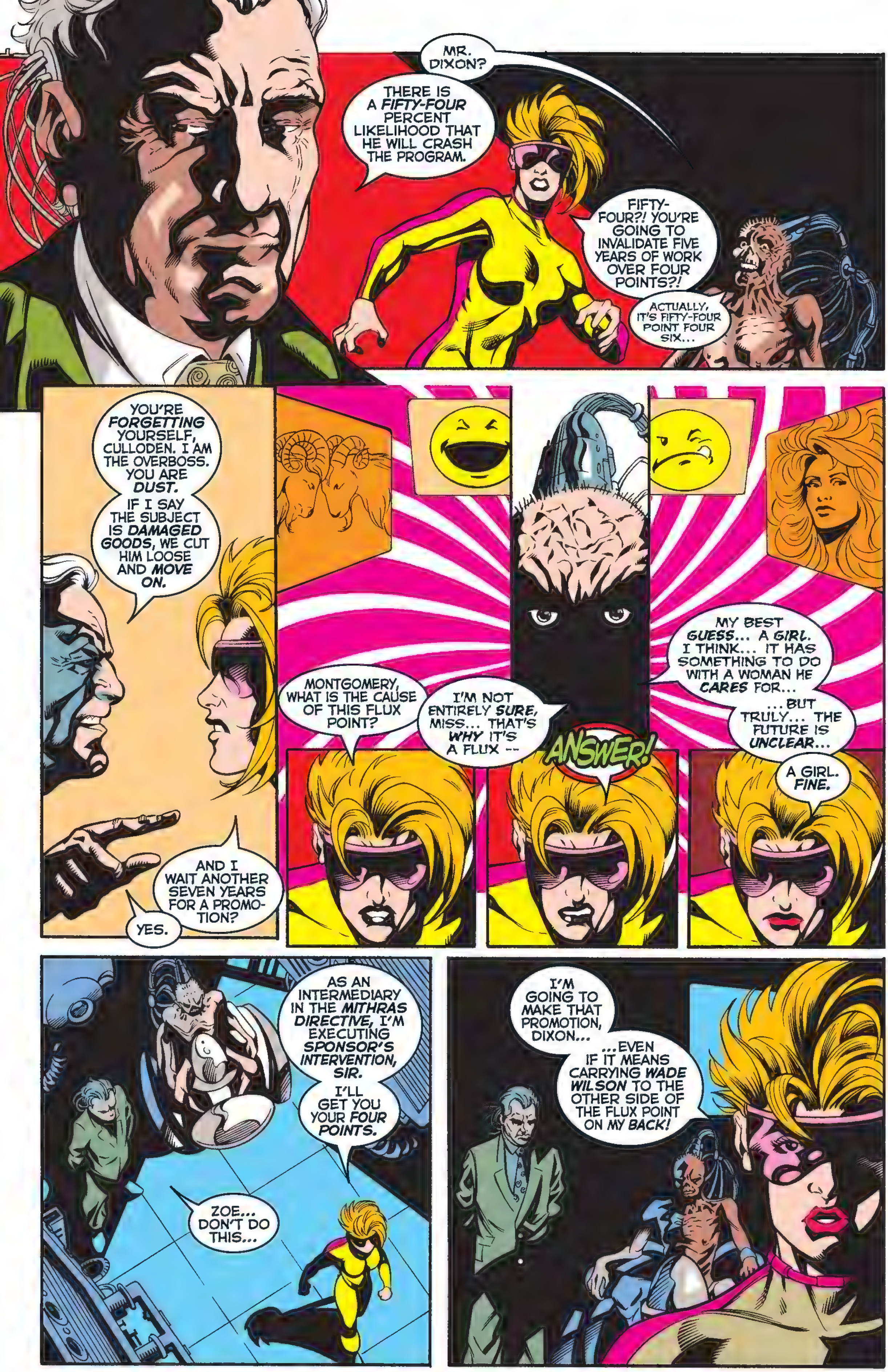
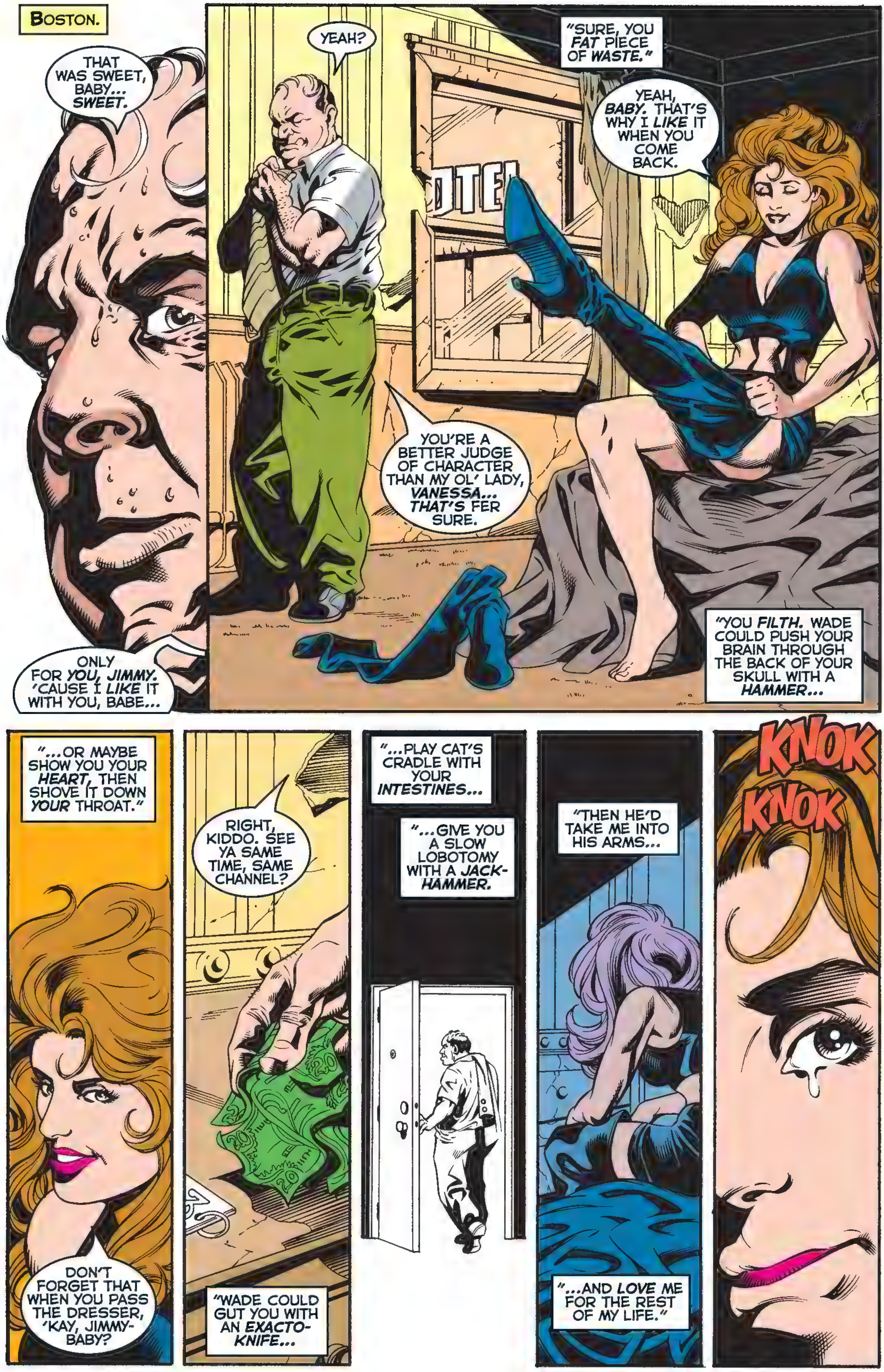
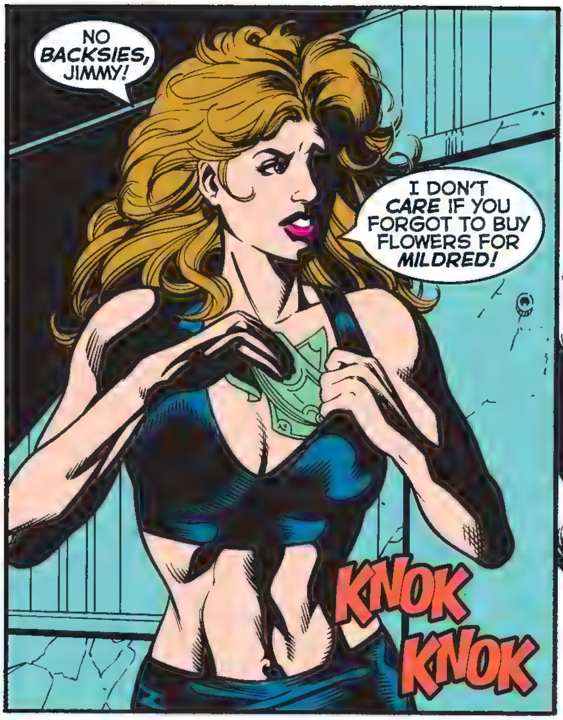
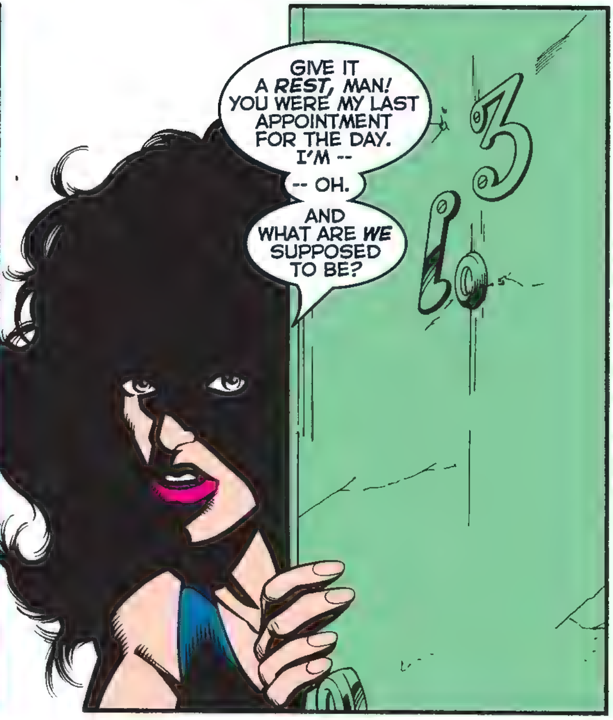
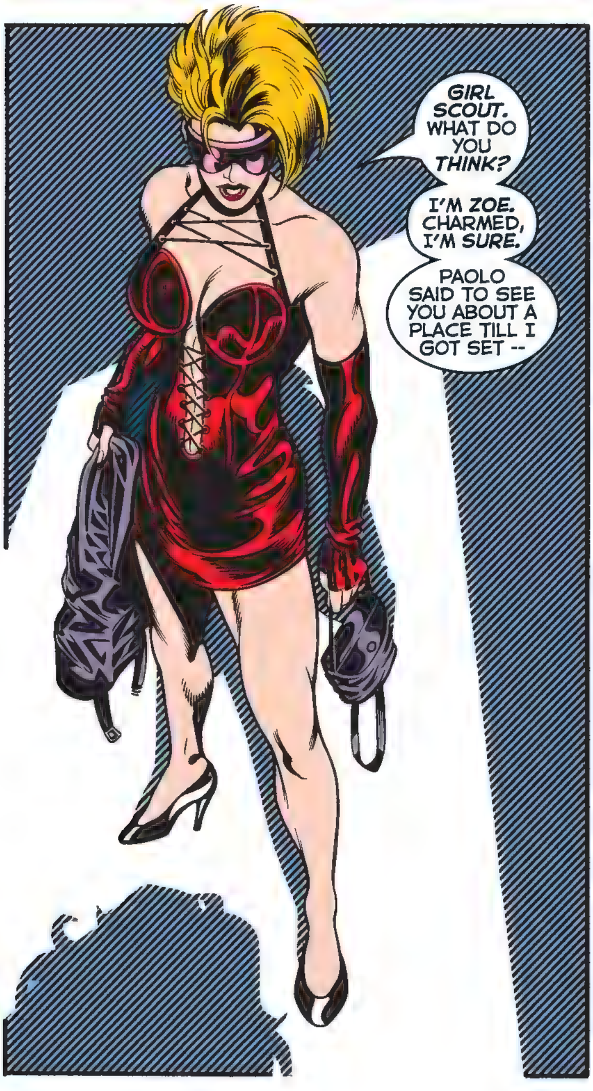

I SWEAR, IF I HAVE TO COME LOOKING FOR YOU --
NO NEED TO FINISH THAT THOUGHT, MS. CULLODEN...
...I JUST SNUCK A PEEK FIFTEEN MINUTES INTO MY FUTURE...
...WHAT YOU DID WITH THE *BALLPOINT PEN* WASN'T *PRETTY*.
ALTHOUGH, MS. CULLODEN, I FEEL *COMPELLED* TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE, IN FACT...
...QUITE *RADIANT* WHEN YOU'RE *RABID*.
SAVE THE *CHARM* FOR WHEN YOU GROW BACK SOME *SKIN*.
YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT TO HEAR, MONTY. GIVE UP THE GOODS OR CONSIDER *ALL* PRIVILEGES REVOKED *INDEFINITELY*.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU PEOPLE... LIKE PUPPETS. DON'T YOU EVER ACT AGAINST YOUR PREDESTINED ROLES?
ANGRY WHEN WE *DON'T* SPEAK, *ANGRIER* WHEN WE DO... -SIGH- WHAT'S THE POINT..?
AS I TOLD *OVERBOSS DIXON*, YOUR... *PET PROJECT* HAS ENTERED A *FLUX POINT* IN HIS LIFE...
...A PERIOD OF *TIMESPACE* WHICH I *CANNOT* DEFINITIVELY INTUIT.
ALL I CAN SEE ARE THE *POSSIBLE* OUTCOMES... THE *MAYBES*... *FEW* OF WHICH ARE *DESIRABLE*.
YOUR *CHARGE* IS GOING TO FALL. *HARD*.
GIVE ME THE *NUMBERS*, MONTY! NOW!

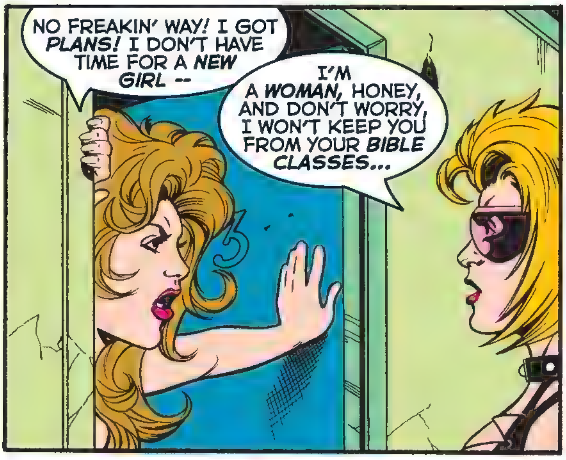

MR. DIXON?
THERE IS A FIFTY-FOUR PERCENT LIKELIHOOD THAT HE WILL CRASH THE PROGRAM.
FIFTY-FOUR?! YOU'RE GOING TO INVALIDATE FIVE YEARS OF WORK OVER FOUR POINTS?!
ACTUALLY, IT'S FIFTY-FOUR POINT FOUR SIX...
YOU'RE FORGETTING YOURSELF, CULLODEN. I AM THE OVERBOSS. YOU ARE DUST.
IF I SAY THE SUBJECT IS DAMAGED GOODS, WE CUT HIM LOOSE AND MOVE ON.
AND I WAIT ANOTHER SEVEN YEARS FOR A PROMOTION?
YES.
MONTGOMERY, WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THIS FLUX POINT?
I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE, MISS... THAT'S WHY IT'S A FLUX --
ANSWER!
MY BEST GUESS... A GIRL. I THINK... IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH A WOMAN HE CARES FOR...
...BUT TRULY... THE FUTURE IS UNCLEAR...
A GIRL. FINE.
AS AN INTERMEDIARY IN THE MITHRAS DIRECTIVE, I'M EXECUTING SPONSOR'S INTERVENTION, SIR.
I'LL GET YOU YOUR FOUR POINTS.
ZOE... DON'T DO THIS...
I'M GOING TO MAKE THAT PROMOTION, DIXON...
...EVEN IF IT MEANS CARRYING WADE WILSON TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FLUX POINT ON MY BACK!

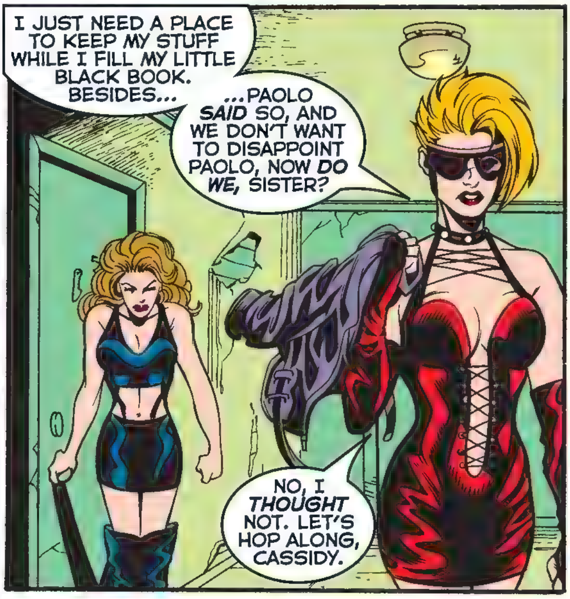

BOSTON.
THAT WAS SWEET, BABY... SWEET.
ONLY FOR YOU, JIMMY. 'CAUSE I LIKE IT WITH YOU, BABE...
YEAH?
"SURE, YOU FAT PIECE OF WASTE."
YEAH, BABY. THAT'S WHY I LIKE IT WHEN YOU COME BACK.
OTEL
YOU'RE A BETTER JUDGE OF CHARACTER THAN MY OL' LADY, VANESSA... THAT'S FER SURE.
"YOU FILTH. WADE COULD PUSH YOUR BRAIN THROUGH THE BACK OF YOUR SKULL WITH A HAMMER...
"...OR MAYBE SHOW YOU YOUR HEART, THEN SHOVE IT DOWN YOUR THROAT."
DON'T FORGET THAT WHEN YOU PASS THE DRESSER, 'KAY, JIMMY-BABY?
RIGHT, KIDDO. SEE YA SAME TIME, SAME CHANNEL?
"WADE COULD GUT YOU WITH AN EXACTO-KNIFE...
"...PLAY CAT'S CRADLE WITH YOUR INTESTINES...
"...GIVE YOU A SLOW LOBOTOMY WITH A JACK-HAMMER.
"THEN HE'D TAKE ME INTO HIS ARMS...
"...AND LOVE ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE."
KNOK KNOK

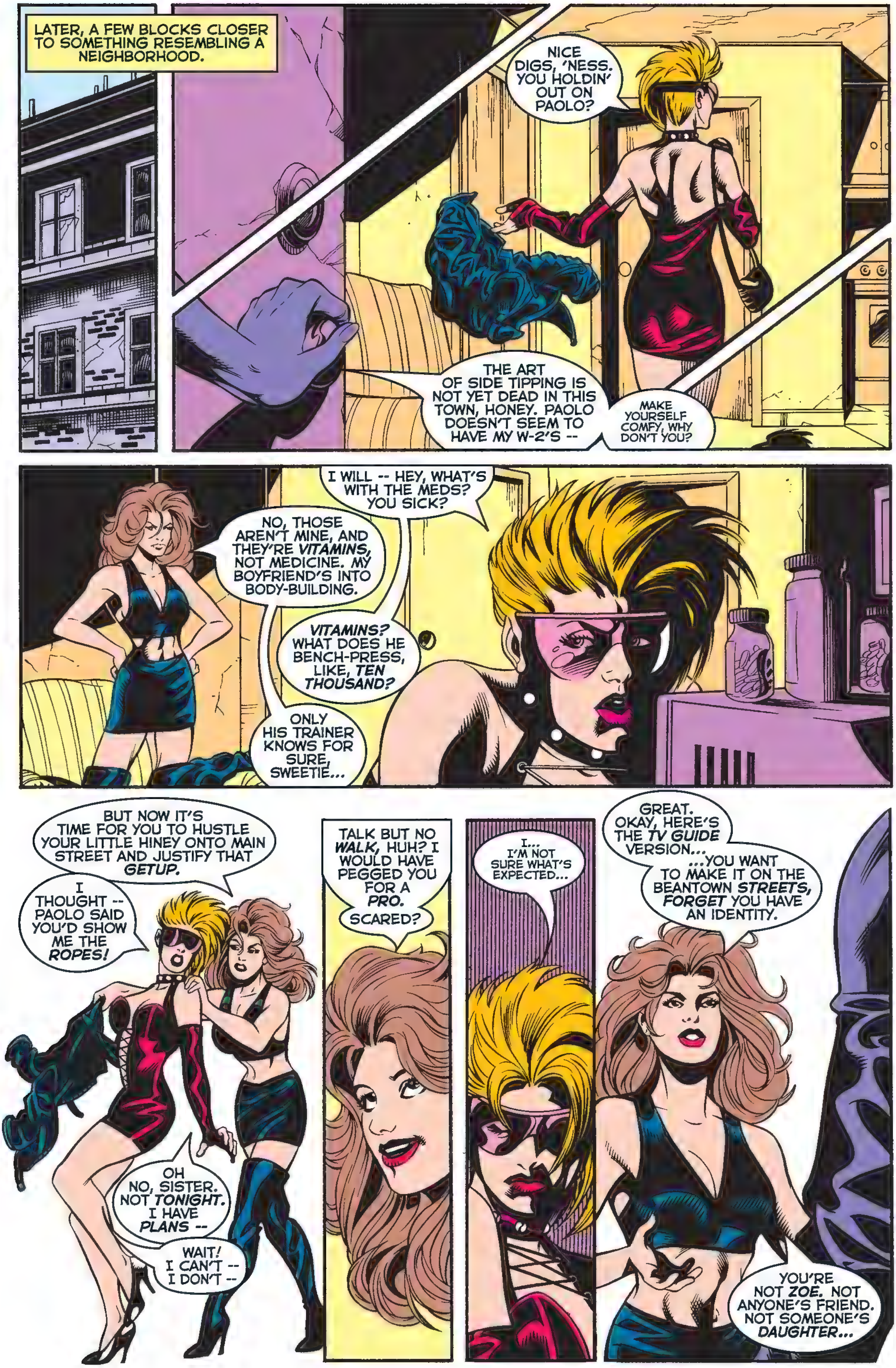

NO *BACKSIES,* JIMMY!
I DON'T *CARE* IF YOU FORGOT TO BUY FLOWERS FOR *MILDRED!*
KNOK KNOK

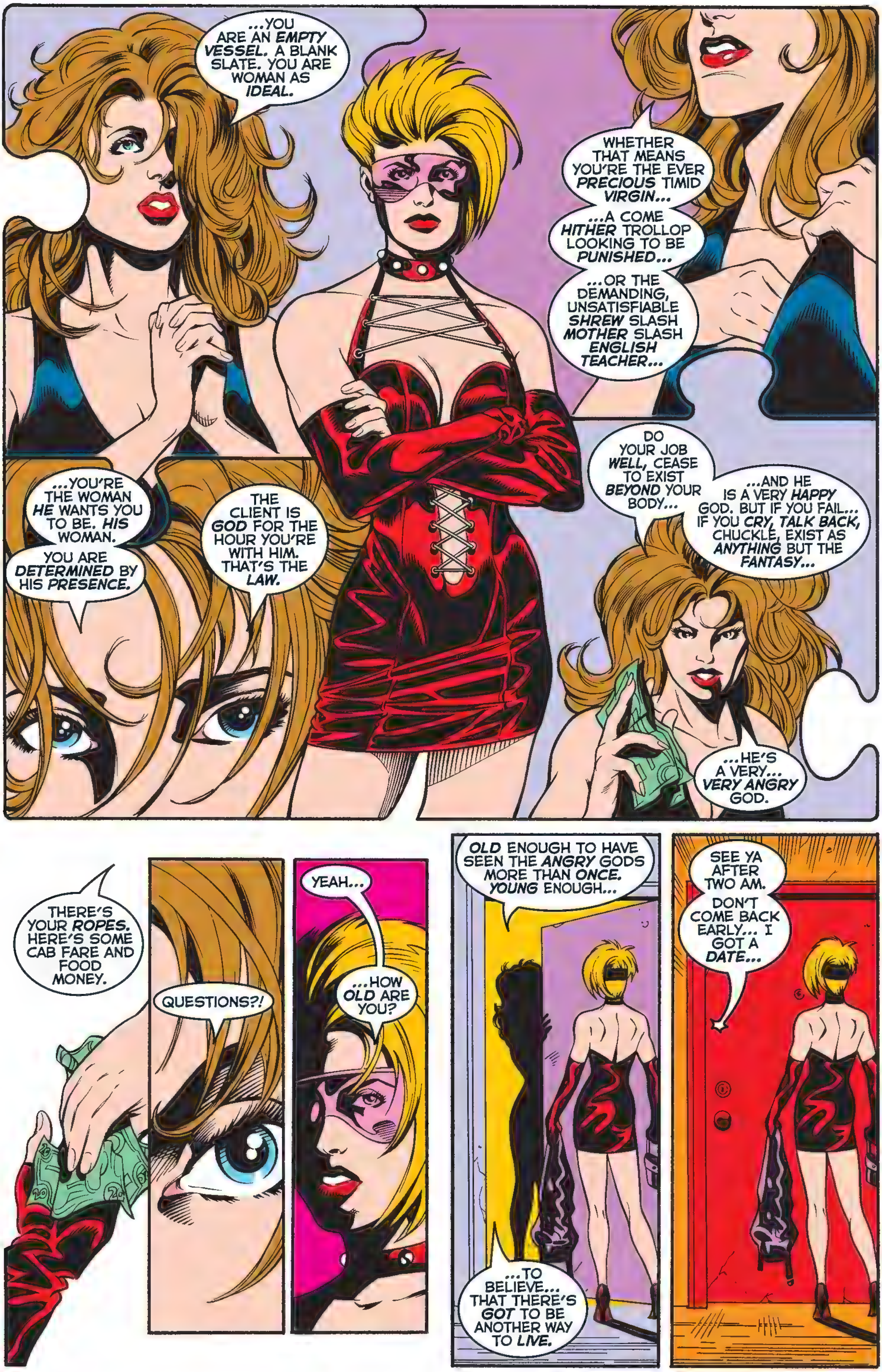

GIVE IT A *REST,* MAN! YOU WERE MY LAST APPOINTMENT FOR THE DAY. I'M --
-- OH.
AND WHAT ARE *WE* SUPPOSED TO BE?
13

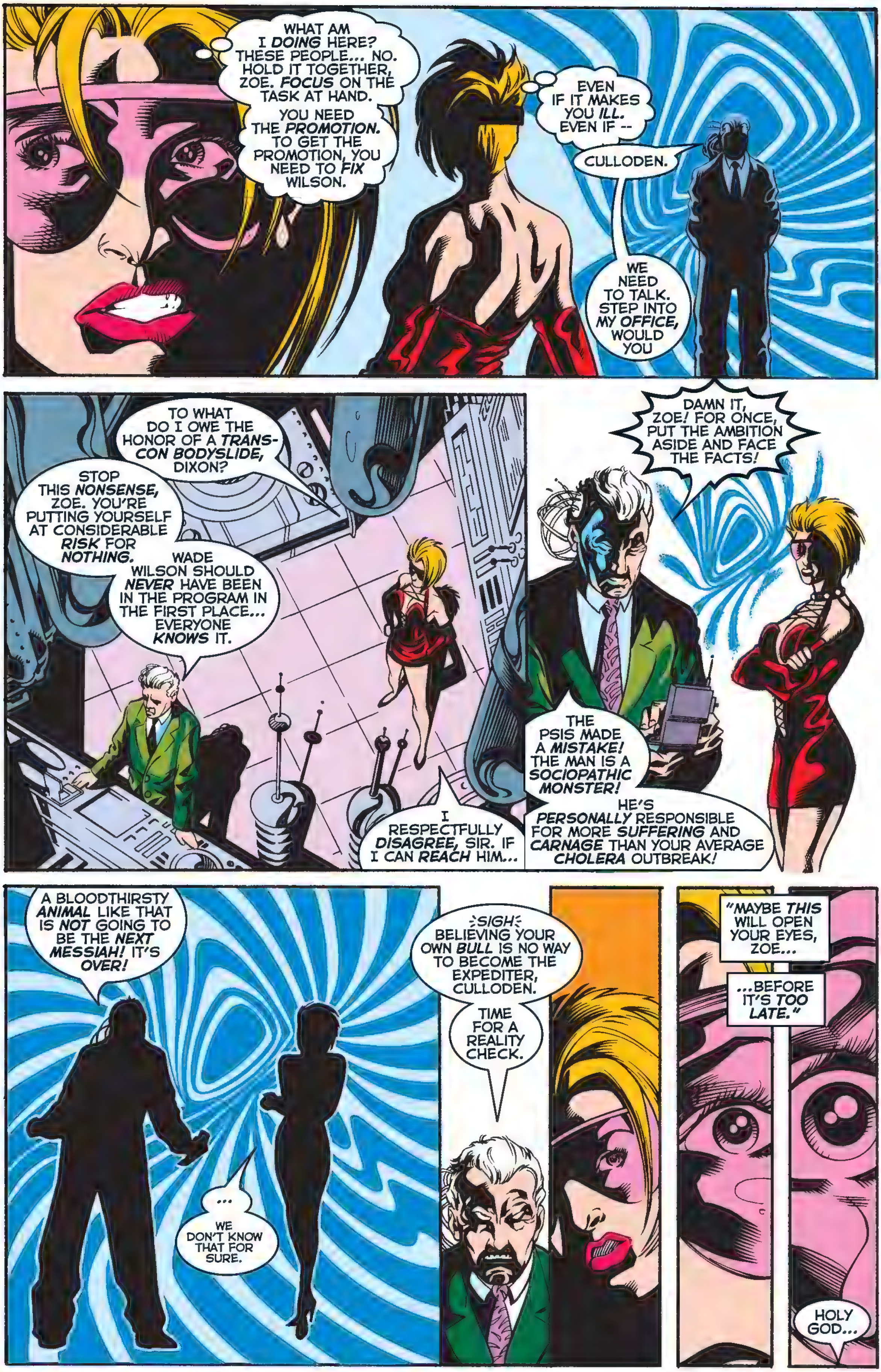

GIRL SCOUT. WHAT DO YOU *THINK?*
I'M *ZOE.* CHARMED, I'M *SURE.*
PAOLO SAID TO SEE YOU ABOUT A PLACE TILL I GOT SET --

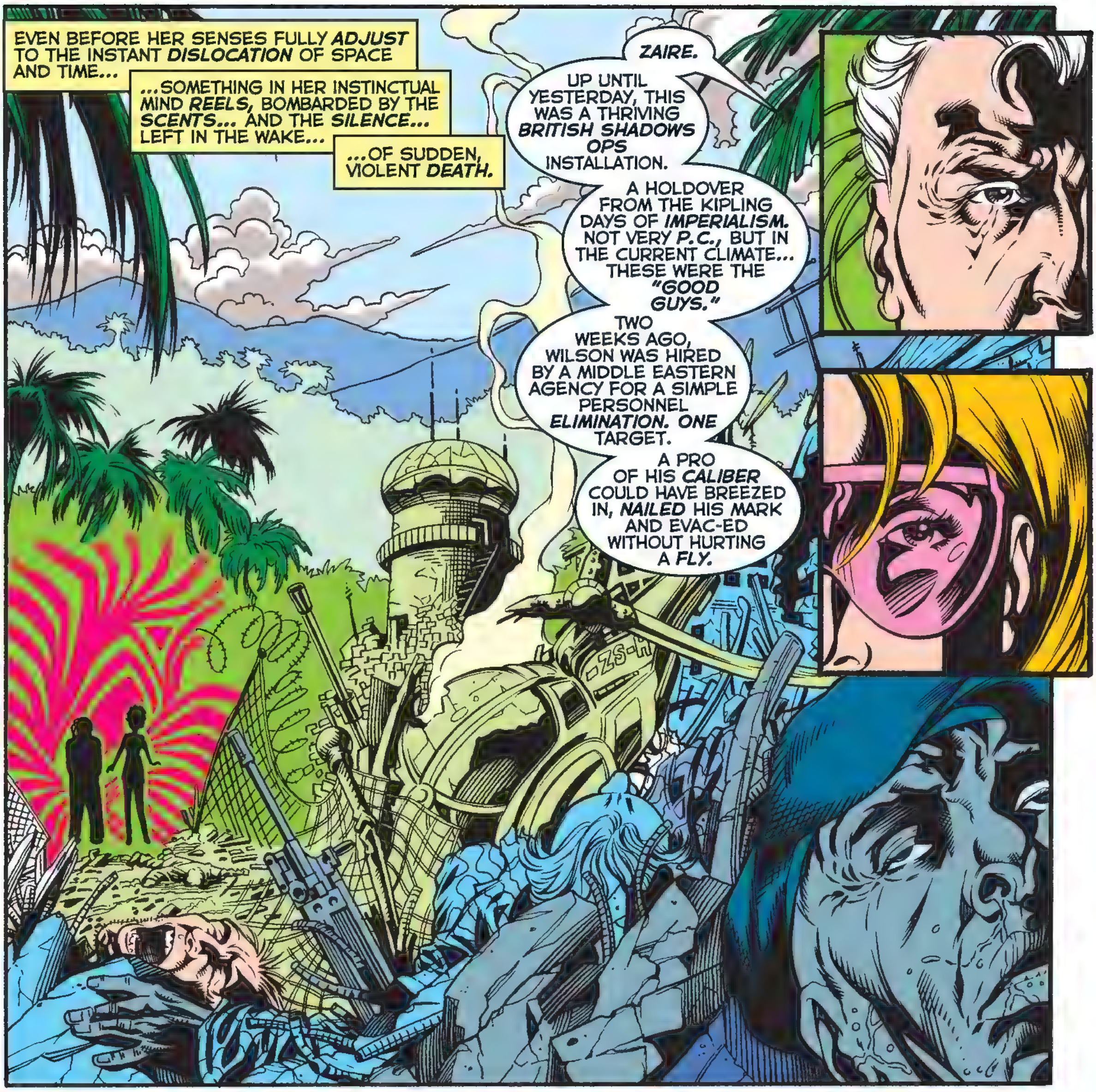

NO FREAKIN' WAY! I GOT *PLANS!* I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR A *NEW GIRL* --
I'M A *WOMAN,* HONEY, AND DON'T WORRY, I WON'T KEEP YOU FROM YOUR *BIBLE CLASSES...*

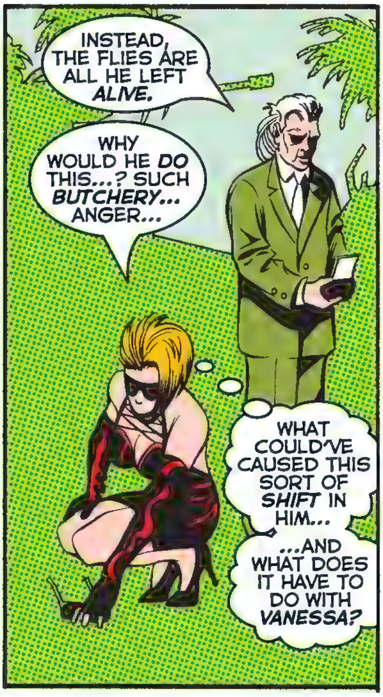

I JUST NEED A PLACE TO KEEP MY STUFF WHILE I FILL MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK. BESIDES...
...PAOLO *SAID* SO, AND WE DON'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT PAOLO, NOW *DO WE,* SISTER?
NO, I *THOUGHT* NOT. LET'S HOP ALONG, CASSIDY.

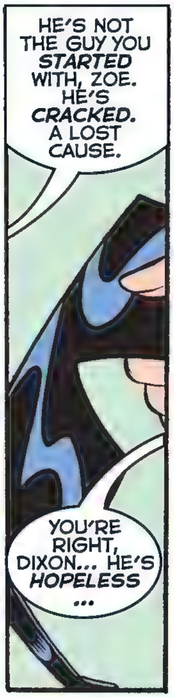

LATER, A FEW BLOCKS CLOSER TO SOMETHING RESEMBLING A NEIGHBORHOOD.
NICE DIGS, 'NESS. YOU HOLDIN' OUT ON PAOLO?
THE ART OF SIDE TIPPING IS NOT YET DEAD IN THIS TOWN, HONEY. PAOLO DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE MY W-2'S --
MAKE YOURSELF COMFY, WHY DON'T YOU?
I WILL -- HEY, WHAT'S WITH THE MEDS? YOU SICK?
NO, THOSE AREN'T MINE, AND THEY'RE *VITAMINS*, NOT MEDICINE. MY BOYFRIEND'S INTO BODY-BUILDING.
VITAMINS? WHAT DOES HE BENCH-PRESS, LIKE, *TEN THOUSAND?*
ONLY HIS TRAINER KNOWS FOR SURE, SWEETIE...
BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO HUSTLE YOUR LITTLE HINEY ONTO MAIN STREET AND JUSTIFY THAT *GETUP.*
I THOUGHT -- PAOLO SAID YOU'D SHOW ME THE *ROPES!*
OH NO, SISTER. NOT *TONIGHT.* I HAVE *PLANS* --
WAIT! I CAN'T -- I DON'T --
TALK BUT NO *WALK*, HUH? I WOULD HAVE PEGGED YOU FOR A *PRO.* SCARED?
I... I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S EXPECTED...
GREAT. OKAY, HERE'S THE *TV GUIDE* VERSION... ...YOU WANT TO MAKE IT ON THE BEANTOWN *STREETS*, *FORGET* YOU HAVE AN IDENTITY.
YOU'RE NOT *ZOE.* NOT ANYONE'S FRIEND. NOT SOMEONE'S *DAUGHTER...*

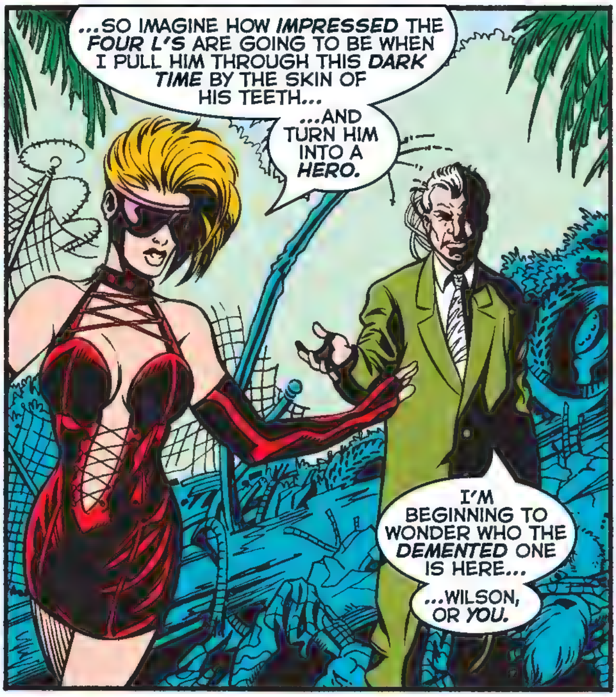

...YOU ARE AN EMPTY VESSEL. A BLANK SLATE. YOU ARE WOMAN AS IDEAL.
WHETHER THAT MEANS YOU'RE THE EVER PRECIOUS TIMID VIRGIN...
...A COME HITHER TROLLOP LOOKING TO BE PUNISHED...
...OR THE DEMANDING, UNSATISFIABLE SHREW SLASH MOTHER SLASH ENGLISH TEACHER...
...YOU'RE THE WOMAN HE WANTS YOU TO BE. HIS WOMAN.
YOU ARE DETERMINED BY HIS PRESENCE.
THE CLIENT IS GOD FOR THE HOUR YOU'RE WITH HIM. THAT'S THE LAW.
DO YOUR JOB WELL, CEASE TO EXIST BEYOND YOUR BODY...
...AND HE IS A VERY HAPPY GOD. BUT IF YOU FAIL... IF YOU CRY, TALK BACK, CHUCKLE, EXIST AS ANYTHING BUT THE FANTASY...
...HE'S A VERY... VERY ANGRY GOD.
THERE'S YOUR ROPES. HERE'S SOME CAB FARE AND FOOD MONEY.
QUESTIONS?!
YEAH...
...HOW OLD ARE YOU?
OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE SEEN THE ANGRY GODS MORE THAN ONCE. YOUNG ENOUGH...
...TO BELIEVE... THAT THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY TO LIVE.
SEE YA AFTER TWO AM.
DON'T COME BACK EARLY... I GOT A DATE...

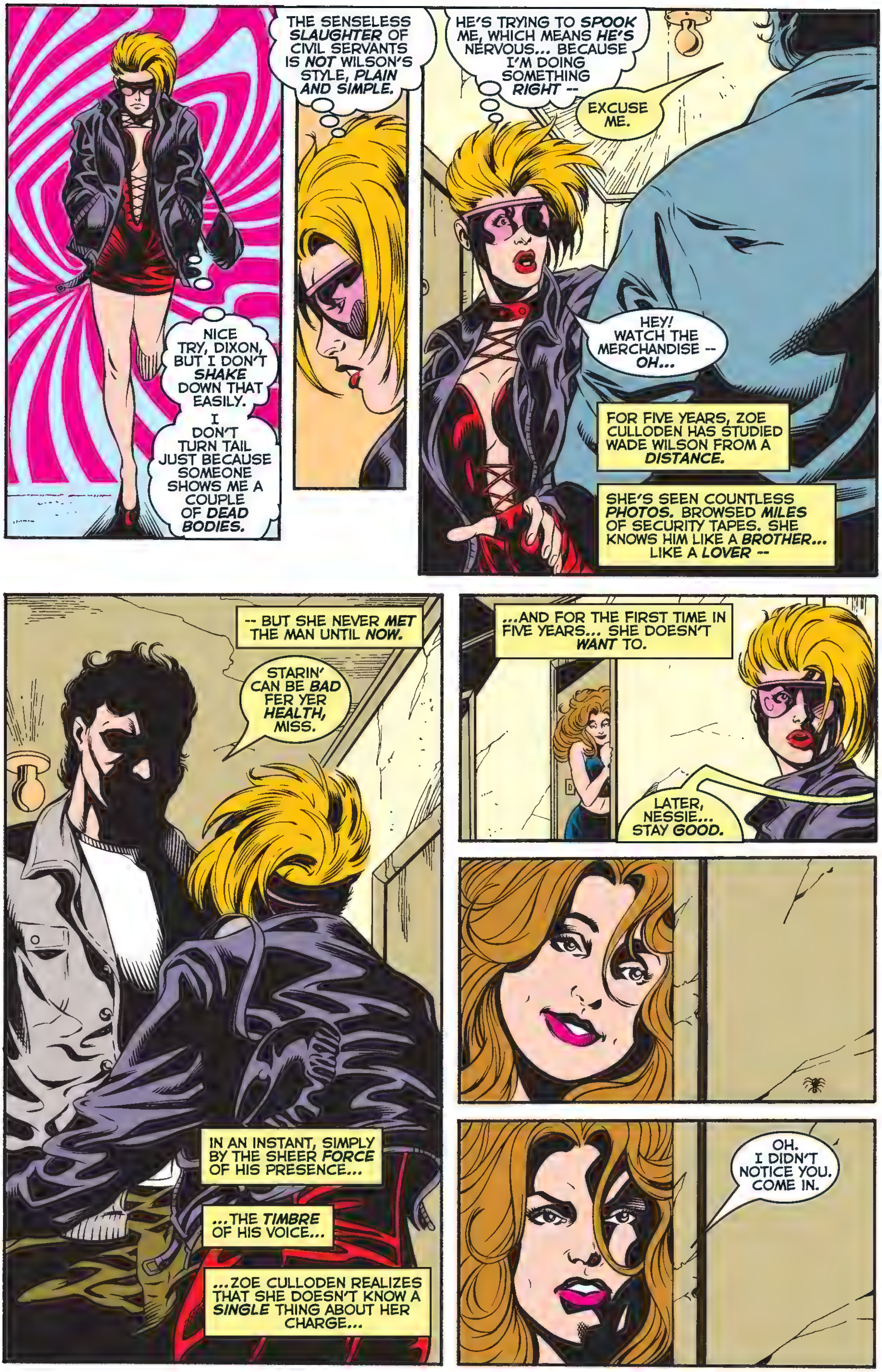

WHAT AM I *DOING* HERE? THESE PEOPLE... NO. HOLD IT TOGETHER, ZOE. *FOCUS* ON THE TASK AT HAND.
YOU NEED THE *PROMOTION.* TO GET THE PROMOTION, YOU NEED TO *FIX* WILSON.
EVEN IF IT MAKES YOU *ILL.* EVEN IF --
CULLODEN.
WE NEED TO TALK. STEP INTO *MY OFFICE,* WOULD YOU
TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF A *TRANSCON BODYSLIDE,* DIXON?
STOP THIS *NONSENSE,* ZOE. YOU'RE PUTTING YOURSELF AT CONSIDERABLE *RISK* FOR *NOTHING.*
WADE WILSON SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE BEEN IN THE PROGRAM IN THE FIRST PLACE... EVERYONE *KNOWS* IT.
I RESPECTFULLY *DISAGREE,* SIR. IF I CAN *REACH* HIM...
DAMN IT, ZOE! FOR ONCE, PUT THE AMBITION ASIDE AND FACE THE FACTS!
THE PSIS MADE A *MISTAKE!* THE MAN IS A *SOCIOPATHIC MONSTER!*
HE'S *PERSONALLY* RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE *SUFFERING* AND *CARNAGE* THAN YOUR AVERAGE *CHOLERA* OUTBREAK!
A BLOODTHIRSTY *ANIMAL* LIKE THAT IS *NOT* GOING TO BE THE *NEXT MESSIAH!* IT'S *OVER!*
... WE DON'T KNOW THAT FOR SURE.
SIGH BELIEVING YOUR OWN *BULL* IS NO WAY TO BECOME THE EXPEDITER, CULLODEN.
TIME FOR A REALITY CHECK.
"MAYBE *THIS* WILL OPEN YOUR EYES, ZOE...
...BEFORE IT'S *TOO LATE.*"
HOLY GOD...

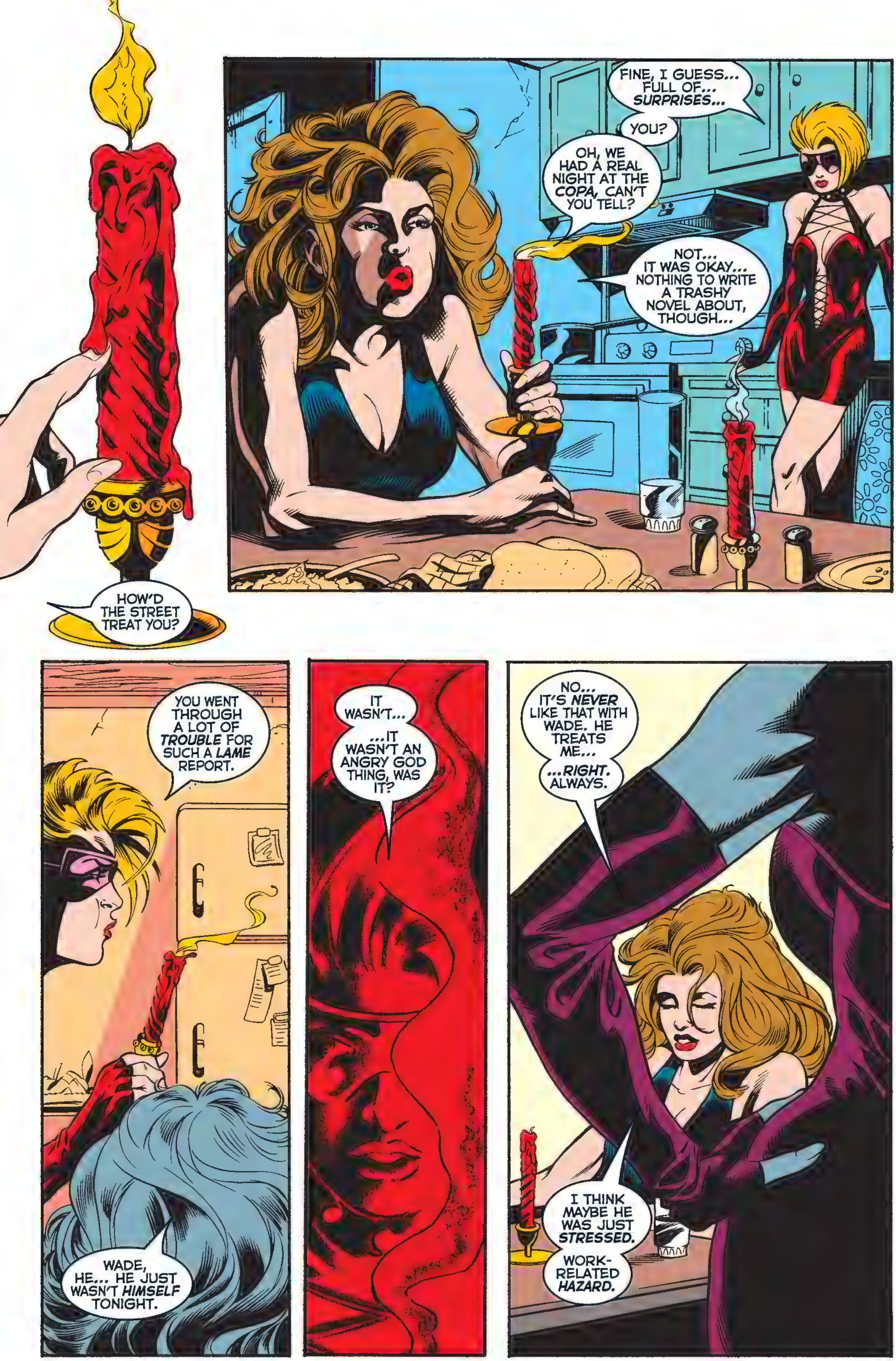

EVEN BEFORE HER SENSES FULLY *ADJUST* TO THE INSTANT *DISLOCATION* OF SPACE AND TIME...
...SOMETHING IN HER INSTINCTUAL MIND *REELS*, BOMBARDED BY THE *SCENTS*... AND THE *SILENCE*... LEFT IN THE WAKE...
...OF SUDDEN, VIOLENT *DEATH.*
ZAIRE.
UP UNTIL YESTERDAY, THIS WAS A THRIVING *BRITISH SHADOWS OPS* INSTALLATION.
A HOLDOVER FROM THE KIPLING DAYS OF *IMPERIALISM.* NOT VERY *P.C.*, BUT IN THE CURRENT CLIMATE... THESE WERE THE *"GOOD GUYS."*
TWO WEEKS AGO, WILSON WAS HIRED BY A MIDDLE EASTERN AGENCY FOR A SIMPLE PERSONNEL *ELIMINATION. ONE* TARGET.
A PRO OF HIS *CALIBER* COULD HAVE BREEZED IN, *NAILED* HIS MARK AND EVAC-ED WITHOUT HURTING A *FLY.*
ZS-H

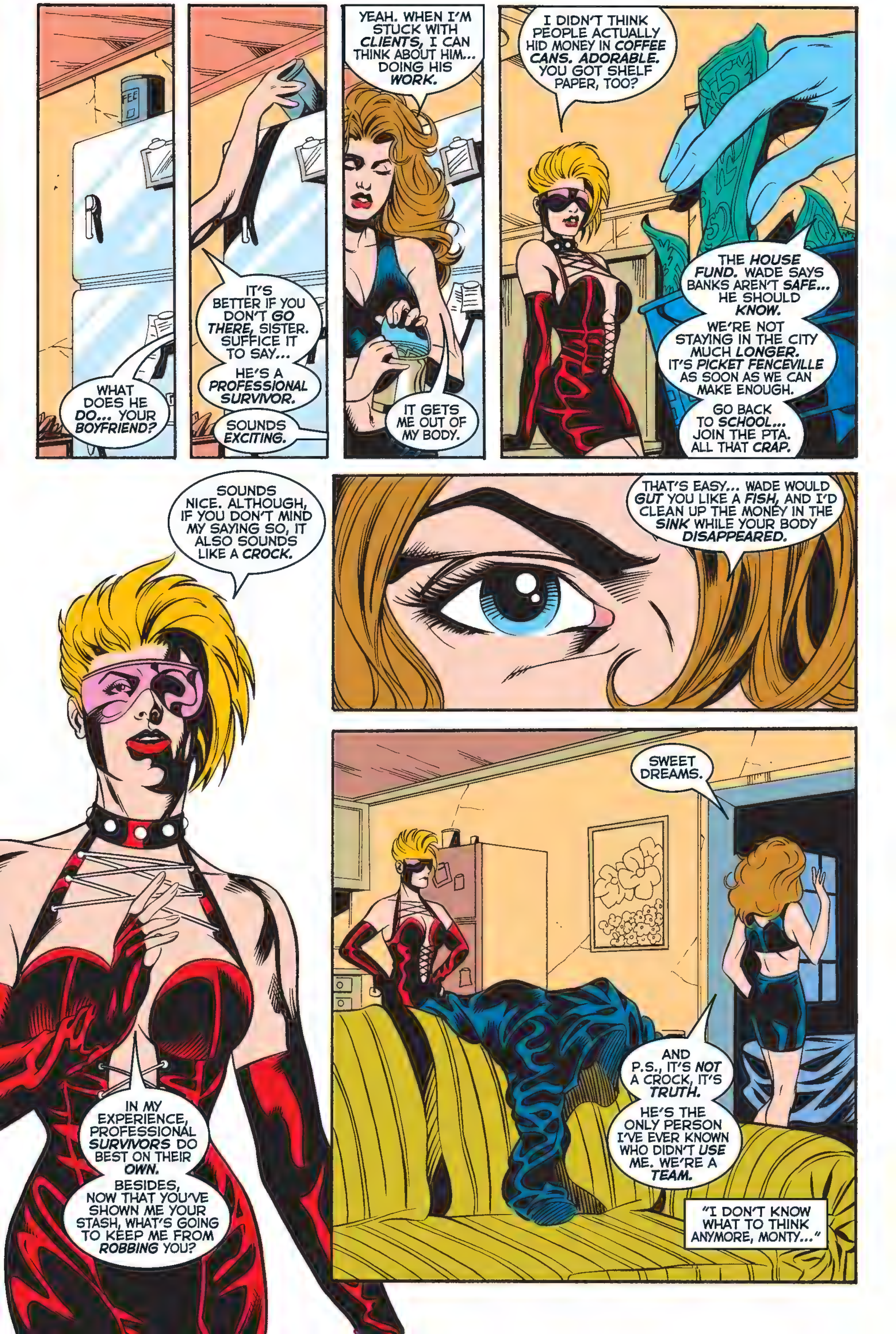

INSTEAD, THE FLIES ARE ALL HE LEFT *ALIVE.*
WHY WOULD HE *DO* THIS...? SUCH *BUTCHERY*... ANGER...
WHAT COULD'VE CAUSED THIS SORT OF *SHIFT* IN HIM...
...AND WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH *VANESSA?*

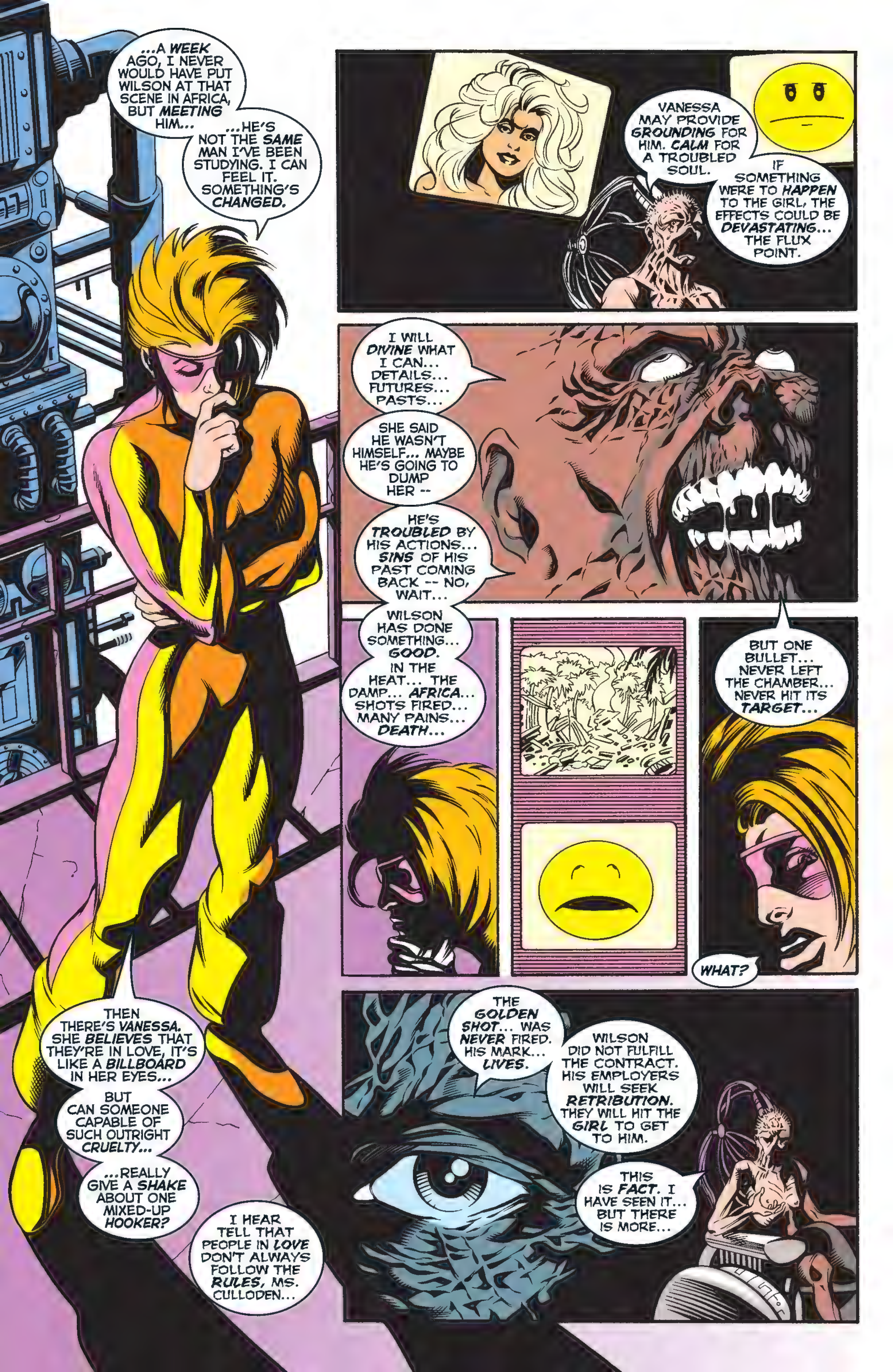

HE'S NOT THE GUY YOU *STARTED* WITH, ZOE. HE'S *CRACKED.* A LOST CAUSE.
YOU'RE RIGHT, DIXON... HE'S *HOPELESS* ...

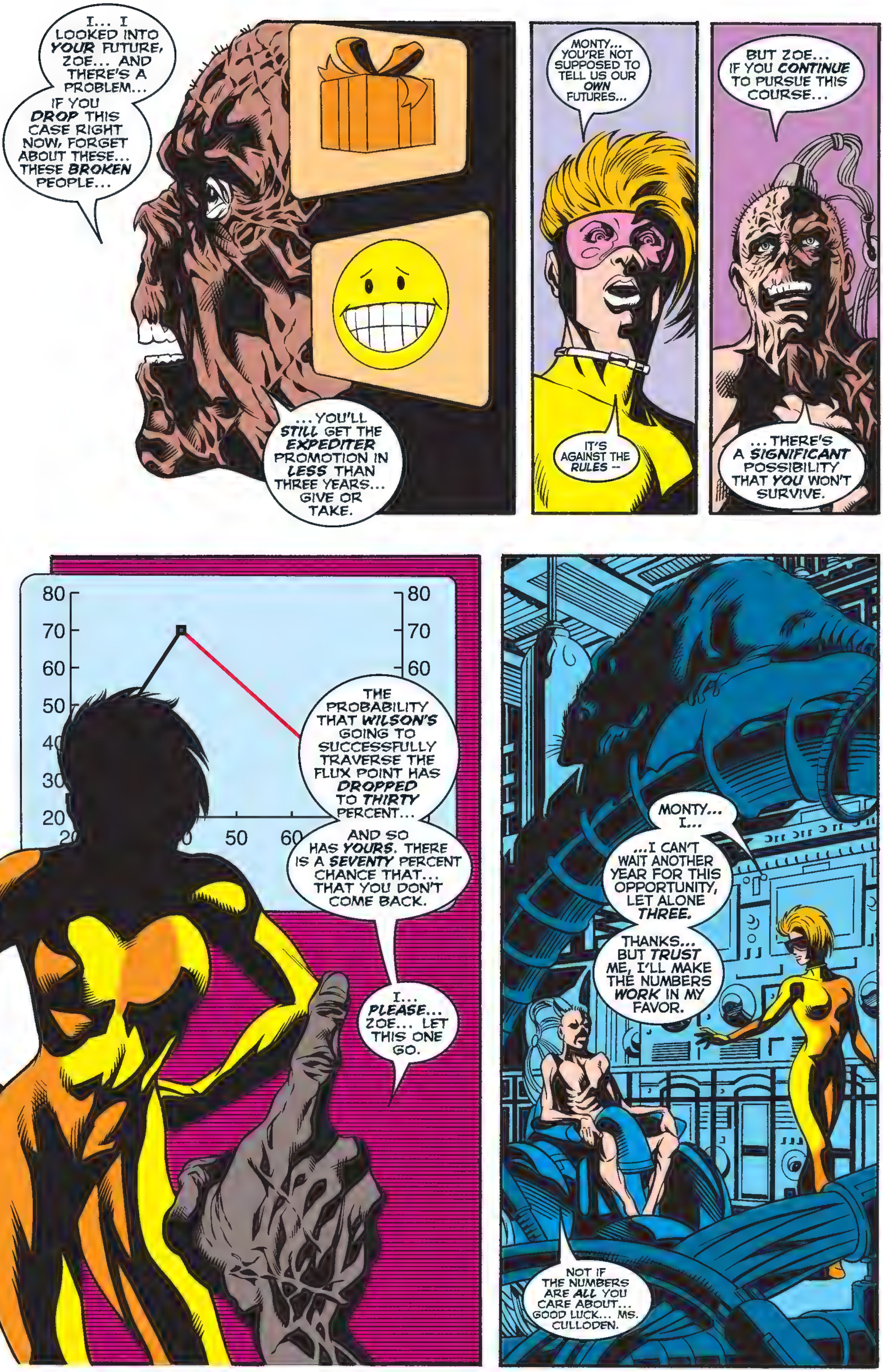

...SO IMAGINE HOW *IMPRESSED* THE *FOUR L'S* ARE GOING TO BE WHEN I PULL HIM THROUGH THIS *DARK TIME* BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH...
...AND TURN HIM INTO A *HERO.*
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER WHO THE *DEMENTED* ONE IS HERE...
...WILSON, OR *YOU.*

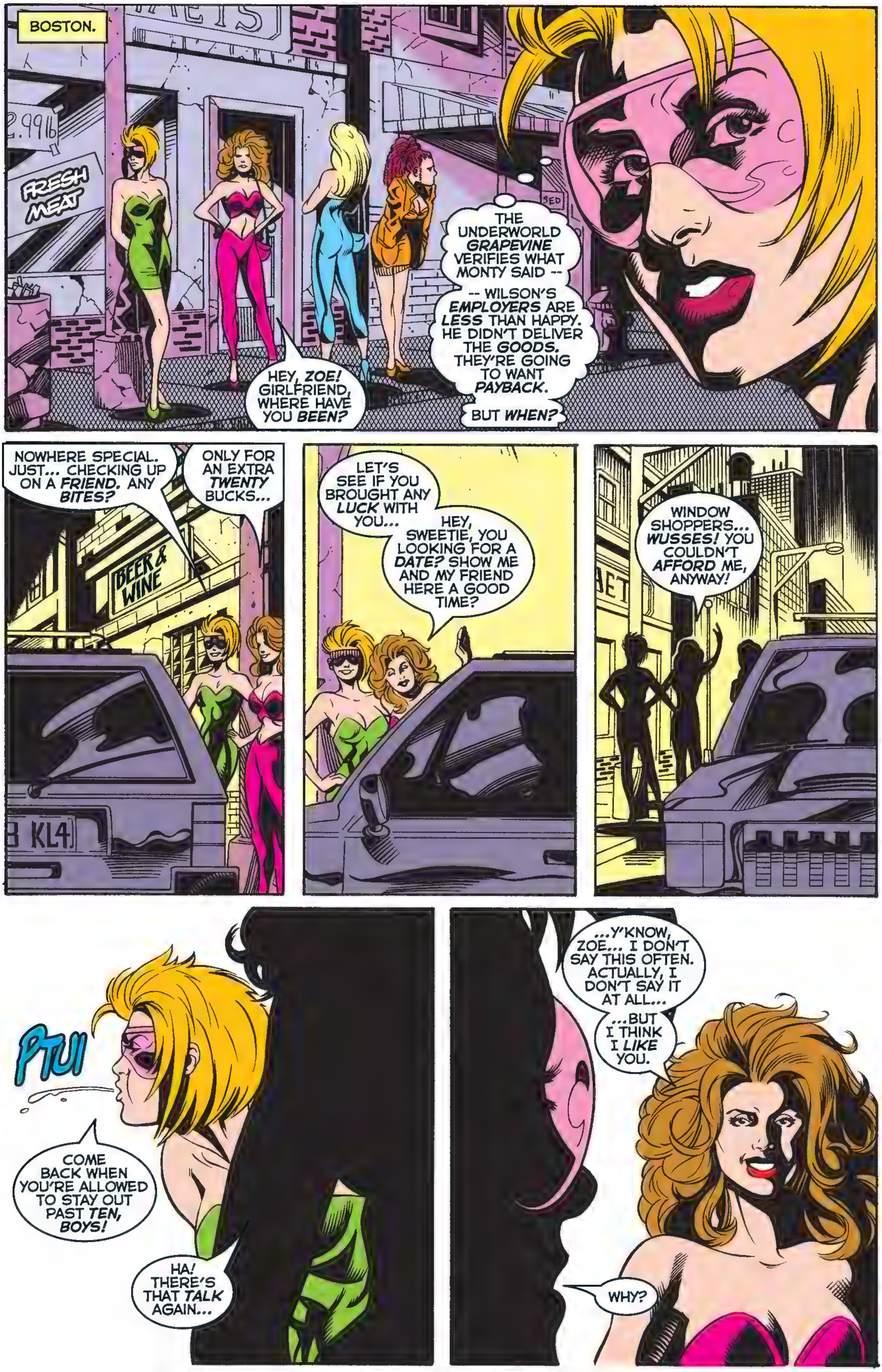

NICE TRY, DIXON, BUT I DON'T SHAKE DOWN THAT EASILY.
I DON'T TURN TAIL JUST BECAUSE SOMEONE SHOWS ME A COUPLE OF DEAD BODIES.
THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER OF CIVIL SERVANTS IS NOT WILSON'S STYLE, PLAIN AND SIMPLE.
HE'S TRYING TO SPOOK ME, WHICH MEANS HE'S NERVOUS... BECAUSE I'M DOING SOMETHING RIGHT --
EXCUSE ME.
HEY! WATCH THE MERCHANDISE -- OH...
FOR FIVE YEARS, ZOE CULLODEN HAS STUDIED WADE WILSON FROM A DISTANCE.
SHE'S SEEN COUNTLESS PHOTOS. BROWSED MILES OF SECURITY TAPES. SHE KNOWS HIM LIKE A BROTHER... LIKE A LOVER --
-- BUT SHE NEVER MET THE MAN UNTIL NOW.
STARIN' CAN BE BAD FER YER HEALTH, MISS.
IN AN INSTANT, SIMPLY BY THE SHEER FORCE OF HIS PRESENCE...
...THE TIMBRE OF HIS VOICE...
...ZOE CULLODEN REALIZES THAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW A SINGLE THING ABOUT HER CHARGE...
...AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE YEARS... SHE DOESN'T WANT TO.
LATER, NESSIE... STAY GOOD.
OH. I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU. COME IN.

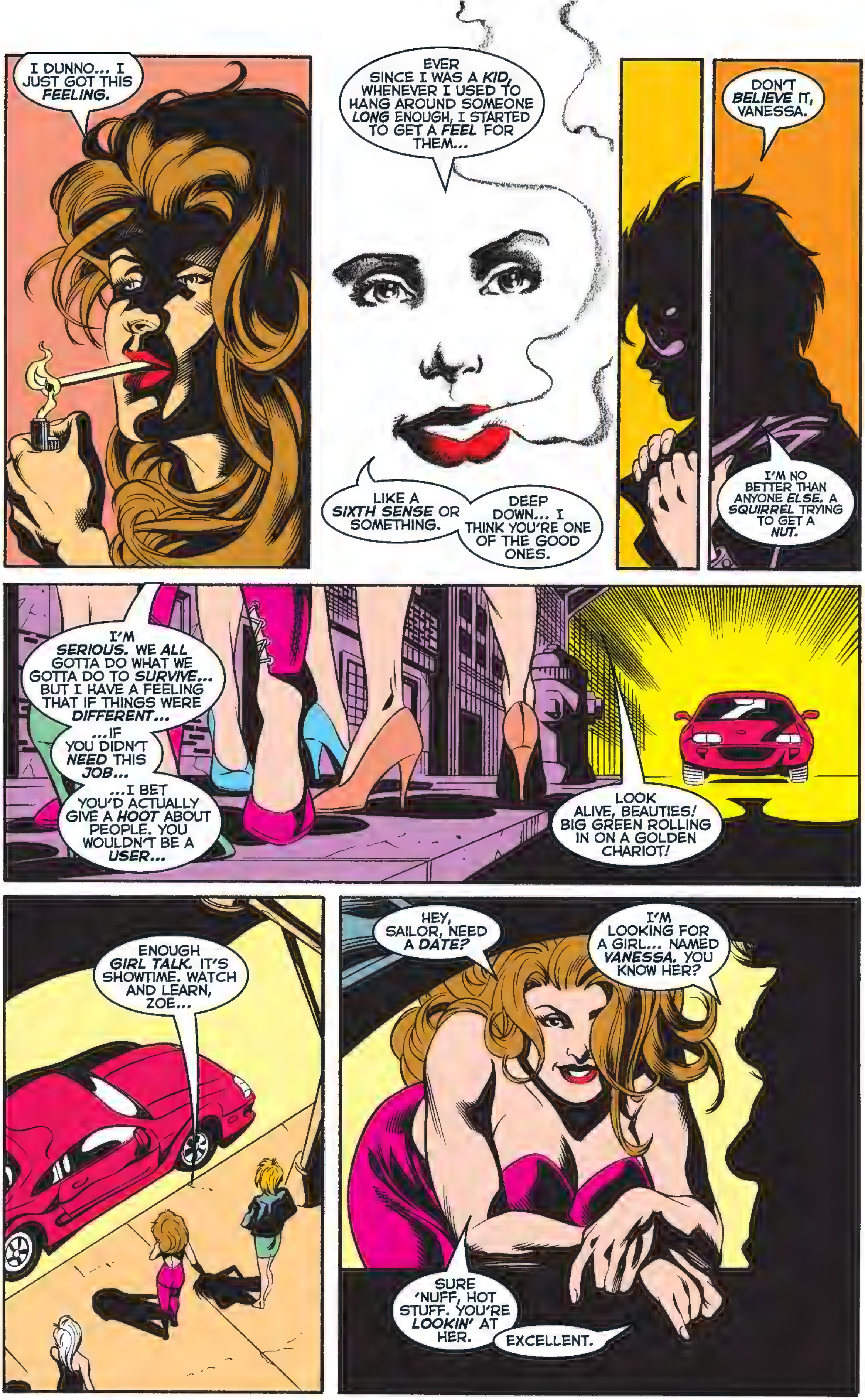

HOW'D THE STREET TREAT YOU?
FINE, I GUESS... FULL OF... *SURPRISES...*
YOU?
OH, WE HAD A REAL NIGHT AT THE *COPA*, CAN'T YOU TELL?
NOT... IT WAS OKAY... NOTHING TO WRITE A TRASHY NOVEL ABOUT, THOUGH...
YOU WENT THROUGH A LOT OF *TROUBLE* FOR SUCH A *LAME* REPORT.
WADE, HE... HE JUST WASN'T *HIMSELF* TONIGHT.
IT WASN'T...
...IT WASN'T AN ANGRY GOD THING, WAS IT?
NO... IT'S *NEVER* LIKE THAT WITH WADE. HE TREATS ME...
...RIGHT. ALWAYS.
I THINK MAYBE HE WAS JUST *STRESSED.*
WORK-RELATED *HAZARD.*

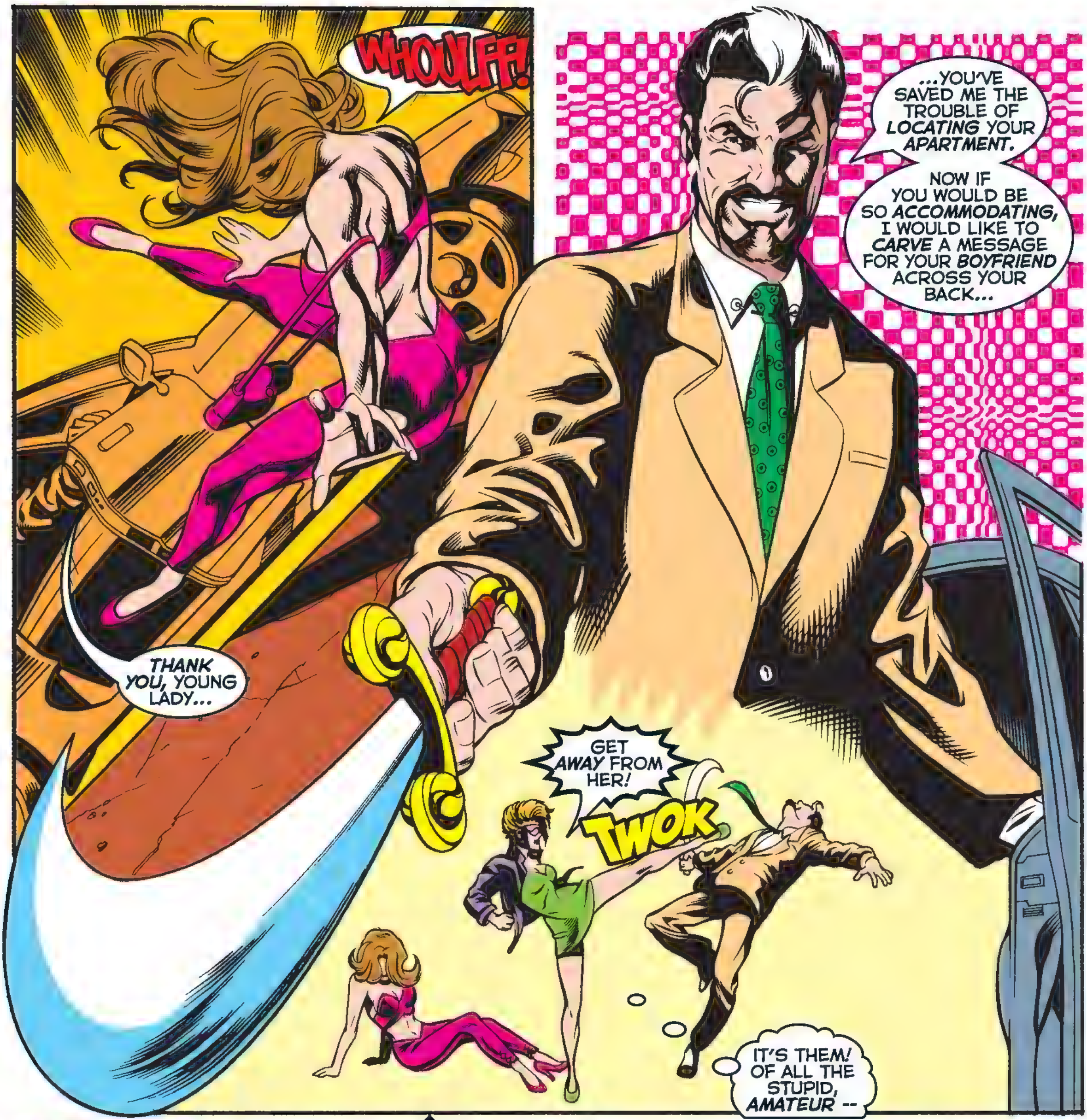

FEE
WHAT DOES HE DO... YOUR BOYFRIEND?
IT'S BETTER IF YOU DON'T GO THERE, SISTER. SUFFICE IT TO SAY...
HE'S A PROFESSIONAL SURVIVOR.
SOUNDS EXCITING.
YEAH. WHEN I'M STUCK WITH CLIENTS, I CAN THINK ABOUT HIM... DOING HIS WORK.
IT GETS ME OUT OF MY BODY.
I DIDN'T THINK PEOPLE ACTUALLY HID MONEY IN COFFEE CANS. ADORABLE. YOU GOT SHELF PAPER, TOO?
THE HOUSE FUND. WADE SAYS BANKS AREN'T SAFE... HE SHOULD KNOW.
WE'RE NOT STAYING IN THE CITY MUCH LONGER. IT'S PICKET FENCEVILLE AS SOON AS WE CAN MAKE ENOUGH.
GO BACK TO SCHOOL... JOIN THE PTA. ALL THAT CRAP.
SOUNDS NICE. ALTHOUGH, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, IT ALSO SOUNDS LIKE A CROCK.
IN MY EXPERIENCE, PROFESSIONAL SURVIVORS DO BEST ON THEIR OWN.
BESIDES, NOW THAT YOU'VE SHOWN ME YOUR STASH, WHAT'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM ROBBING YOU?
THAT'S EASY... WADE WOULD GUT YOU LIKE A FISH, AND I'D CLEAN UP THE MONEY IN THE SINK WHILE YOUR BODY DISAPPEARED.
SWEET DREAMS.
AND P.S., IT'S NOT A CROCK, IT'S TRUTH.
HE'S THE ONLY PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN WHO DIDN'T USE ME. WE'RE A TEAM.
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK ANYMORE, MONTY..."

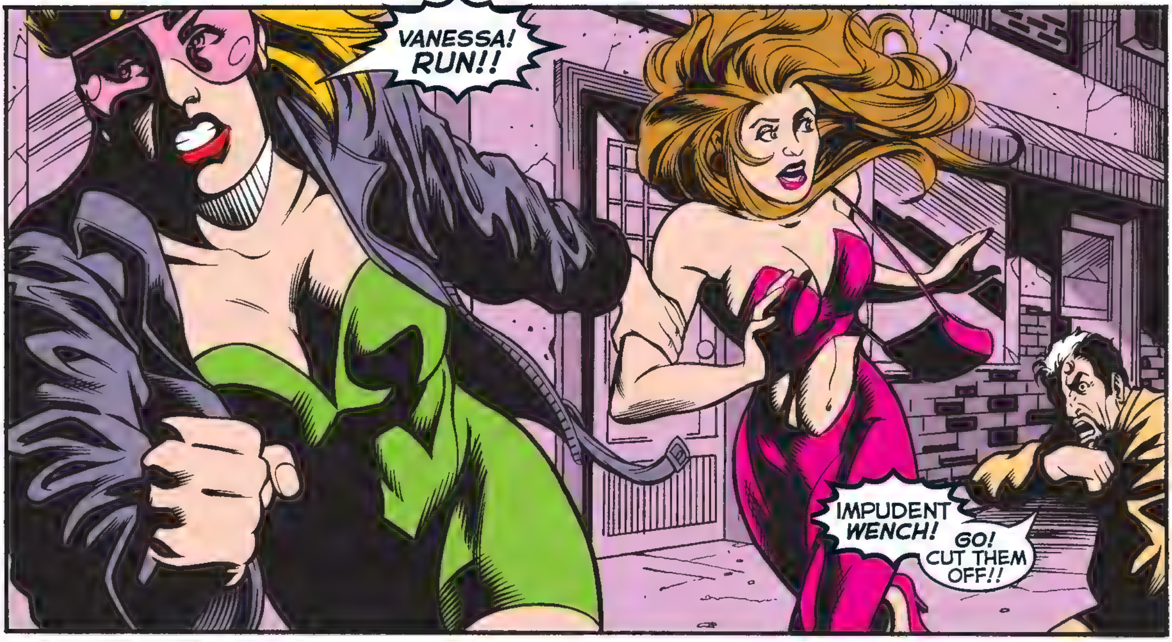

...A WEEK AGO, I NEVER WOULD HAVE PUT WILSON AT THAT SCENE IN AFRICA, BUT MEETING HIM...
...HE'S NOT THE SAME MAN I'VE BEEN STUDYING. I CAN FEEL IT. SOMETHING'S CHANGED.
THEN THERE'S VANESSA. SHE BELIEVES THAT THEY'RE IN LOVE, IT'S LIKE A BILLBOARD IN HER EYES...
BUT CAN SOMEONE CAPABLE OF SUCH OUTRIGHT CRUELTY...
...REALLY GIVE A SHAKE ABOUT ONE MIXED-UP HOOKER?
I HEAR TELL THAT PEOPLE IN LOVE DON'T ALWAYS FOLLOW THE RULES, MS. CULLODEN...
VANESSA MAY PROVIDE GROUNDING FOR HIM. CALM FOR A TROUBLED SOUL.
IF SOMETHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO THE GIRL, THE EFFECTS COULD BE DEVASTATING... THE FLUX POINT.
I WILL DIVINE WHAT I CAN... DETAILS... FUTURES... PASTS...
SHE SAID HE WASN'T HIMSELF... MAYBE HE'S GOING TO DUMP HER --
HE'S TROUBLED BY HIS ACTIONS... SINS OF HIS PAST COMING BACK -- NO, WAIT...
WILSON HAS DONE SOMETHING... GOOD.
IN THE HEAT... THE DAMP... AFRICA... SHOTS FIRED... MANY PAINS... DEATH...
BUT ONE BULLET... NEVER LEFT THE CHAMBER... NEVER HIT ITS TARGET...
WHAT?
THE GOLDEN SHOT... WAS NEVER FIRED. HIS MARK... LIVES.
WILSON DID NOT FULFILL THE CONTRACT. HIS EMPLOYERS WILL SEEK RETRIBUTION. THEY WILL HIT THE GIRL TO GET TO HIM.
THIS IS FACT. I HAVE SEEN IT... BUT THERE IS MORE...

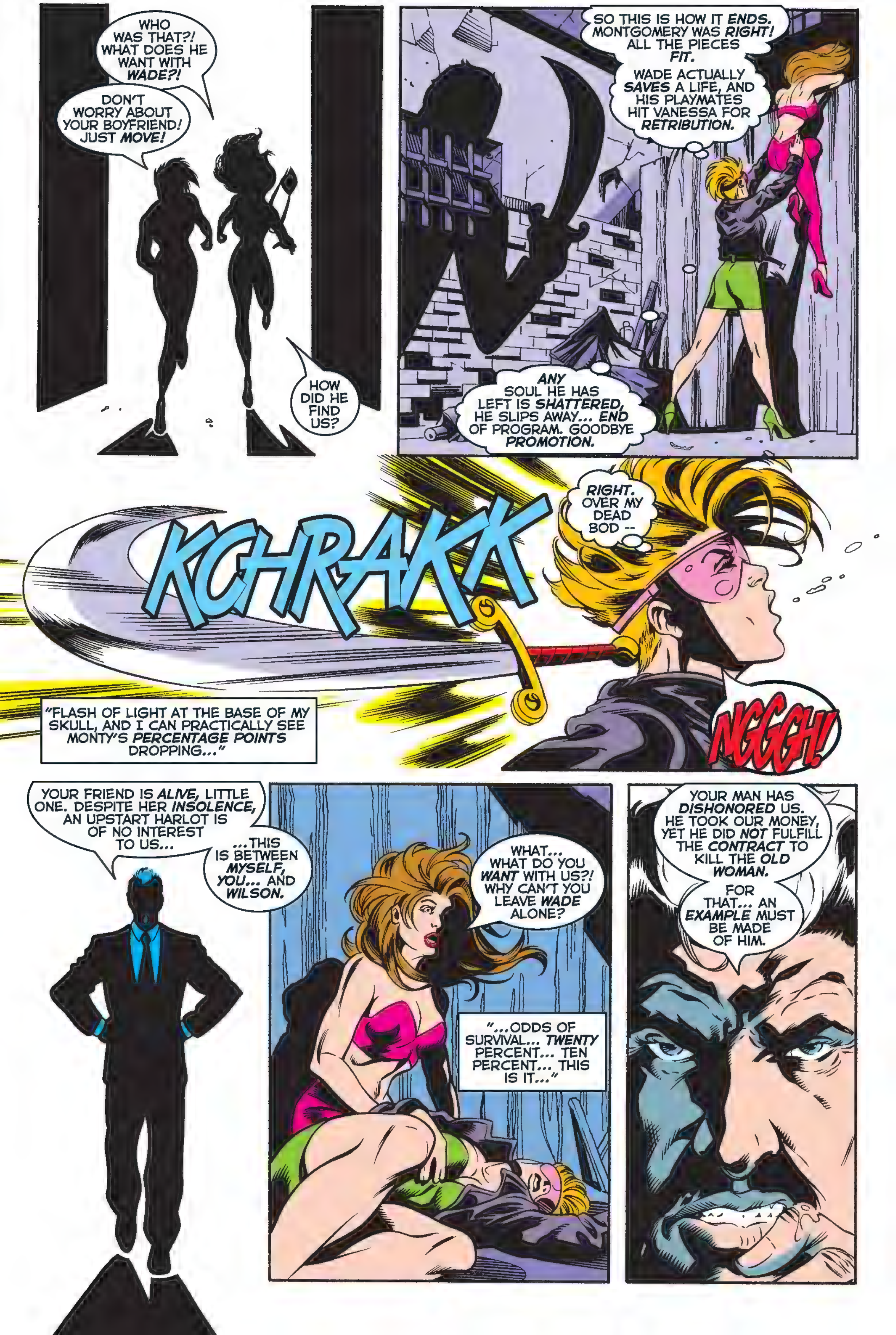

I... I LOOKED INTO YOUR FUTURE, ZOE... AND THERE'S A PROBLEM...
IF YOU DROP THIS CASE RIGHT NOW, FORGET ABOUT THESE... THESE BROKEN PEOPLE...
...YOU'LL STILL GET THE EXPEDITER PROMOTION IN LESS THAN THREE YEARS... GIVE OR TAKE.
MONTY... YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TELL US OUR OWN FUTURES...
IT'S AGAINST THE RULES --
BUT ZOE... IF YOU CONTINUE TO PURSUE THIS COURSE...
...THERE'S A SIGNIFICANT POSSIBILITY THAT YOU WON'T SURVIVE.
80
70
60
50
80
70
60
THE PROBABILITY THAT WILSON'S GOING TO SUCCESSFULLY TRAVERSE THE FLUX POINT HAS DROPPED TO THIRTY PERCENT...
AND SO HAS YOURS. THERE IS A SEVENTY PERCENT CHANCE THAT... THAT YOU DON'T COME BACK.
I... PLEASE... ZOE... LET THIS ONE GO.
MONTY... I...
...I CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER YEAR FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY, LET ALONE THREE.
THANKS... BUT TRUST ME, I'LL MAKE THE NUMBERS WORK IN MY FAVOR.
NOT IF THE NUMBERS ARE ALL YOU CARE ABOUT... GOOD LUCK... MS. CULLODEN.

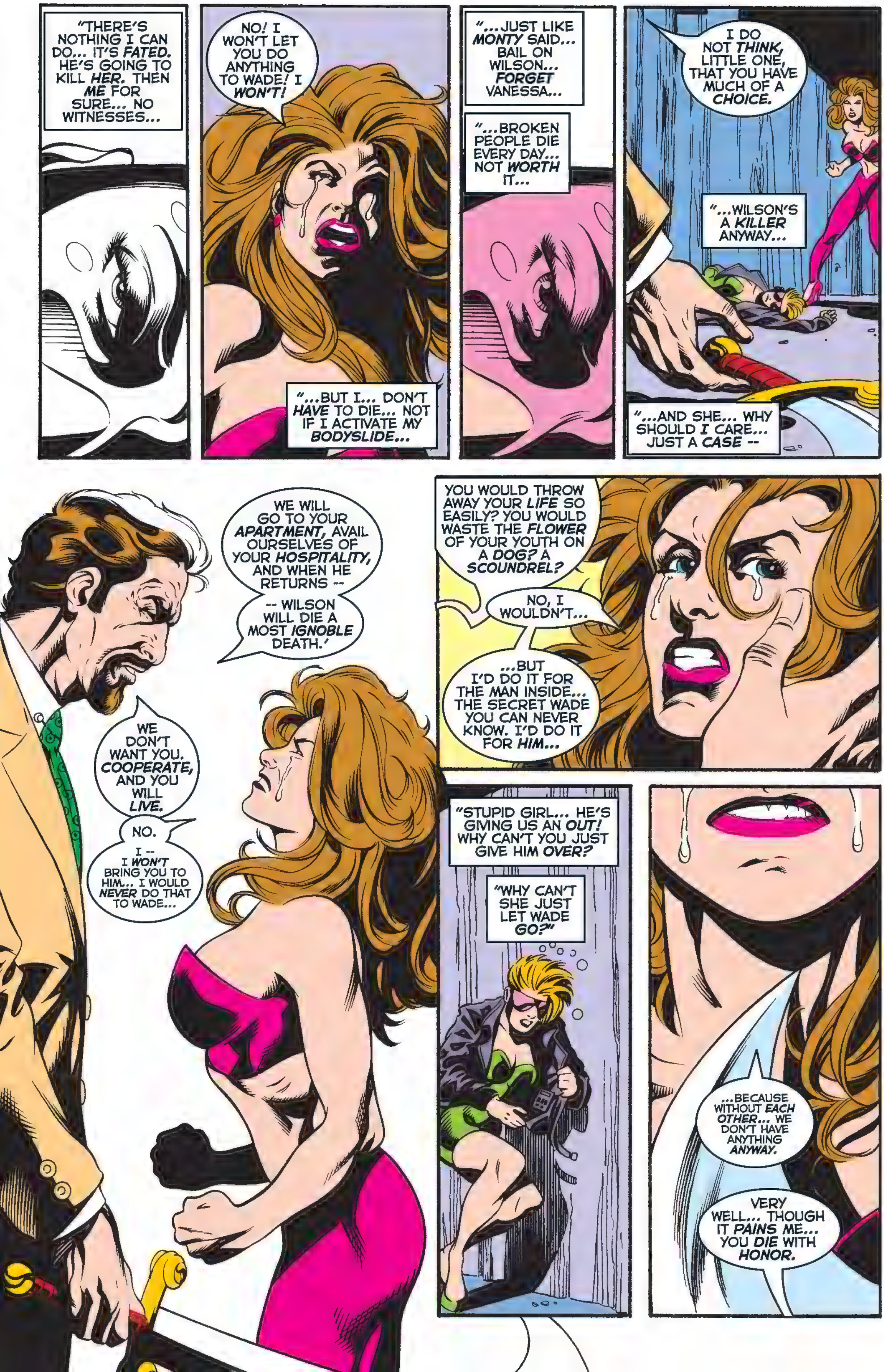

BOSTON.
FRESH MEAT
2.99lb
SED
THE UNDERWORLD GRAPEVINE VERIFIES WHAT MONTY SAID --
-- WILSON'S EMPLOYERS ARE LESS THAN HAPPY. HE DIDN'T DELIVER THE GOODS. THEY'RE GOING TO WANT PAYBACK.
BUT WHEN?
HEY, ZOE! GIRLFRIEND, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
NOWHERE SPECIAL. JUST... CHECKING UP ON A FRIEND. ANY BITES?
ONLY FOR AN EXTRA TWENTY BUCKS...
BEER & WINE
3 KL4
LET'S SEE IF YOU BROUGHT ANY LUCK WITH YOU...
HEY, SWEETIE, YOU LOOKING FOR A DATE? SHOW ME AND MY FRIEND HERE A GOOD TIME?
WINDOW SHOPPERS... WUSSES! YOU COULDN'T AFFORD ME, ANYWAY!
PTUI
COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE ALLOWED TO STAY OUT PAST TEN, BOYS!
HA! THERE'S THAT TALK AGAIN...
...Y'KNOW, ZOE... I DON'T SAY THIS OFTEN. ACTUALLY, I DON'T SAY IT AT ALL...
...BUT I THINK I LIKE YOU.
WHY?

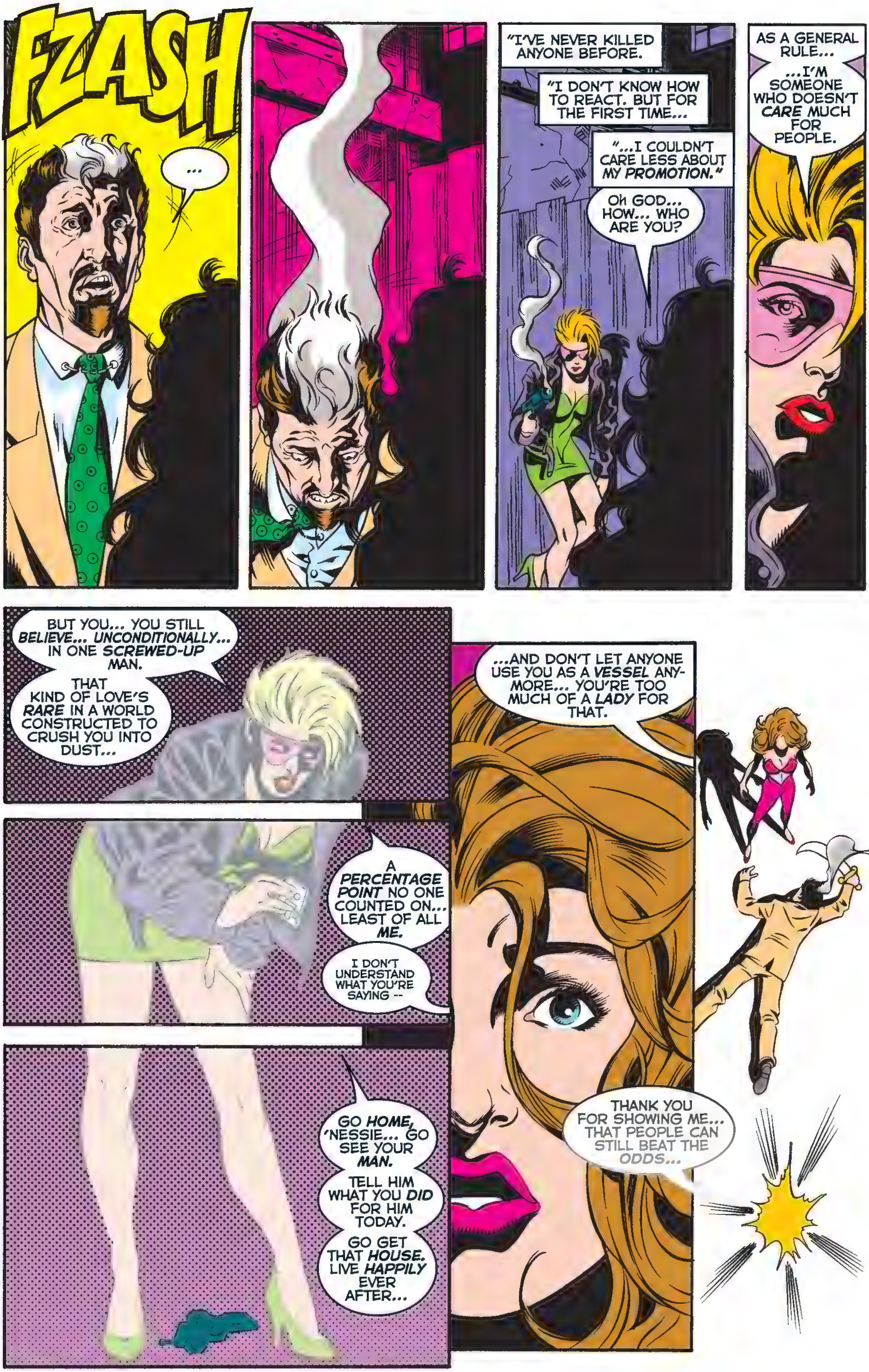

I DUNNO... I JUST GOT THIS *FEELING.*
EVER SINCE I WAS A *KID,* WHENEVER I USED TO HANG AROUND SOMEONE *LONG* ENOUGH, I STARTED TO GET A *FEEL* FOR THEM...
LIKE A *SIXTH SENSE* OR SOMETHING.
DEEP DOWN... I THINK YOU'RE ONE OF THE GOOD ONES.
DON'T *BELIEVE* IT, VANESSA.
I'M NO BETTER THAN ANYONE *ELSE.* A *SQUIRREL* TRYING TO GET A *NUT.*
I'M *SERIOUS.* WE *ALL* GOTTA DO WHAT WE GOTTA DO TO *SURVIVE...* BUT I HAVE A FEELING THAT IF THINGS WERE *DIFFERENT...*
...IF YOU DIDN'T *NEED* THIS *JOB...*
...I BET YOU'D ACTUALLY GIVE A *HOOT* ABOUT PEOPLE. YOU WOULDN'T BE A *USER...*
LOOK ALIVE, BEAUTIES! BIG GREEN ROLLING IN ON A GOLDEN CHARIOT!
ENOUGH *GIRL TALK.* IT'S SHOWTIME. WATCH AND LEARN, ZOE...
HEY, SAILOR, NEED A *DATE?*
I'M LOOKING FOR A GIRL... NAMED *VANESSA.* YOU KNOW HER?
SURE 'NUFF, HOT STUFF. YOU'RE *LOOKIN'* AT HER.
EXCELLENT.

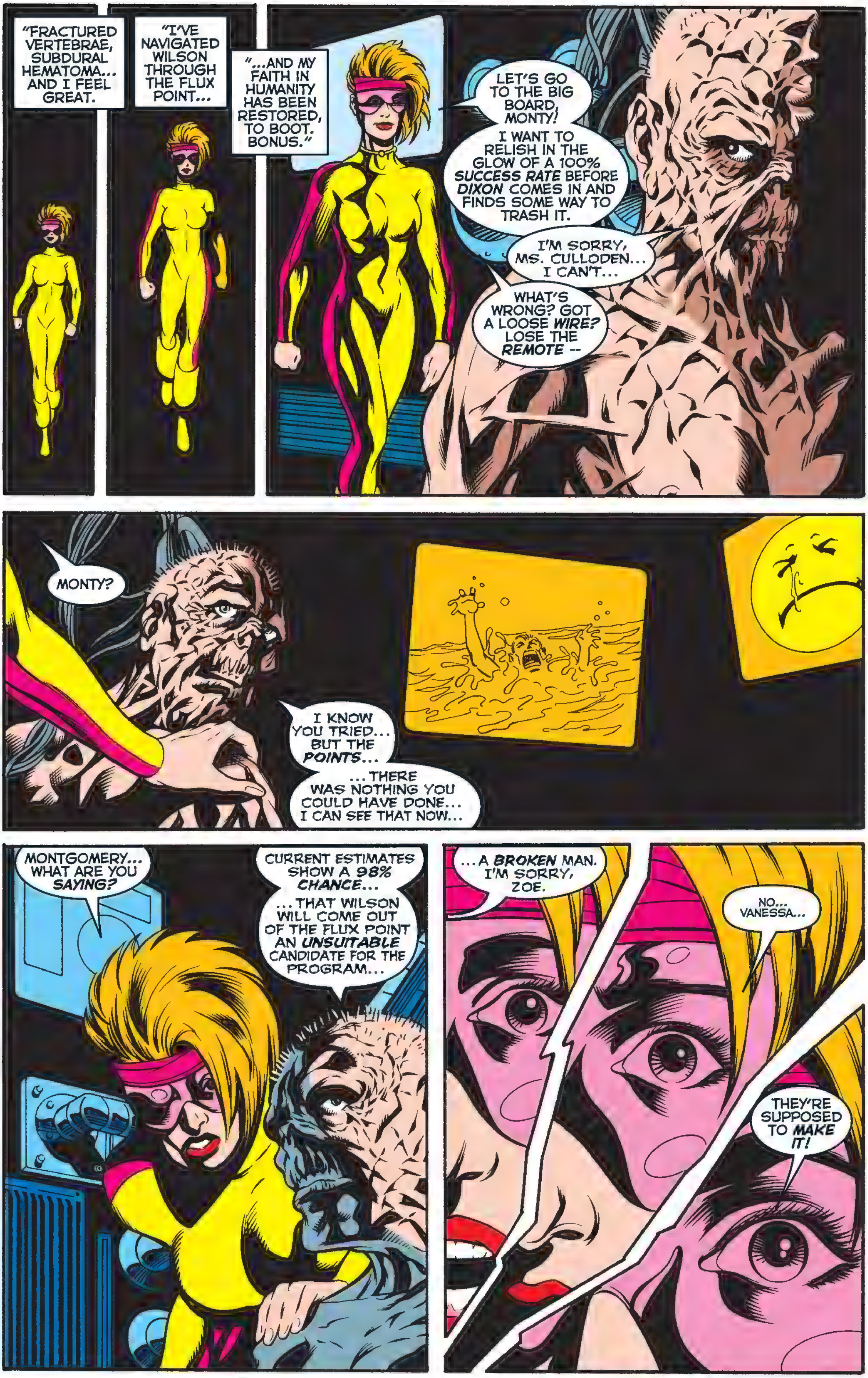

WHOULFF!
...YOU'VE SAVED ME THE TROUBLE OF LOCATING YOUR APARTMENT.
NOW IF YOU WOULD BE SO ACCOMMODATING, I WOULD LIKE TO CARVE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND ACROSS YOUR BACK...
THANK YOU, YOUNG LADY...
GET AWAY FROM HER!
TWOK
IT'S THEM! OF ALL THE STUPID, AMATEUR --

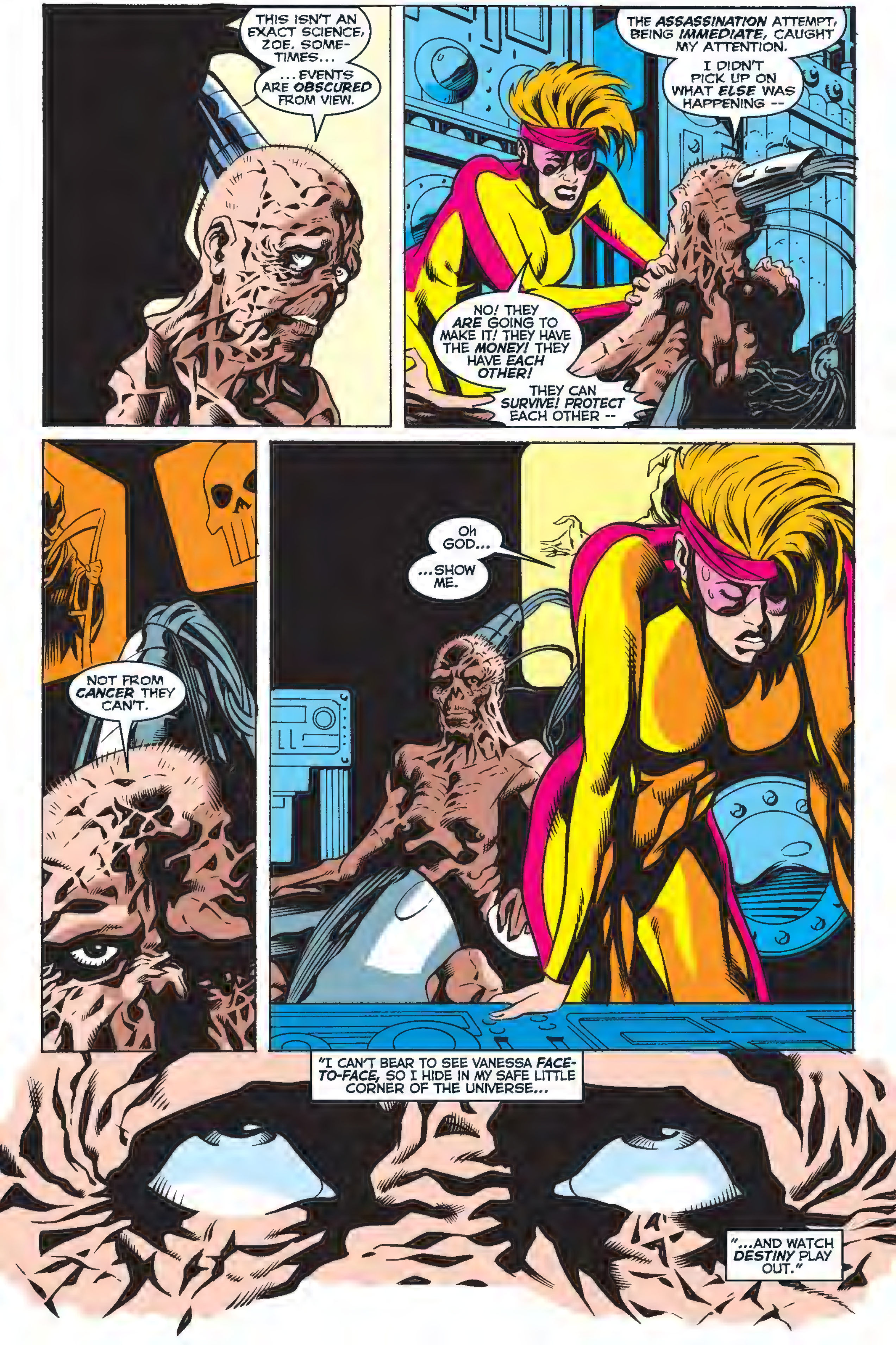

VANESSA! RUN!!
IMPUDENT WENCH!
GO! CUT THEM OFF!!

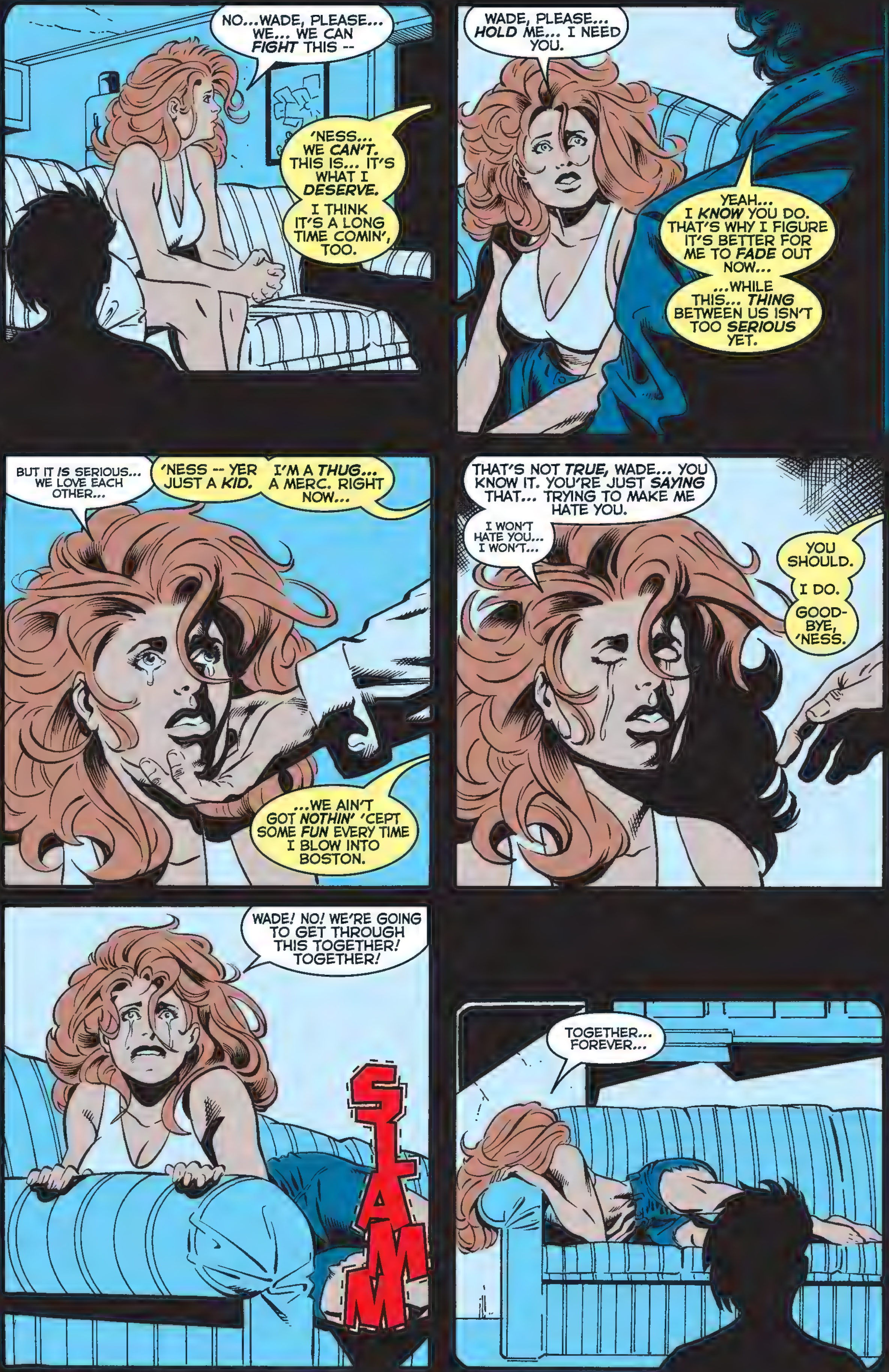

WHO WAS THAT?! WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH WADE?!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR BOYFRIEND! JUST MOVE!
HOW DID HE FIND US?
SO THIS IS HOW IT ENDS. MONTGOMERY WAS RIGHT! ALL THE PIECES FIT.
WADE ACTUALLY SAVES A LIFE, AND HIS PLAYMATES HIT VANESSA FOR RETRIBUTION.
ANY SOUL HE HAS LEFT IS SHATTERED, HE SLIPS AWAY... END OF PROGRAM. GOODBYE PROMOTION.
KCHRAKK
RIGHT. OVER MY DEAD BOD --
"FLASH OF LIGHT AT THE BASE OF MY SKULL, AND I CAN PRACTICALLY SEE MONTY'S PERCENTAGE POINTS DROPPING..."
NGGGH!
YOUR FRIEND IS ALIVE, LITTLE ONE. DESPITE HER INSOLENCE, AN UPSTART HARLOT IS OF NO INTEREST TO US...
...THIS IS BETWEEN MYSELF, YOU... AND WILSON.
WHAT... WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US?! WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE WADE ALONE?
"...ODDS OF SURVIVAL... TWENTY PERCENT... TEN PERCENT... THIS IS IT..."
YOUR MAN HAS DISHONORED US. HE TOOK OUR MONEY, YET HE DID NOT FULFILL THE CONTRACT TO KILL THE OLD WOMAN.
FOR THAT... AN EXAMPLE MUST BE MADE OF HIM.

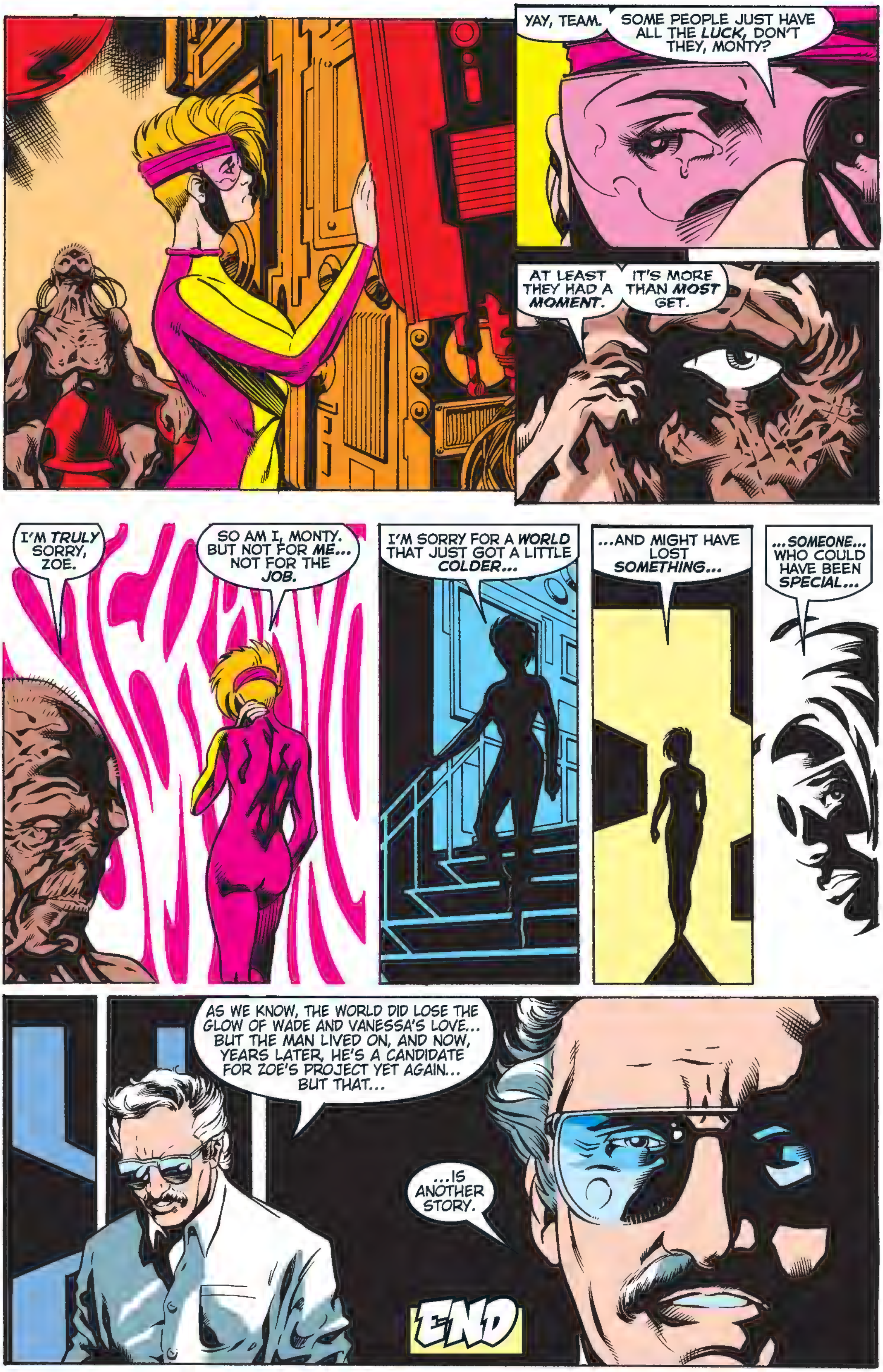

"THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO... IT'S *FATED.* HE'S GOING TO KILL *HER.* THEN *ME* FOR SURE... NO WITNESSES...
NO! I WON'T LET YOU DO ANYTHING TO WADE! I *WON'T!*
"...BUT I... DON'T *HAVE* TO DIE... NOT IF I ACTIVATE *MY BODYSLIDE...*
"...JUST LIKE *MONTY* SAID... BAIL ON WILSON... *FORGET* VANESSA...
"...BROKEN PEOPLE DIE EVERY DAY... NOT *WORTH* IT...
I DO NOT *THINK,* LITTLE ONE, THAT YOU HAVE MUCH OF A *CHOICE.*
"...WILSON'S A *KILLER* ANYWAY...
"...AND SHE... WHY SHOULD *I* CARE... JUST A *CASE* --
WE WILL GO TO YOUR *APARTMENT,* AVAIL OURSELVES OF YOUR *HOSPITALITY,* AND WHEN HE RETURNS --
-- WILSON WILL DIE A MOST *IGNOBLE* DEATH.'
WE DON'T WANT YOU. *COOPERATE,* AND YOU WILL *LIVE.*
NO.
I -- I *WON'T* BRING YOU TO HIM... I WOULD *NEVER* DO THAT TO WADE...
YOU WOULD THROW AWAY YOUR *LIFE* SO EASILY? YOU WOULD WASTE THE *FLOWER* OF YOUR YOUTH ON A *DOG?* A *SCOUNDREL?*
NO, I WOULDN'T...
...BUT I'D DO IT FOR THE MAN INSIDE... THE SECRET WADE YOU CAN NEVER KNOW. I'D DO IT FOR *HIM...*
"STUPID GIRL... HE'S GIVING US AN *OUT!* WHY CAN'T YOU JUST GIVE HIM *OVER?*
"WHY CAN'T SHE JUST LET WADE *GO?"*
...BECAUSE WITHOUT *EACH OTHER...* WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING *ANYWAY.*
VERY WELL... THOUGH IT *PAINS* ME... YOU *DIE* WITH *HONOR.*


FZASH
...
"I'VE NEVER KILLED ANYONE BEFORE.
"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO REACT. BUT FOR THE FIRST TIME...
"...I COULDN'T CARE LESS ABOUT MY *PROMOTION.*"
Oh GOD... HOW... WHO ARE YOU?
AS A GENERAL RULE...
...I'M SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T *CARE* MUCH FOR PEOPLE.
BUT YOU... YOU STILL *BELIEVE... UNCONDITIONALLY...* IN ONE *SCREWED-UP* MAN.
THAT KIND OF LOVE'S *RARE* IN A WORLD CONSTRUCTED TO CRUSH YOU INTO DUST...
A *PERCENTAGE POINT* NO ONE COUNTED ON... LEAST OF ALL *ME.*
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING --
GO *HOME,* 'NESSIE... GO SEE YOUR *MAN.*
TELL HIM WHAT YOU *DID* FOR HIM TODAY.
GO GET THAT *HOUSE.* LIVE *HAPPILY* EVER AFTER...
...AND DON'T LET ANYONE USE YOU AS A *VESSEL* ANYMORE... YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A *LADY* FOR THAT.
THANK YOU FOR SHOWING ME... THAT PEOPLE CAN STILL BEAT THE *ODDS...*


"FRACTURED VERTEBRAE, SUBDURAL HEMATOMA... AND I FEEL GREAT.
"I'VE NAVIGATED WILSON THROUGH THE FLUX POINT...
"...AND MY FAITH IN HUMANITY HAS BEEN RESTORED, TO BOOT. BONUS."
LET'S GO TO THE BIG BOARD, MONTY!
I WANT TO RELISH IN THE GLOW OF A 100% **SUCCESS RATE** BEFORE **DIXON** COMES IN AND FINDS SOME WAY TO TRASH IT.
I'M SORRY, MS. CULLODEN... I CAN'T...
WHAT'S WRONG? GOT A LOOSE ***WIRE?*** LOSE THE ***REMOTE*** --
MONTY?
I KNOW YOU TRIED... BUT THE ***POINTS***...
...THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD HAVE DONE... I CAN SEE THAT NOW...
MONTGOMERY... WHAT ARE YOU ***SAYING?***
CURRENT ESTIMATES SHOW A ***98% CHANCE***...
...THAT WILSON WILL COME OUT OF THE FLUX POINT AN ***UNSUITABLE*** CANDIDATE FOR THE PROGRAM...
...A ***BROKEN*** MAN. I'M SORRY, ZOE.
NO... VANESSA...
THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO ***MAKE IT!***


THIS ISN'T AN EXACT SCIENCE, ZOE. SOMETIMES...
...EVENTS ARE *OBSCURED* FROM VIEW.
THE *ASSASSINATION* ATTEMPT, BEING *IMMEDIATE,* CAUGHT MY ATTENTION.
I DIDN'T PICK UP ON WHAT *ELSE* WAS HAPPENING --
NO! THEY *ARE* GOING TO MAKE IT! THEY HAVE THE *MONEY!* THEY HAVE *EACH OTHER!*
THEY CAN *SURVIVE! PROTECT* EACH OTHER --
NOT FROM *CANCER* THEY CAN'T.
Oh GOD...
...SHOW ME.
"I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE VANESSA *FACE-TO-FACE,* SO I HIDE IN MY SAFE LITTLE CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE...
"...AND WATCH *DESTINY* PLAY OUT."


NO...WADE, PLEASE... WE... WE CAN *FIGHT* THIS --
'NESS... WE *CAN'T.* THIS IS... IT'S WHAT I *DESERVE.*
I THINK IT'S A LONG TIME COMIN', TOO.
WADE, PLEASE... *HOLD* ME... I NEED YOU.
YEAH... I *KNOW* YOU DO. THAT'S WHY I FIGURE IT'S BETTER FOR ME TO *FADE* OUT NOW...
...WHILE THIS... *THING* BETWEEN US ISN'T TOO *SERIOUS* YET.
BUT IT *IS* SERIOUS... WE LOVE EACH OTHER...
'NESS -- YER JUST A *KID.*
I'M A *THUG...* A MERC. RIGHT NOW...
...WE AIN'T GOT *NOTHIN'* 'CEPT SOME *FUN* EVERY TIME I BLOW INTO BOSTON.
THAT'S NOT *TRUE,* WADE... YOU KNOW IT. YOU'RE JUST *SAYING* THAT... TRYING TO MAKE ME HATE YOU.
I WON'T HATE YOU... I WON'T...
YOU SHOULD.
I DO.
GOOD-BYE, 'NESS.
WADE! NO! WE'RE GOING TO GET THROUGH THIS TOGETHER! TOGETHER!
SLAM
TOGETHER... FOREVER...


YAY, TEAM.
SOME PEOPLE JUST HAVE ALL THE *LUCK*, DON'T THEY, MONTY?
AT LEAST THEY HAD A ***MOMENT***.
IT'S MORE THAN ***MOST*** GET.
I'M ***TRULY*** SORRY, ZOE.
SO AM I, MONTY. BUT NOT FOR ***ME...*** NOT FOR THE ***JOB.***
I'M SORRY FOR A ***WORLD*** THAT JUST GOT A LITTLE ***COLDER...***
...AND MIGHT HAVE LOST ***SOMETHING...***
...SOMEONE... WHO COULD HAVE BEEN ***SPECIAL...***
AS WE KNOW, THE WORLD DID LOSE THE GLOW OF WADE AND VANESSA'S LOVE... BUT THE MAN LIVED ON, AND NOW, YEARS LATER, HE'S A CANDIDATE FOR ZOE'S PROJECT YET AGAIN... BUT THAT...
...IS ANOTHER STORY.
END

MARVEL COMICS
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DEADPOOL
JUN '97
6
DEAD-POOL
BECAUSE NO ONE DEMANDED IT...
...THE RETURN OF... THE VAMP!

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70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
ASTONISHING
MYSTERY
MEN
70 YEARS MARVEL COMICS

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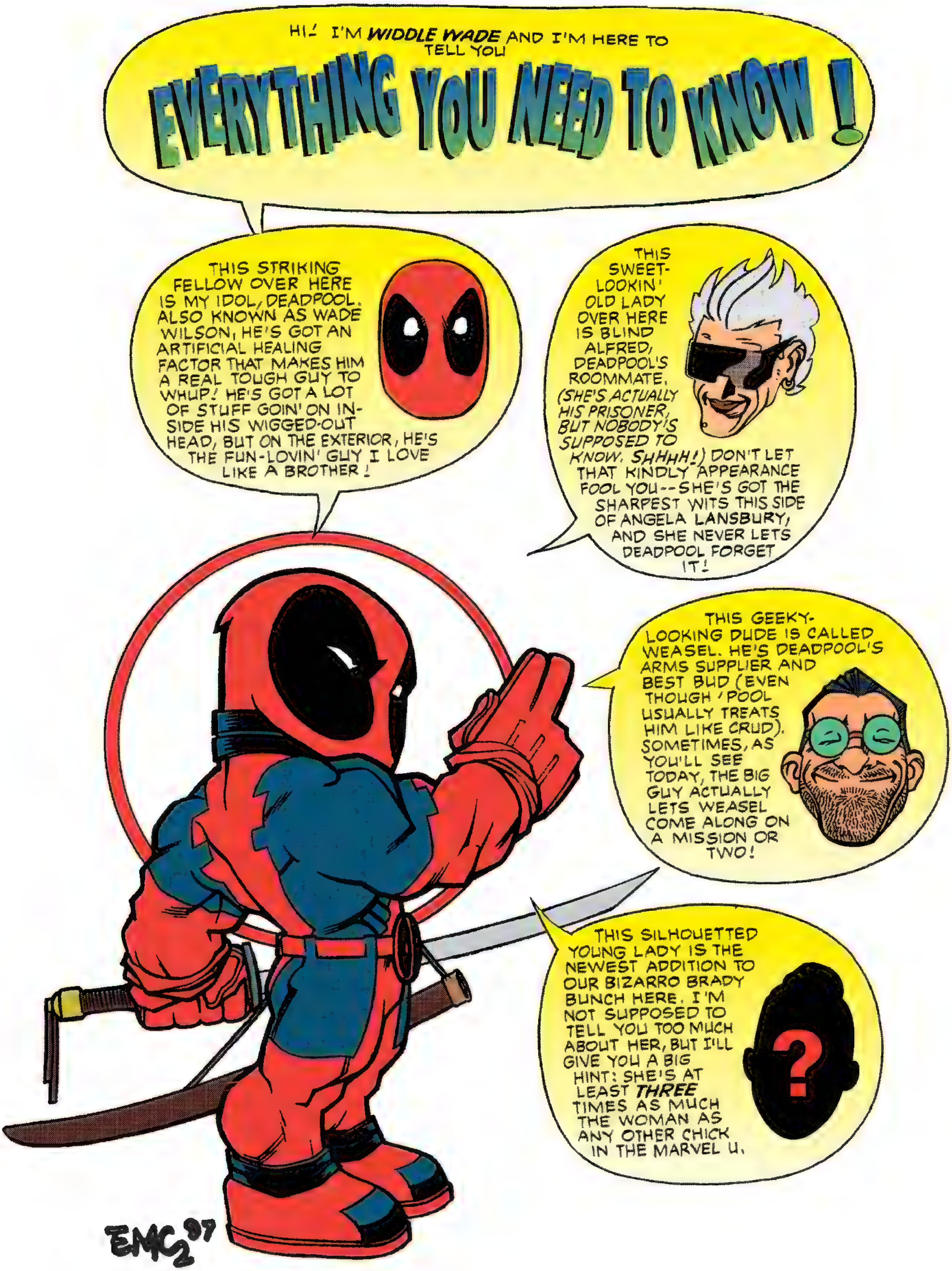
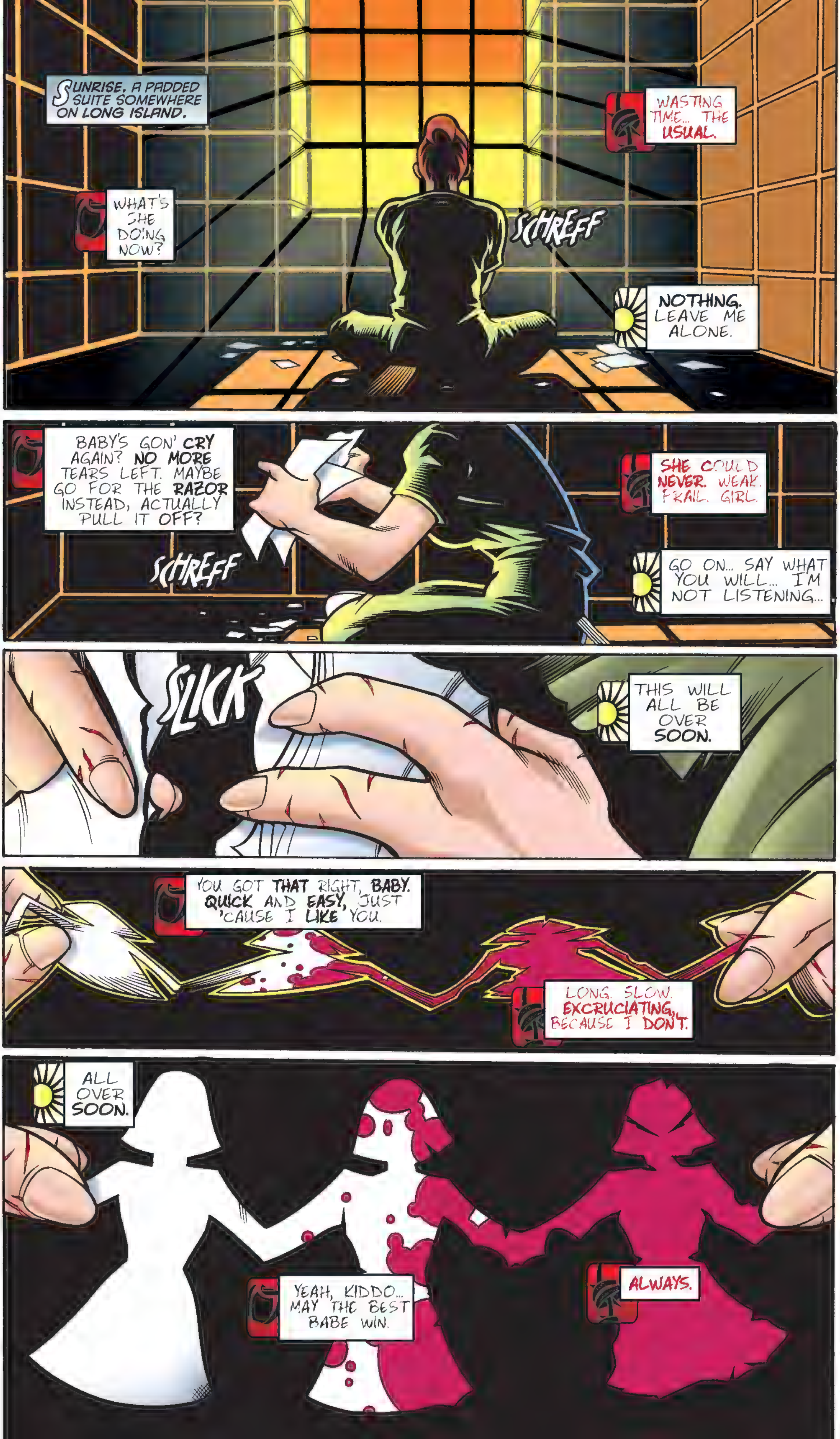
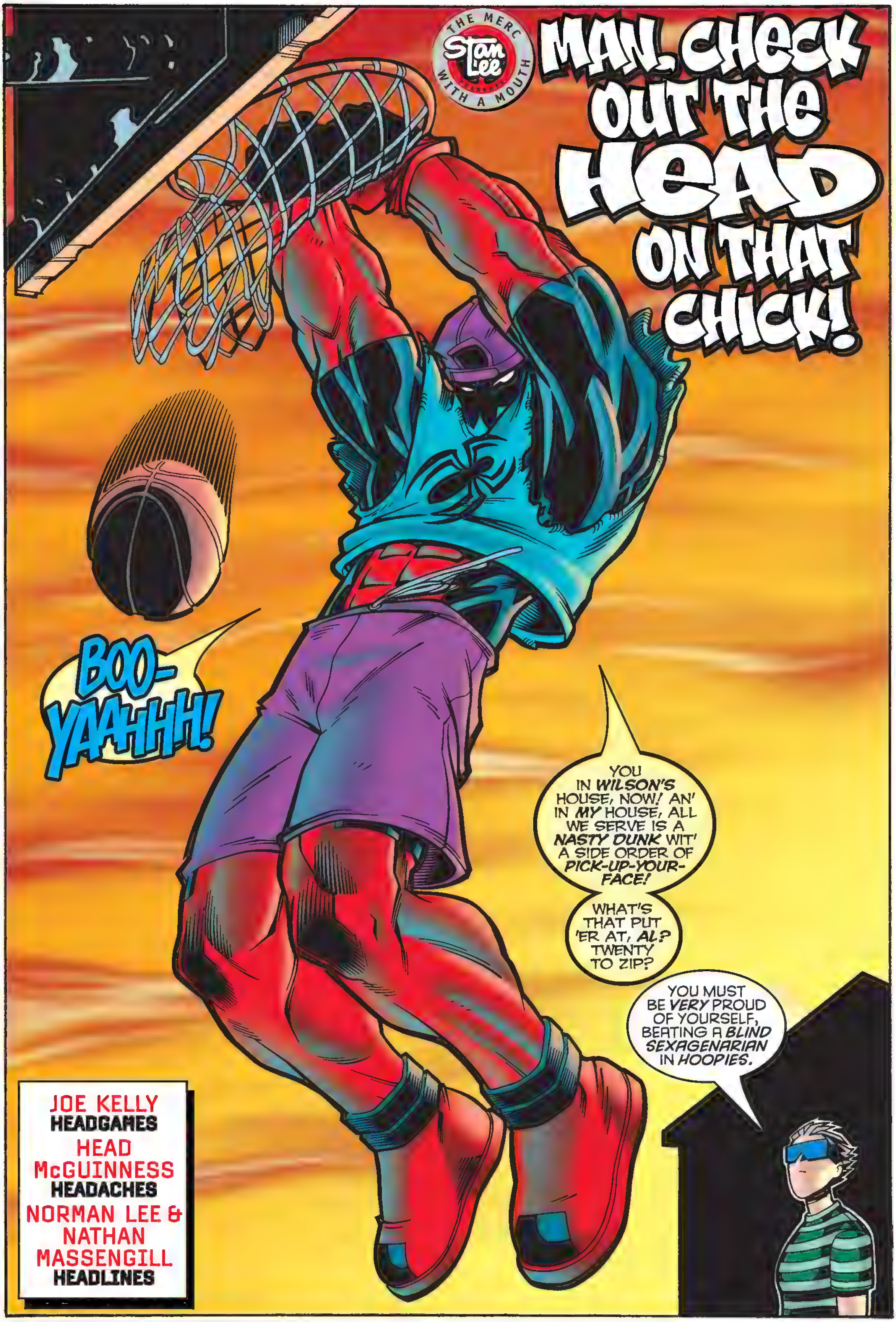
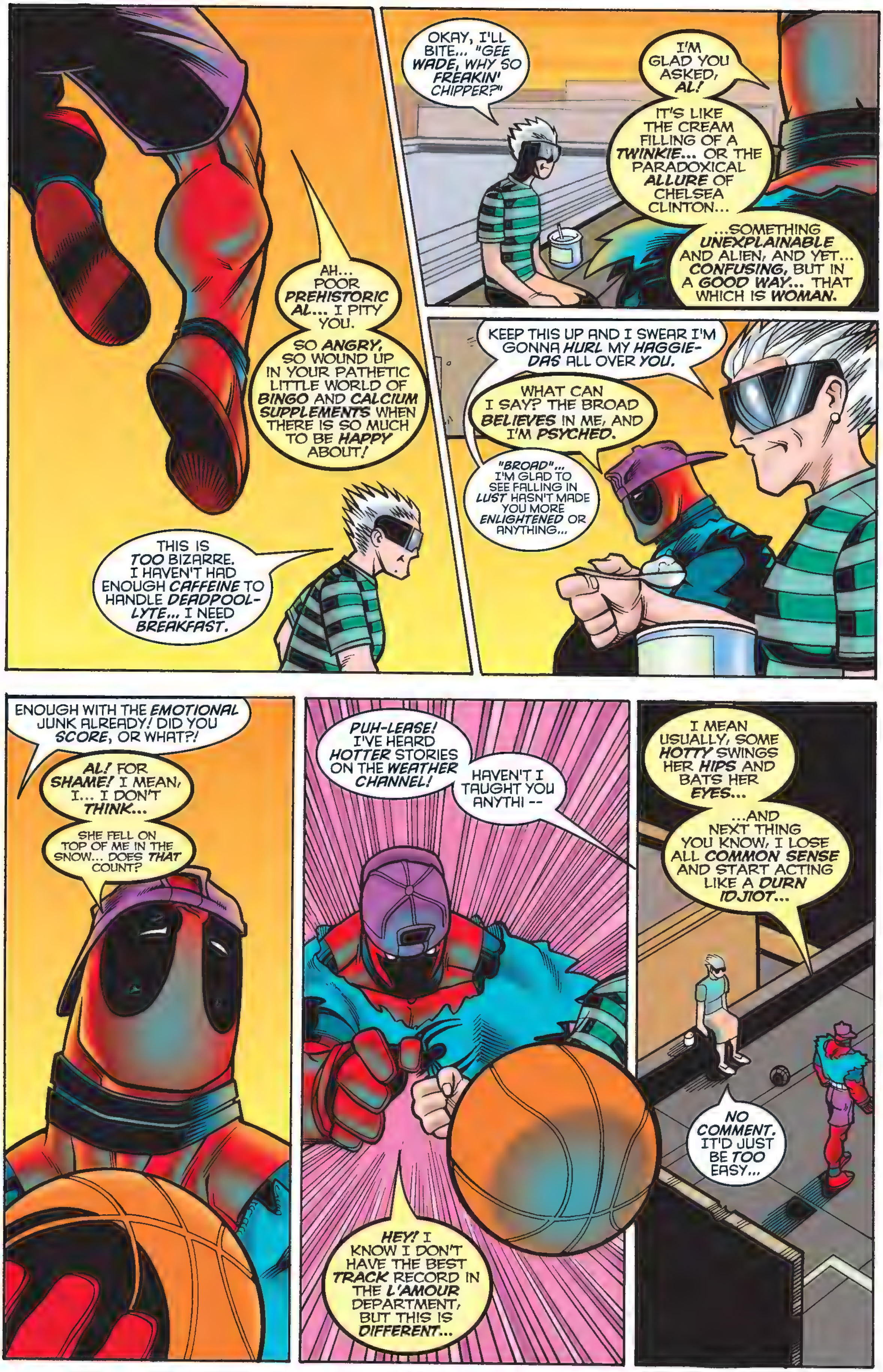

HI! I'M WIDDLE WADE AND I'M HERE TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW!
THIS STRIKING FELLOW OVER HERE IS MY IDOL, DEADPOOL. ALSO KNOWN AS WADE WILSON, HE'S GOT AN ARTIFICIAL HEALING FACTOR THAT MAKES HIM A REAL TOUGH GUY TO WHUP! HE'S GOT A LOT OF STUFF GOIN' ON INSIDE HIS WIGGED-OUT HEAD, BUT ON THE EXTERIOR, HE'S THE FUN-LOVIN' GUY I LOVE LIKE A BROTHER!
THIS SWEET-LOOKIN' OLD LADY OVER HERE IS BLIND ALFRED, DEADPOOL'S ROOMMATE. (SHE'S ACTUALLY HIS PRISONER, BUT NOBODY'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW. SHHHH!) DON'T LET THAT KINDLY APPEARANCE FOOL YOU--SHE'S GOT THE SHARPEST WITS THIS SIDE OF ANGELA LANSBURY, AND SHE NEVER LETS DEADPOOL FORGET IT!
THIS GEEKY-LOOKING DUDE IS CALLED WEASEL. HE'S DEADPOOL'S ARMS SUPPLIER AND BEST BUD (EVEN THOUGH 'POOL USUALLY TREATS HIM LIKE CRUD). SOMETIMES, AS YOU'LL SEE TODAY, THE BIG GUY ACTUALLY LETS WEASEL COME ALONG ON A MISSION OR TWO!
THIS SILHOUETTED YOUNG LADY IS THE NEWEST ADDITION TO OUR BIZARRO BRADY BUNCH HERE. I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO TELL YOU TOO MUCH ABOUT HER, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU A BIG HINT: SHE'S AT LEAST THREE TIMES AS MUCH THE WOMAN AS ANY OTHER CHICK IN THE MARVEL U.
?
EMC2 97

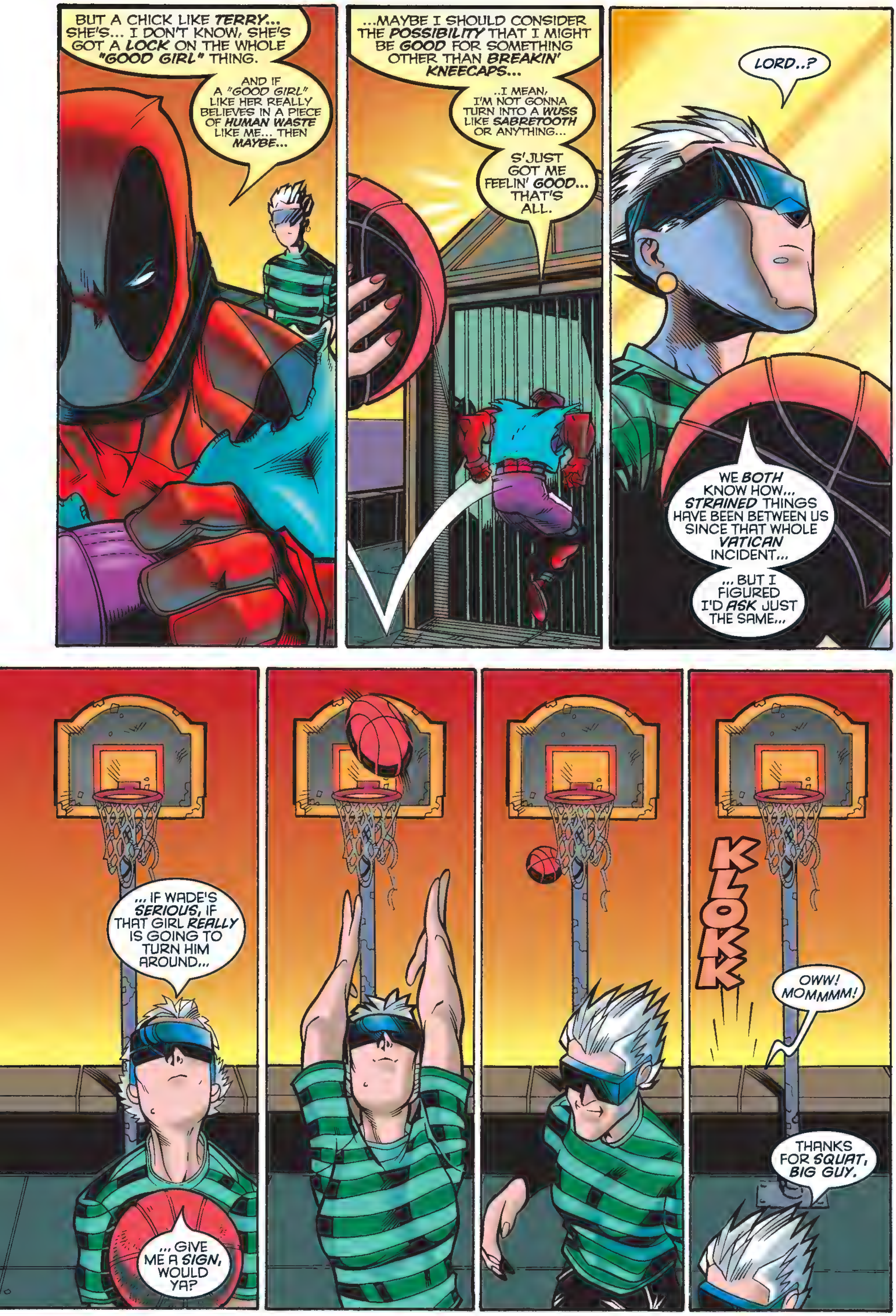

SUNRISE. A PADDED SUITE SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND.
WASTING TIME... THE USUAL.
WHAT'S SHE DOING NOW?
SCHREFF
NOTHING. LEAVE ME ALONE.
BABY'S GON' CRY AGAIN? NO MORE TEARS LEFT. MAYBE GO FOR THE RAZOR INSTEAD, ACTUALLY PULL IT OFF?
SHE COULD NEVER. WEAK. FRAIL. GIRL.
SCHREFF
GO ON... SAY WHAT YOU WILL... I'M NOT LISTENING...
SLICK
THIS WILL ALL BE OVER SOON.
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, BABY. QUICK AND EASY, JUST 'CAUSE I LIKE YOU.
LONG. SLOW. EXCRUCIATING, BECAUSE I DON'T.
ALL OVER SOON.
YEAH, KIDDO... MAY THE BEST BABE WIN.
ALWAYS.

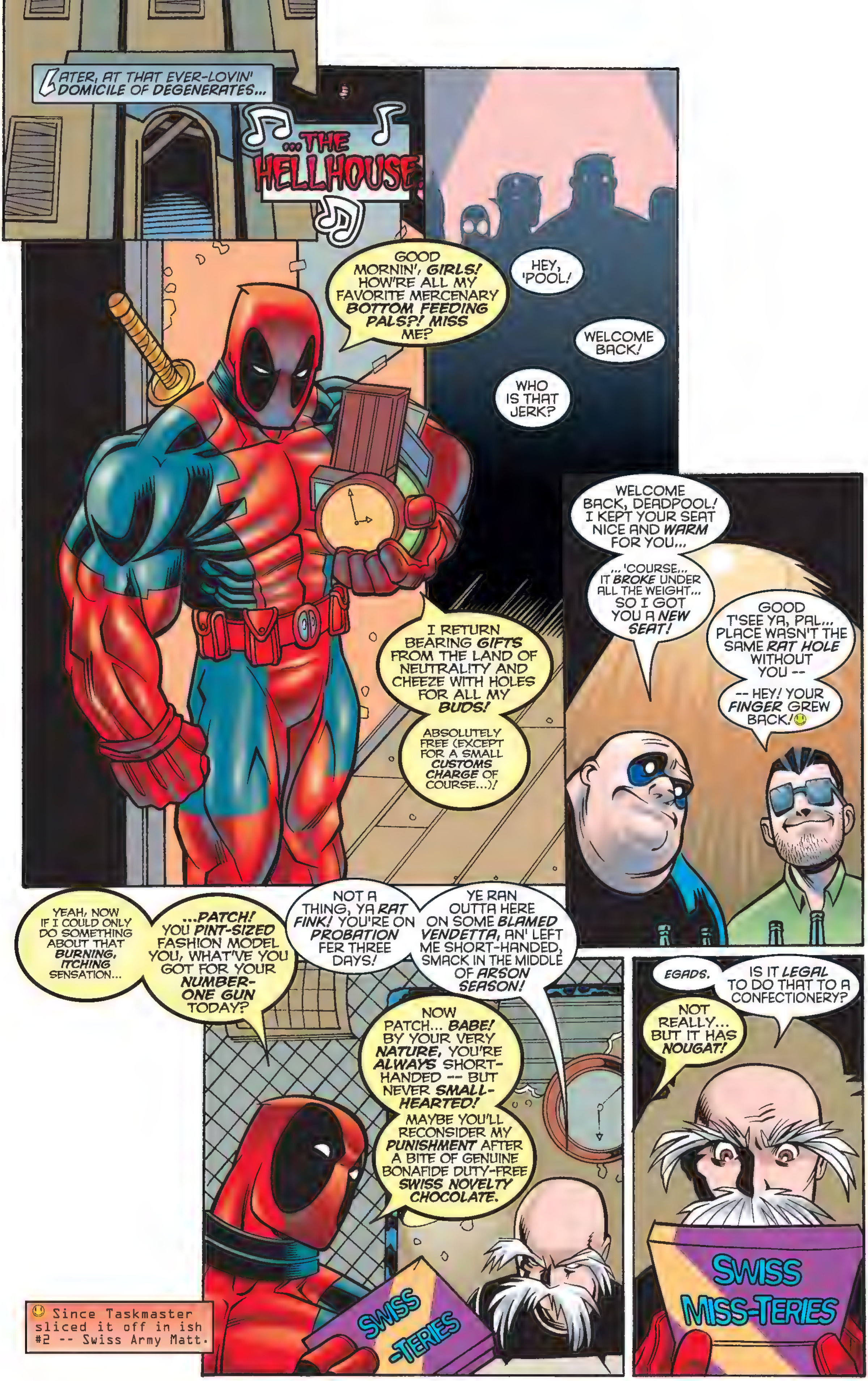

STAN LEE PRESENTS THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
MAN, CHECK OUT THE HEAD ON THAT CHICK!
BOO-YAAHHH!
YOU IN *WILSON'S* HOUSE, NOW! AN' IN *MY* HOUSE, ALL WE SERVE IS A *NASTY DUNK* WIT' A SIDE ORDER OF *PICK-UP-YOUR-FACE!*
WHAT'S THAT PUT 'ER AT, *AL?* TWENTY TO ZIP?
YOU MUST BE *VERY* PROUD OF YOURSELF, BEATING A *BLIND SEXAGENARIAN* IN *HOOPIES.*

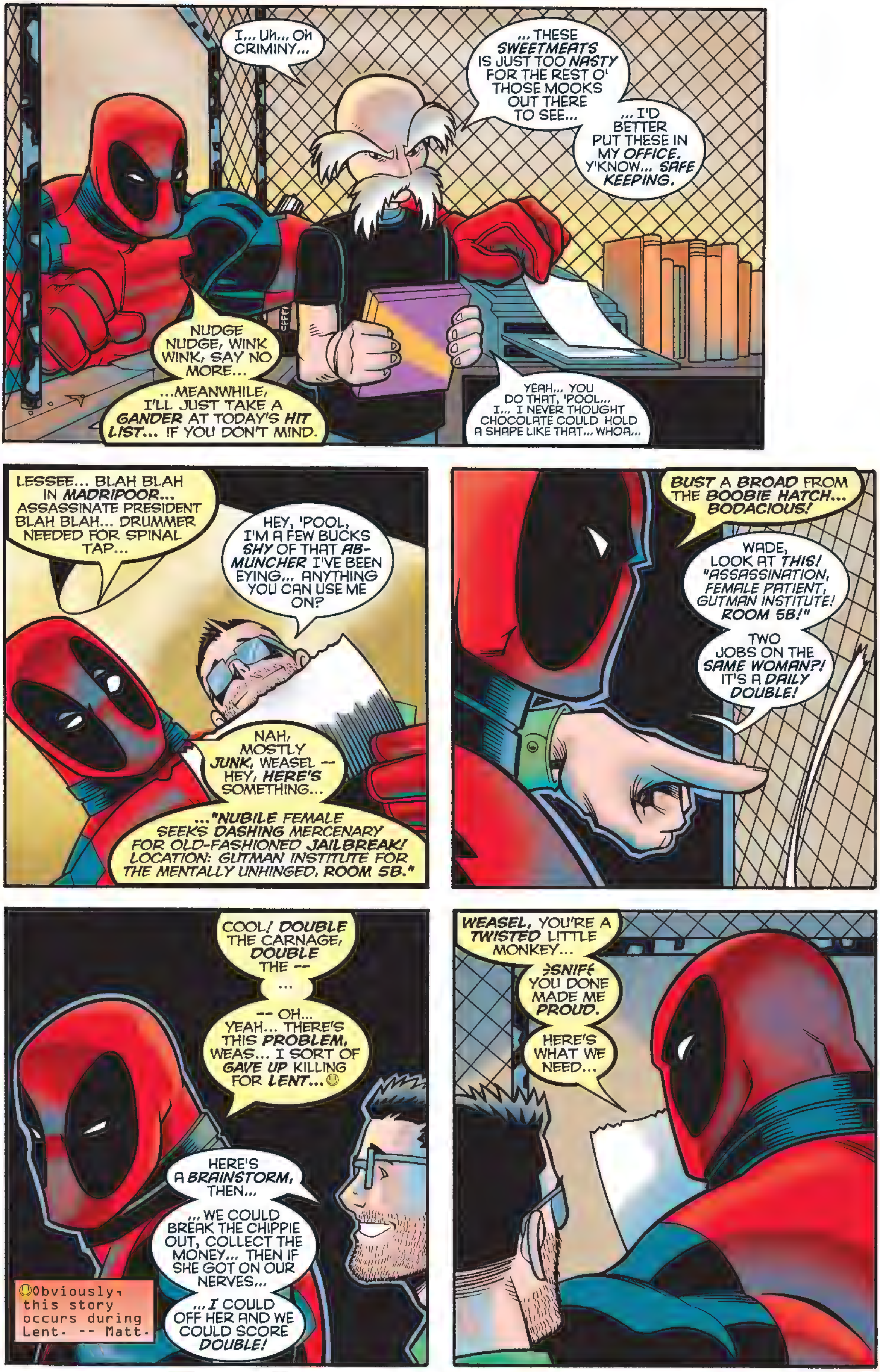
JOE KELLY
HEADGAMES
HEAD McGUINNESS
HEADACHES
NORMAN LEE & NATHAN MASSENGILL
HEADLINES

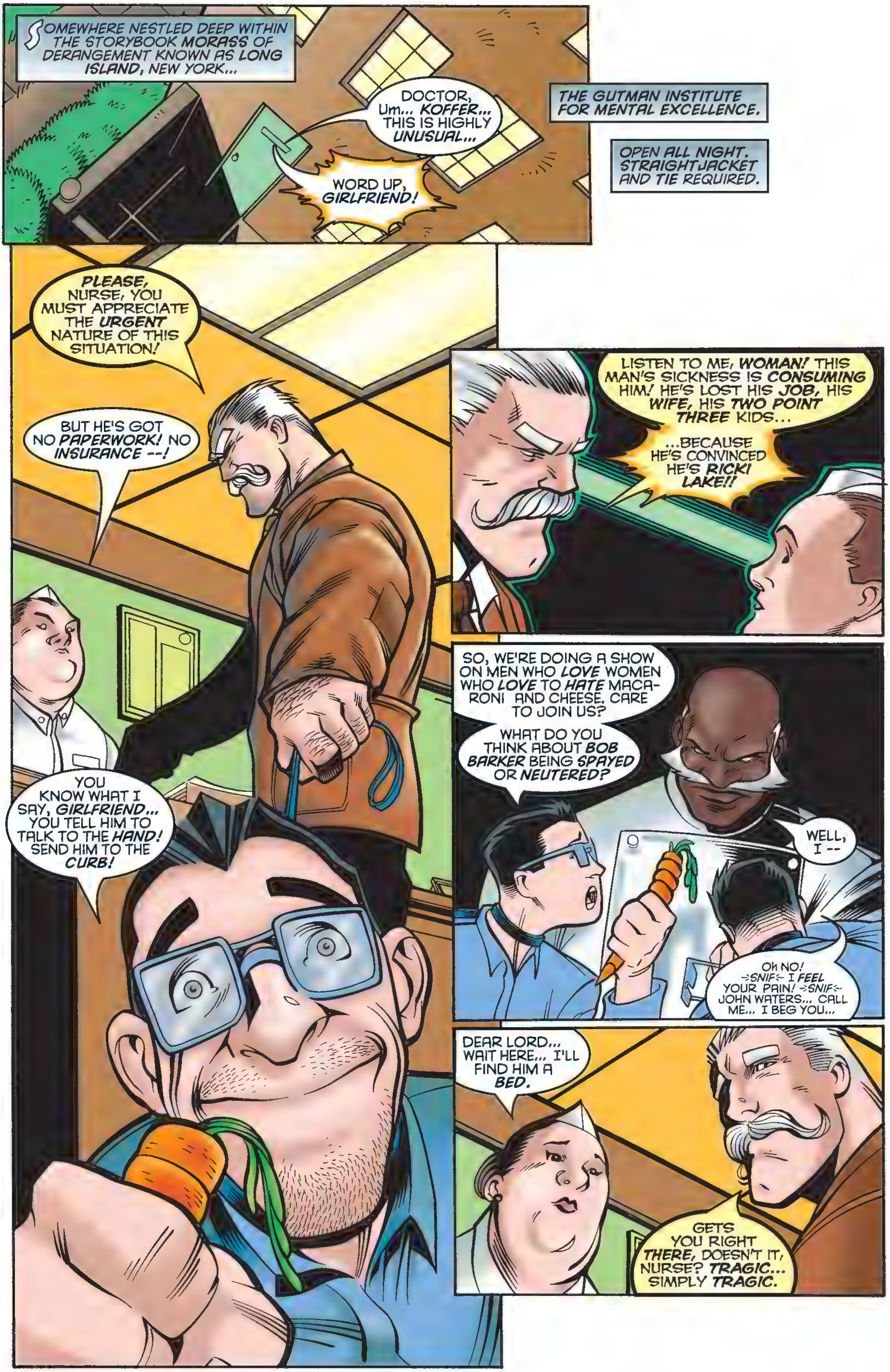
RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT/KF **HEAD & SHOULDERS**
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR **HEADLIGHTS**
DIGITAL CHAMELEON **HEADLESS HORSEMEN**
MATT IDELSON **HEADIN' FOR THE MOUNTAIN**
BOB HARRAS **HEADMASTER**

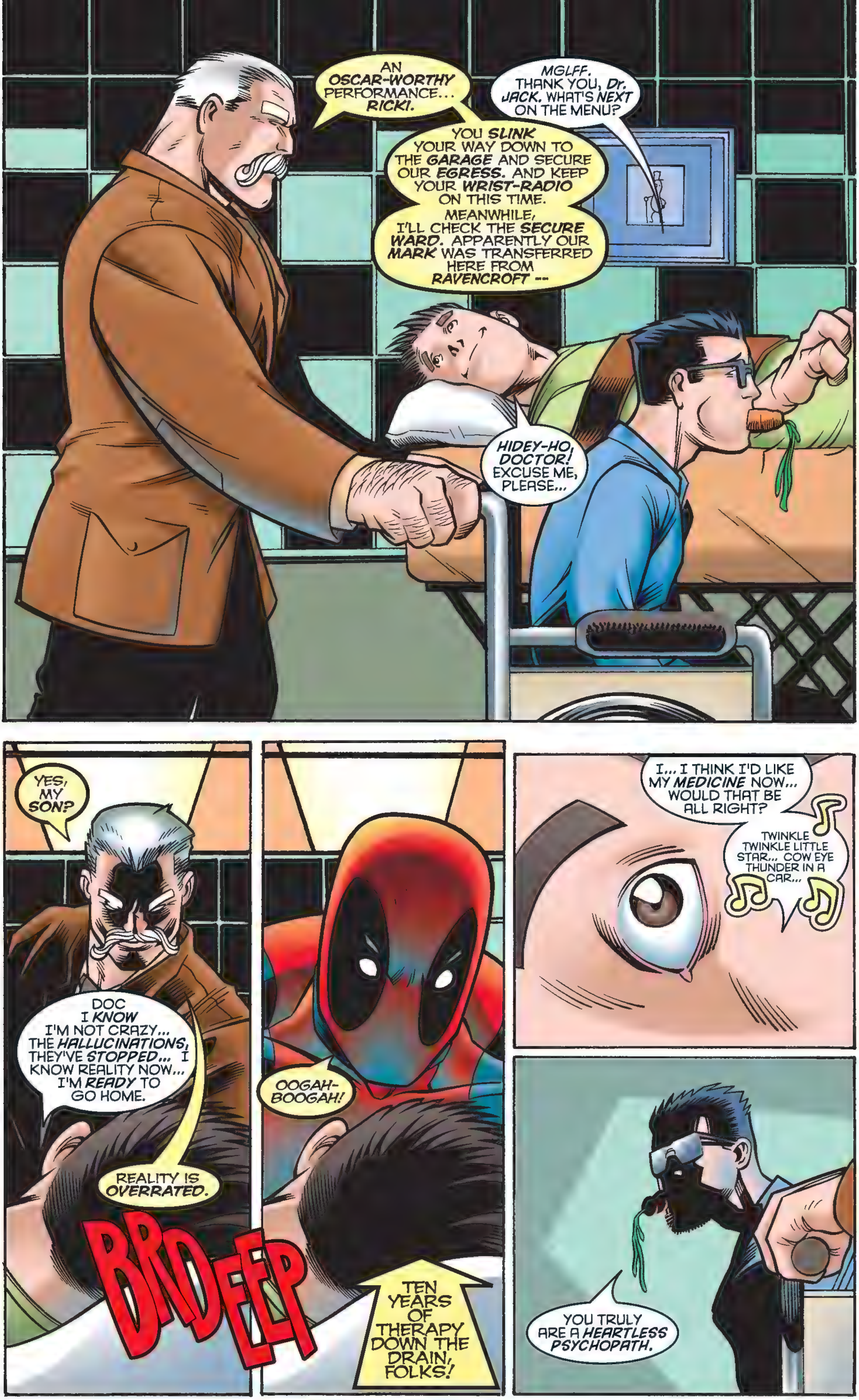

AH... POOR PREHISTORIC AL... I PITY YOU.
SO ANGRY, SO WOUND UP IN YOUR PATHETIC LITTLE WORLD OF BINGO AND CALCIUM SUPPLEMENTS WHEN THERE IS SO MUCH TO BE HAPPY ABOUT!
THIS IS TOO BIZARRE. I HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH CAFFEINE TO HANDLE DEADPOOL-LYTE... I NEED BREAKFAST.
OKAY, I'LL BITE... "GEE WADE, WHY SO FREAKIN' CHIPPER?"
I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, AL!
IT'S LIKE THE CREAM FILLING OF A TWINKIE... OR THE PARADOXICAL ALLURE OF CHELSEA CLINTON...
...SOMETHING UNEXPLAINABLE AND ALIEN, AND YET... CONFUSING, BUT IN A GOOD WAY... THAT WHICH IS WOMAN.
KEEP THIS UP AND I SWEAR I'M GONNA HURL MY HAGGIE-DAS ALL OVER YOU.
WHAT CAN I SAY? THE BROAD BELIEVES IN ME, AND I'M PSYCHED.
"BROAD"... I'M GLAD TO SEE FALLING IN LUST HASN'T MADE YOU MORE ENLIGHTENED OR ANYTHING...
ENOUGH WITH THE EMOTIONAL JUNK ALREADY! DID YOU SCORE, OR WHAT?!
AL! FOR SHAME! I MEAN, I... I DON'T THINK...
SHE FELL ON TOP OF ME IN THE SNOW... DOES THAT COUNT?
PUH-LEASE! I'VE HEARD HOTTER STORIES ON THE WEATHER CHANNEL!
HAVEN'T I TAUGHT YOU ANYTHI --
HEY! I KNOW I DON'T HAVE THE BEST TRACK RECORD IN THE L'AMOUR DEPARTMENT, BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT...
I MEAN USUALLY, SOME HOTTY SWINGS HER HIPS AND BATS HER EYES...
...AND NEXT THING YOU KNOW, I LOSE ALL COMMON SENSE AND START ACTING LIKE A DURN IDJIOT...
NO COMMENT. IT'D JUST BE TOO EASY...

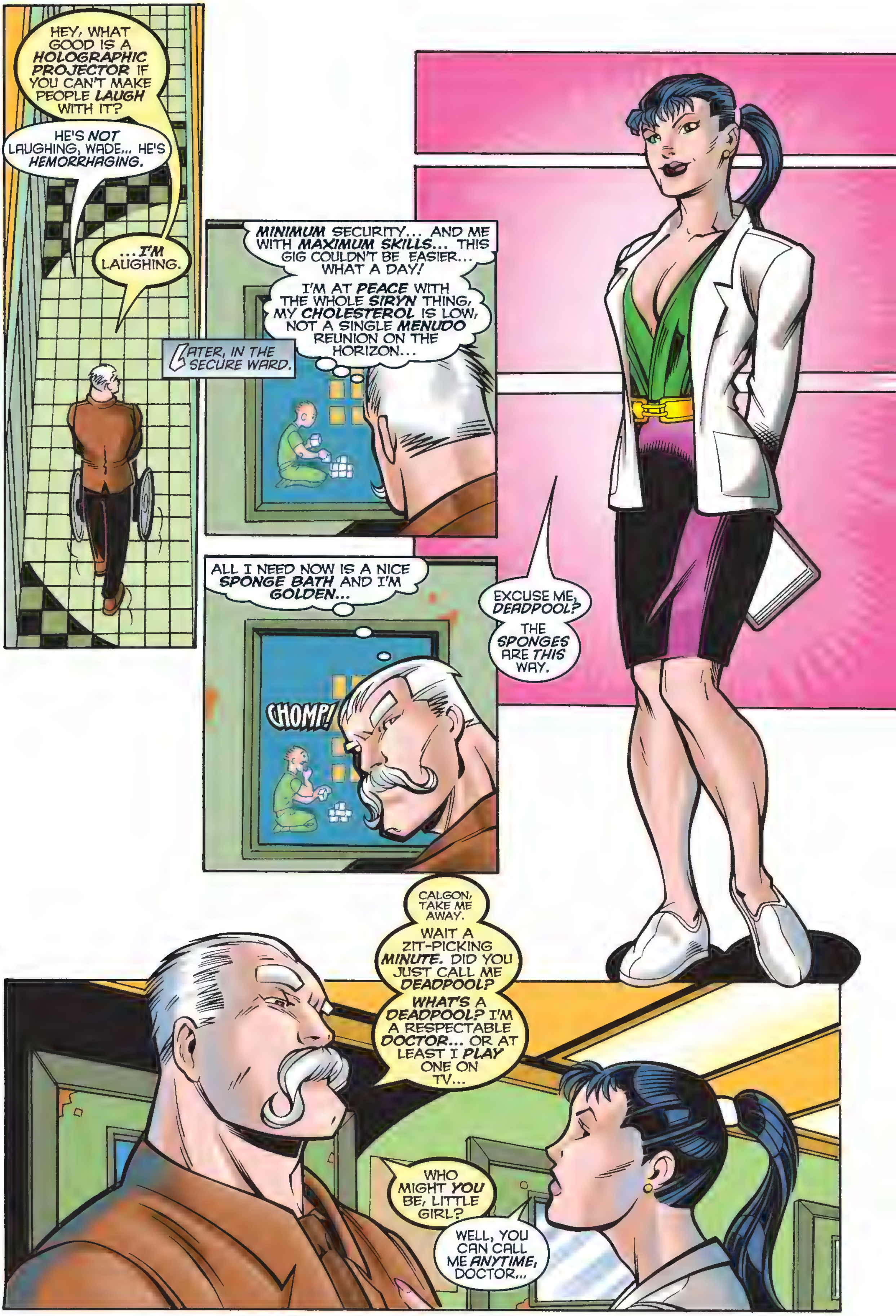

BUT A CHICK LIKE *TERRY*... SHE'S... I DON'T KNOW, SHE'S GOT A *LOCK* ON THE WHOLE *"GOOD GIRL"* THING.
AND IF A *"GOOD GIRL"* LIKE HER REALLY BELIEVES IN A PIECE OF *HUMAN WASTE* LIKE ME... THEN *MAYBE*...
...MAYBE I SHOULD CONSIDER THE *POSSIBILITY* THAT I MIGHT BE *GOOD* FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN *BREAKIN' KNEECAPS*...
...I MEAN, I'M NOT GONNA TURN INTO A *WUSS* LIKE *SABRETOOTH* OR ANYTHING...
S'JUST GOT ME FEELIN' *GOOD*... THAT'S ALL.
LORD..?
WE *BOTH* KNOW HOW... *STRAINED* THINGS HAVE BEEN BETWEEN US SINCE THAT WHOLE *VATICAN* INCIDENT...
...BUT I FIGURED I'D *ASK* JUST THE SAME...
...IF WADE'S *SERIOUS*, IF THAT GIRL *REALLY* IS GOING TO TURN HIM AROUND...
...GIVE ME A *SIGN*, WOULD YA?
KLOKK
OWW! MOMMMM!
THANKS FOR *SQUAT*, *BIG GUY*.

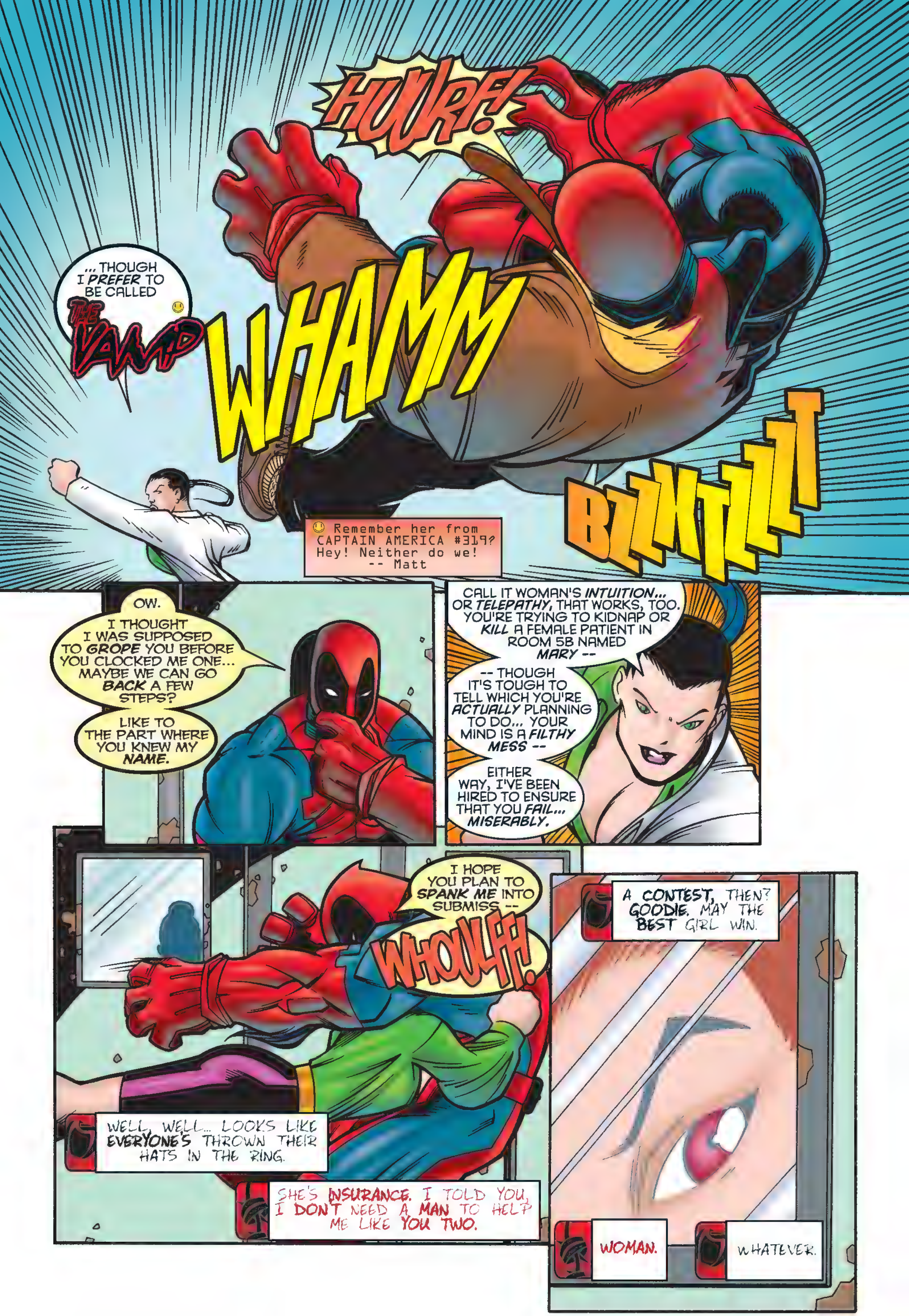

LATER, AT THAT EVER-LOVIN' DOMICILE OF DEGENERATES...
...THE HELLHOUSE
GOOD MORNIN', GIRLS! HOW'RE ALL MY FAVORITE MERCENARY BOTTOM FEEDING PALS?! MISS ME?
HEY, 'POOL!
WELCOME BACK!
WHO IS THAT JERK?
I RETURN BEARING GIFTS FROM THE LAND OF NEUTRALITY AND CHEEZE WITH HOLES FOR ALL MY BUDS!
ABSOLUTELY FREE (EXCEPT FOR A SMALL CUSTOMS CHARGE OF COURSE...)!
WELCOME BACK, DEADPOOL! I KEPT YOUR SEAT NICE AND WARM FOR YOU...
...'COURSE... IT BROKE UNDER ALL THE WEIGHT... SO I GOT YOU A NEW SEAT!
GOOD T'SEE YA, PAL... PLACE WASN'T THE SAME RAT HOLE WITHOUT YOU --
-- HEY! YOUR FINGER GREW BACK!
YEAH, NOW IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT BURNING, ITCHING SENSATION...
...PATCH! YOU PINT-SIZED FASHION MODEL YOU, WHAT'VE YOU GOT FOR YOUR NUMBER-ONE GUN TODAY?
NOT A THING, YA RAT FINK! YOU'RE ON PROBATION FER THREE DAYS!
YE RAN OUTTA HERE ON SOME BLAMED VENDETTA, AN' LEFT ME SHORT-HANDED, SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF ARSON SEASON!
NOW PATCH... BABE! BY YOUR VERY NATURE, YOU'RE ALWAYS SHORT-HANDED -- BUT NEVER SMALL-HEARTED!
MAYBE YOU'LL RECONSIDER MY PUNISHMENT AFTER A BITE OF GENUINE BONAFIDE DUTY-FREE SWISS NOVELTY CHOCOLATE.
SWISS -TERIES
EGADS.
IS IT LEGAL TO DO THAT TO A CONFECTIONERY?
NOT REALLY... BUT IT HAS NOUGAT!
SWISS MISS-TERIES
☺ Since Taskmaster sliced it off in ish #2 -- Swiss Army Matt.

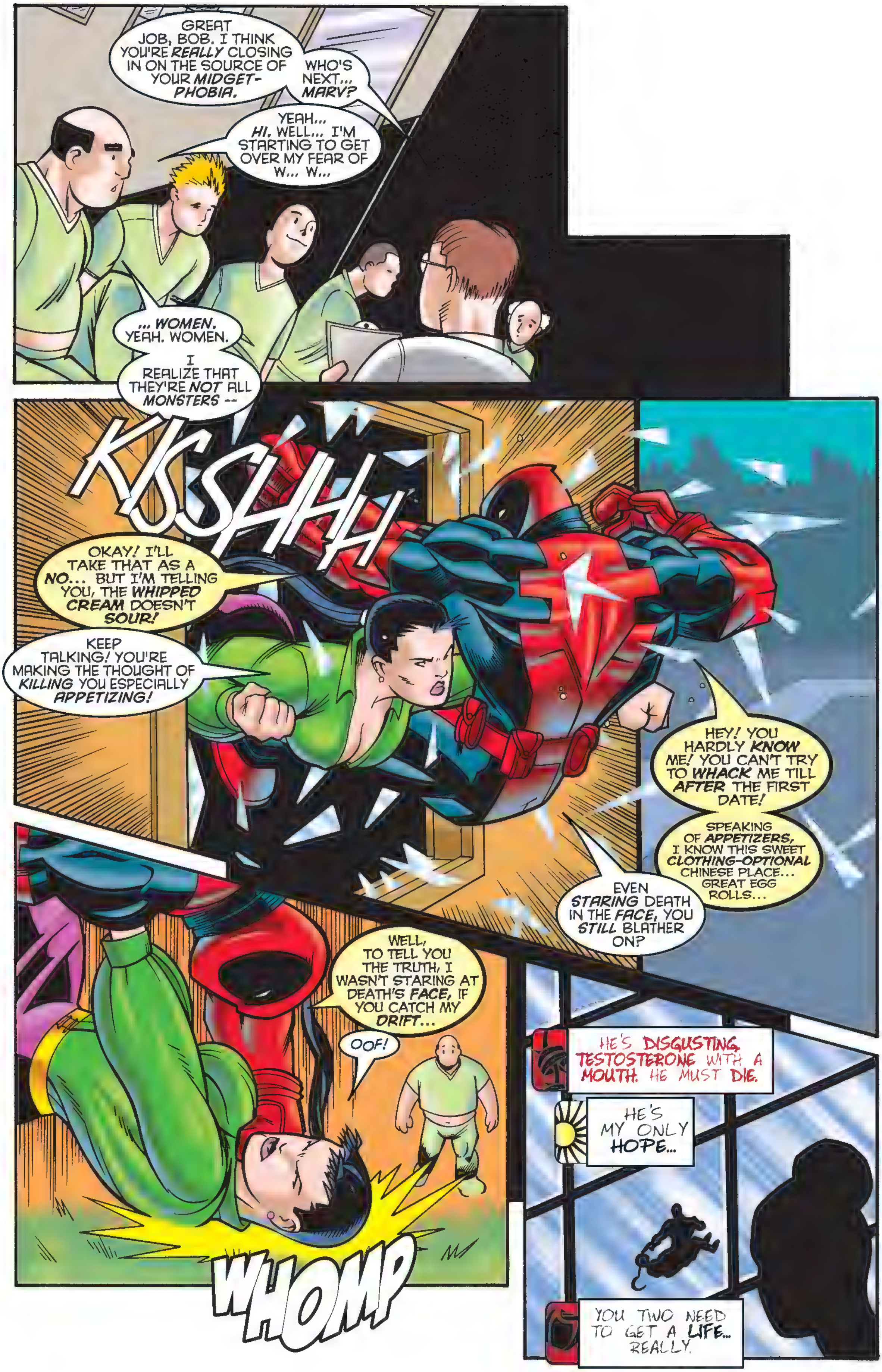

I... Uh... Oh CRIMINY...
... THESE SWEETMEATS IS JUST TOO NASTY FOR THE REST O' THOSE MOOKS OUT THERE TO SEE...
... I'D BETTER PUT THESE IN MY OFFICE. Y'KNOW... SAFE KEEPING.
NUDGE NUDGE, WINK WINK, SAY NO MORE...
...MEANWHILE, I'LL JUST TAKE A GANDER AT TODAY'S HIT LIST... IF YOU DON'T MIND.
YEAH... YOU DO THAT, 'POOL... I... I NEVER THOUGHT CHOCOLATE COULD HOLD A SHAPE LIKE THAT... WHOA...
LESSEE... BLAH BLAH IN MADRIPOOR... ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT BLAH BLAH... DRUMMER NEEDED FOR SPINAL TAP...
HEY, 'POOL, I'M A FEW BUCKS SHY OF THAT AB-MUNCHER I'VE BEEN EYING... ANYTHING YOU CAN USE ME ON?
NAH, MOSTLY JUNK, WEASEL -- HEY, HERE'S SOMETHING...
..."NUBILE FEMALE SEEKS DASHING MERCENARY FOR OLD-FASHIONED JAILBREAK! LOCATION: GUTMAN INSTITUTE FOR THE MENTALLY UNHINGED, ROOM 5B."
BUST A BROAD FROM THE BOOBIE HATCH... BODACIOUS!
WADE, LOOK AT THIS! "ASSASSINATION, FEMALE PATIENT, GUTMAN INSTITUTE! ROOM 5B!"
TWO JOBS ON THE SAME WOMAN?! IT'S A DAILY DOUBLE!
COOL! DOUBLE THE CARNAGE, DOUBLE THE --
...
-- OH... YEAH... THERE'S THIS PROBLEM, WEAS... I SORT OF GAVE UP KILLING FOR LENT...☺
HERE'S A BRAINSTORM, THEN...
... WE COULD BREAK THE CHIPPIE OUT, COLLECT THE MONEY... THEN IF SHE GOT ON OUR NERVES...
... I COULD OFF HER AND WE COULD SCORE DOUBLE!
☺Obviously, this story occurs during Lent. -- Matt.
WEASEL, YOU'RE A TWISTED LITTLE MONKEY...
SNIF YOU DONE MADE ME PROUD.
HERE'S WHAT WE NEED...

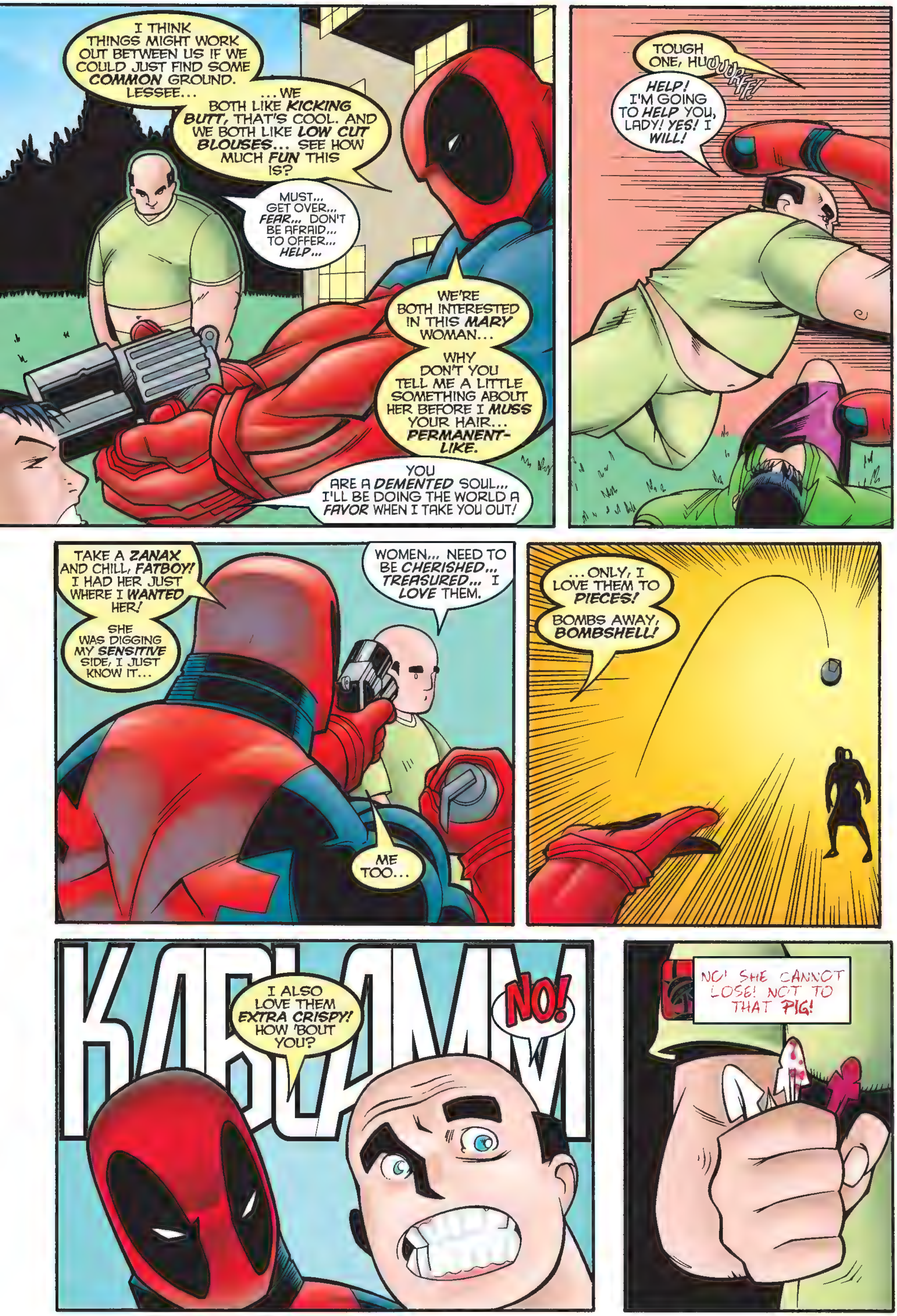

SOMEWHERE NESTLED DEEP WITHIN THE STORYBOOK MORASS OF DERANGEMENT KNOWN AS LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK...
DOCTOR, Um... KOFFER... THIS IS HIGHLY UNUSUAL...
WORD UP, GIRLFRIEND!
THE GUTMAN INSTITUTE FOR MENTAL EXCELLENCE.
OPEN ALL NIGHT. STRAIGHTJACKET AND TIE REQUIRED.
PLEASE, NURSE, YOU MUST APPRECIATE THE URGENT NATURE OF THIS SITUATION!
BUT HE'S GOT NO PAPERWORK! NO INSURANCE --!
YOU KNOW WHAT I SAY, GIRLFRIEND... YOU TELL HIM TO TALK TO THE HAND! SEND HIM TO THE CURB!
LISTEN TO ME, WOMAN! THIS MAN'S SICKNESS IS CONSUMING HIM! HE'S LOST HIS JOB, HIS WIFE, HIS TWO POINT THREE KIDS...
...BECAUSE HE'S CONVINCED HE'S RICKI LAKE!!
SO, WE'RE DOING A SHOW ON MEN WHO LOVE WOMEN WHO LOVE TO HATE MACARONI AND CHEESE. CARE TO JOIN US?
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BOB BARKER BEING SPAYED OR NEUTERED?
WELL, I --
Oh NO! ->SNIF<- I FEEL YOUR PAIN! ->SNIF<- JOHN WATERS... CALL ME... I BEG YOU...
DEAR LORD... WAIT HERE... I'LL FIND HIM A BED.
GETS YOU RIGHT THERE, DOESN'T IT, NURSE? TRAGIC... SIMPLY TRAGIC.

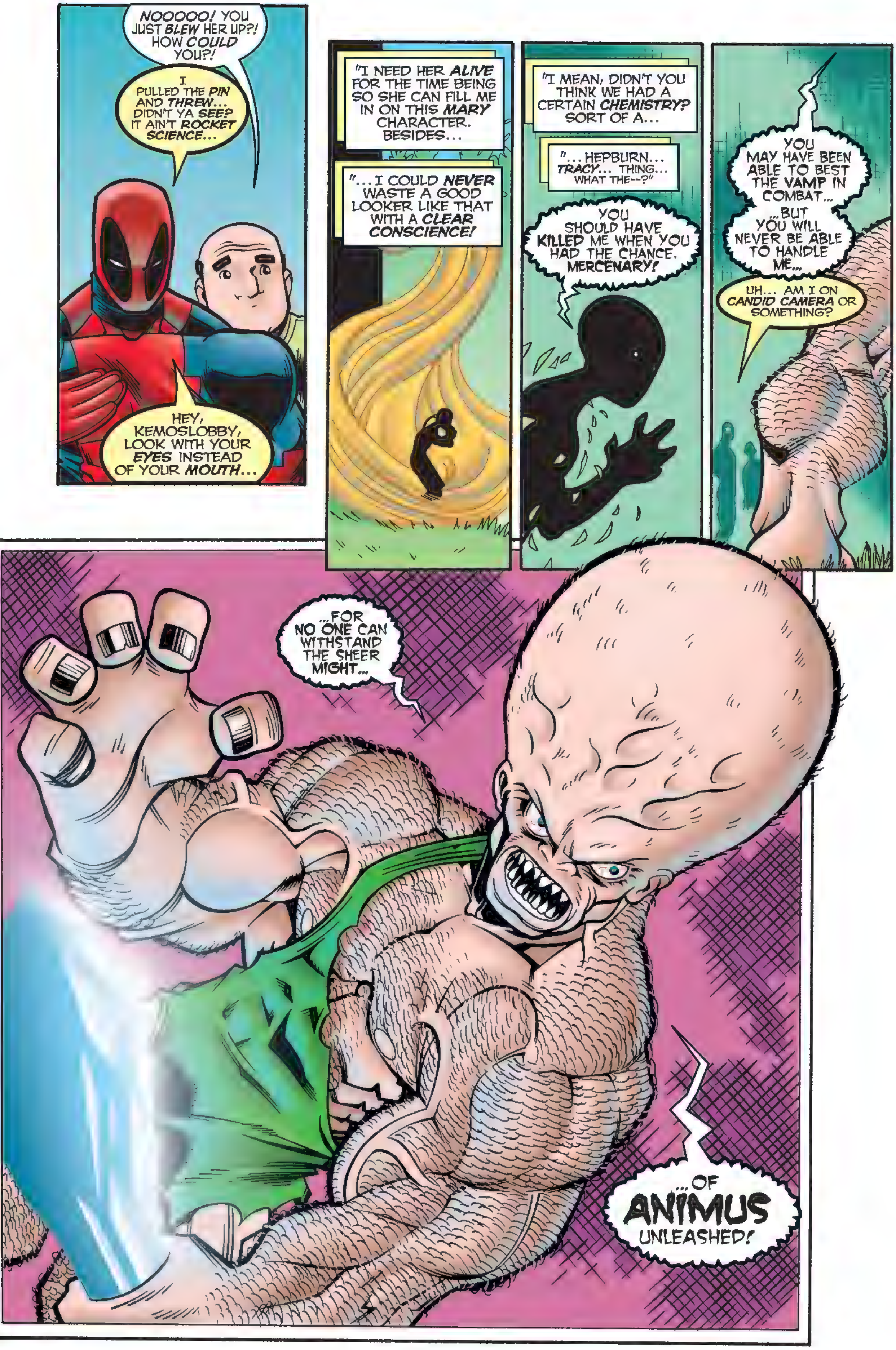

AN OSCAR-WORTHY PERFORMANCE... RICK!.
YOU SLINK YOUR WAY DOWN TO THE GARAGE AND SECURE OUR EGRESS. AND KEEP YOUR WRIST-RADIO ON THIS TIME.
MEANWHILE, I'LL CHECK THE SECURE WARD. APPARENTLY OUR MARK WAS TRANSFERRED HERE FROM RAVENCROFT --
MGLFF. THANK YOU, Dr. JACK. WHAT'S NEXT ON THE MENU?
HIDEY-HO, DOCTOR! EXCUSE ME, PLEASE...
YES, MY SON?
DOC I KNOW I'M NOT CRAZY... THE HALLUCINATIONS, THEY'VE STOPPED... I KNOW REALITY NOW... I'M READY TO GO HOME.
REALITY IS OVERRATED.
BRDEEP
OOGAH-BOOGAH!
TEN YEARS OF THERAPY DOWN THE DRAIN, FOLKS!
I... I THINK I'D LIKE MY MEDICINE NOW... WOULD THAT BE ALL RIGHT?
TWINKLE TWINKLE LITTLE STAR... COW EYE THUNDER IN A CAR...
YOU TRULY ARE A HEARTLESS PSYCHOPATH.

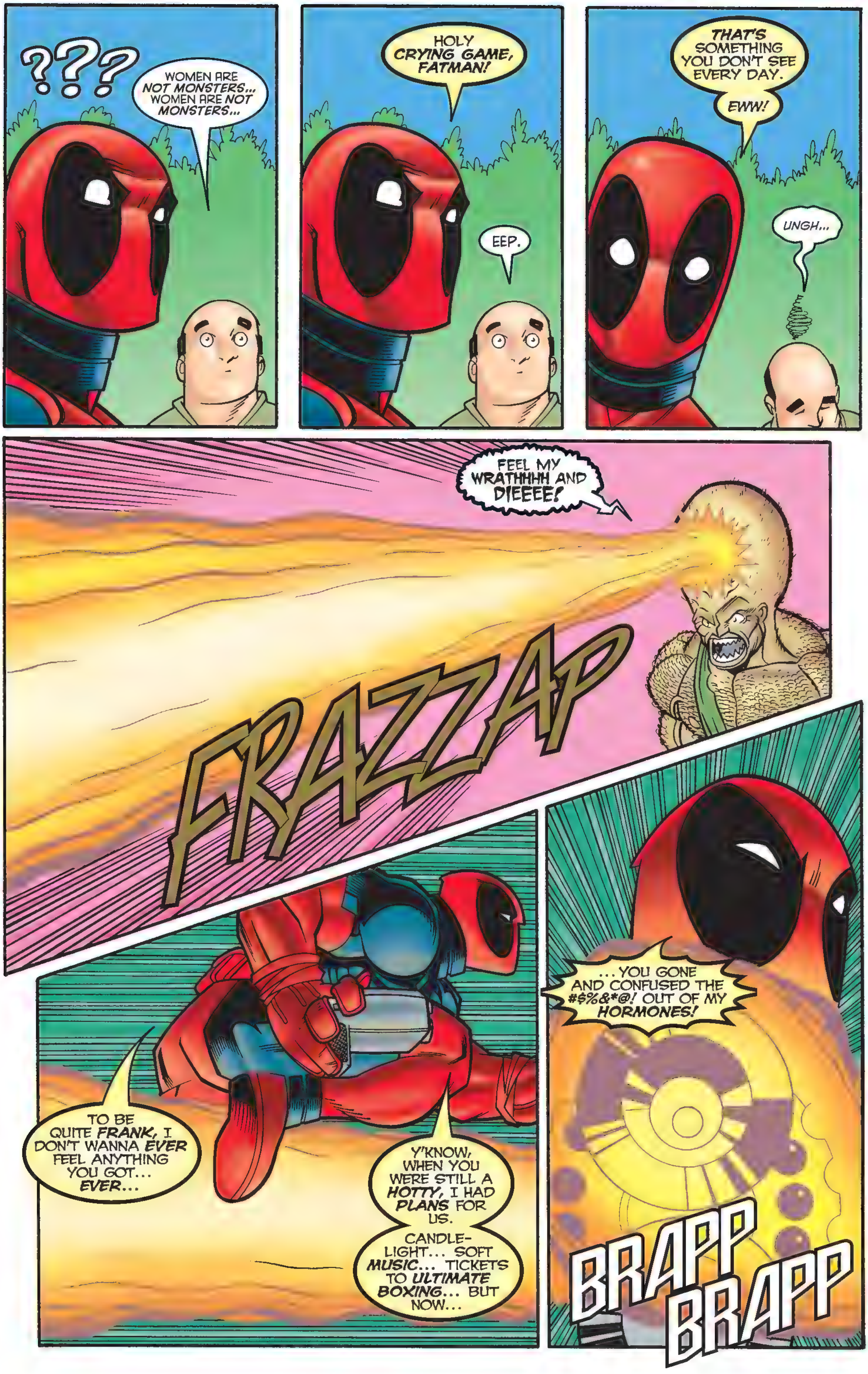

HEY, WHAT GOOD IS A **HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR** IF YOU CAN'T MAKE PEOPLE **LAUGH** WITH IT?
HE'S **NOT** LAUGHING, WADE... HE'S **HEMORRHAGING.**
...**I'M** LAUGHING.
LATER, IN THE SECURE WARD.
MINIMUM SECURITY... AND ME WITH **MAXIMUM SKILLS**... THIS GIG COULDN'T BE EASIER... WHAT A DAY!
I'M AT **PEACE** WITH THE WHOLE **SIRYN** THING, MY **CHOLESTEROL** IS LOW, NOT A SINGLE **MENUDO** REUNION ON THE HORIZON...
ALL I NEED NOW IS A NICE **SPONGE BATH** AND I'M **GOLDEN...**
CHOMP!
EXCUSE ME, **DEADPOOL?**
THE **SPONGES** ARE **THIS** WAY.
CALGON, TAKE ME AWAY.
WAIT A ZIT-PICKING **MINUTE.** DID YOU JUST CALL ME **DEADPOOL?**
WHAT'S A **DEADPOOL?** I'M A RESPECTABLE **DOCTOR**... OR AT LEAST I **PLAY** ONE ON TV...
WHO MIGHT **YOU** BE, LITTLE GIRL?
WELL, YOU CAN CALL ME **ANYTIME,** DOCTOR...

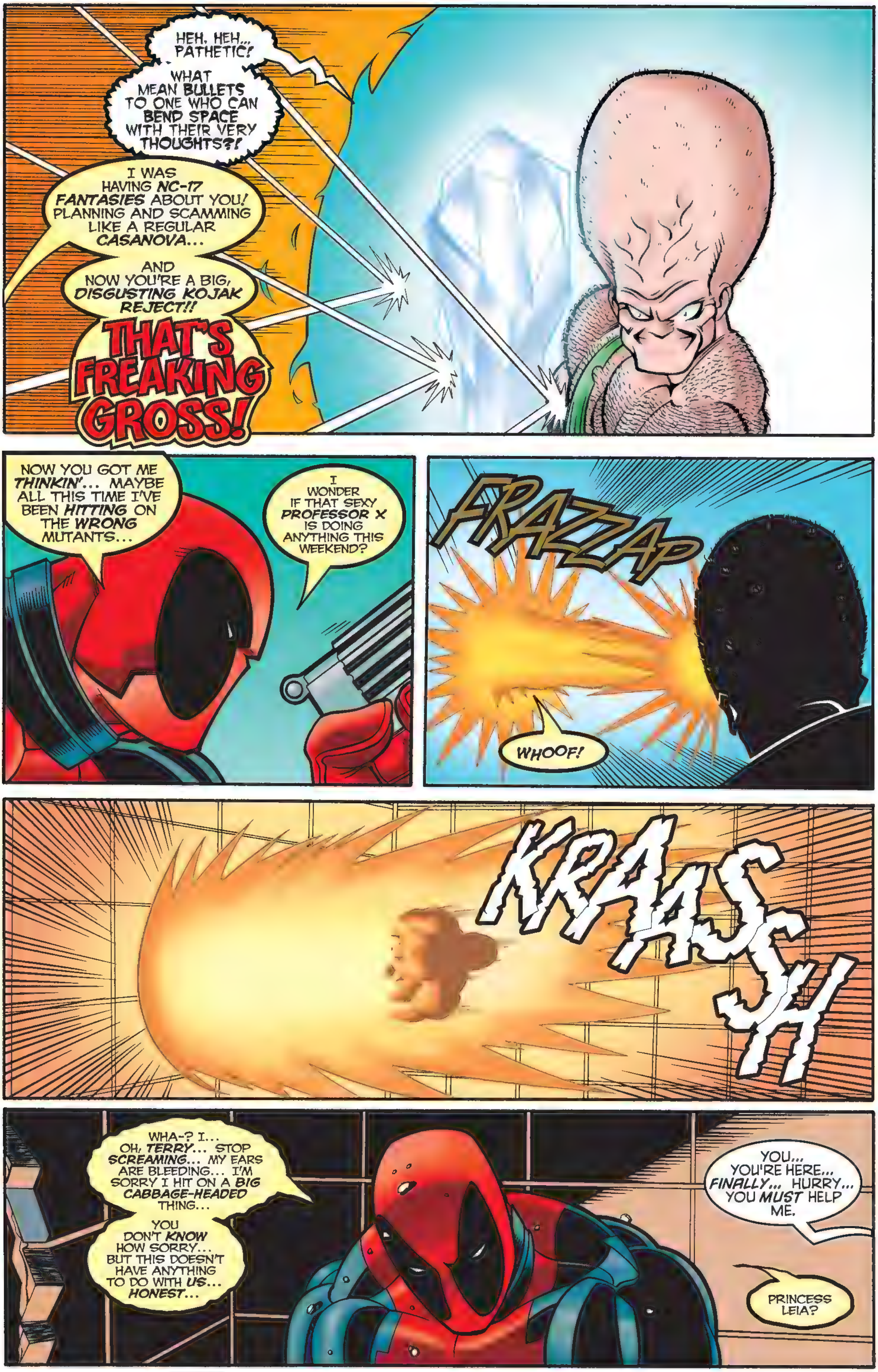

HUURF!
...THOUGH I PREFER TO BE CALLED THE VAMP
WHAMM
BZZKTZZZT
Remember her from CAPTAIN AMERICA #319? Hey! Neither do we! -- Matt
OW.
I THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO GROPE YOU BEFORE YOU CLOCKED ME ONE... MAYBE WE CAN GO BACK A FEW STEPS?
LIKE TO THE PART WHERE YOU KNEW MY NAME.
CALL IT WOMAN'S INTUITION... OR TELEPATHY, THAT WORKS, TOO. YOU'RE TRYING TO KIDNAP OR KILL A FEMALE PATIENT IN ROOM 5B NAMED MARY --
-- THOUGH IT'S TOUGH TO TELL WHICH YOU'RE ACTUALLY PLANNING TO DO... YOUR MIND IS A FILTHY MESS --
EITHER WAY, I'VE BEEN HIRED TO ENSURE THAT YOU FAIL... MISERABLY.
I HOPE YOU PLAN TO SPANK ME INTO SUBMISS --
WHOUFF!
WELL, WELL... LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE'S THROWN THEIR HATS IN THE RING.
SHE'S INSURANCE. I TOLD YOU, I DON'T NEED A MAN TO HELP ME LIKE YOU TWO.
A CONTEST, THEN? GOODIE. MAY THE BEST GIRL WIN.
WOMAN.
WHATEVER.

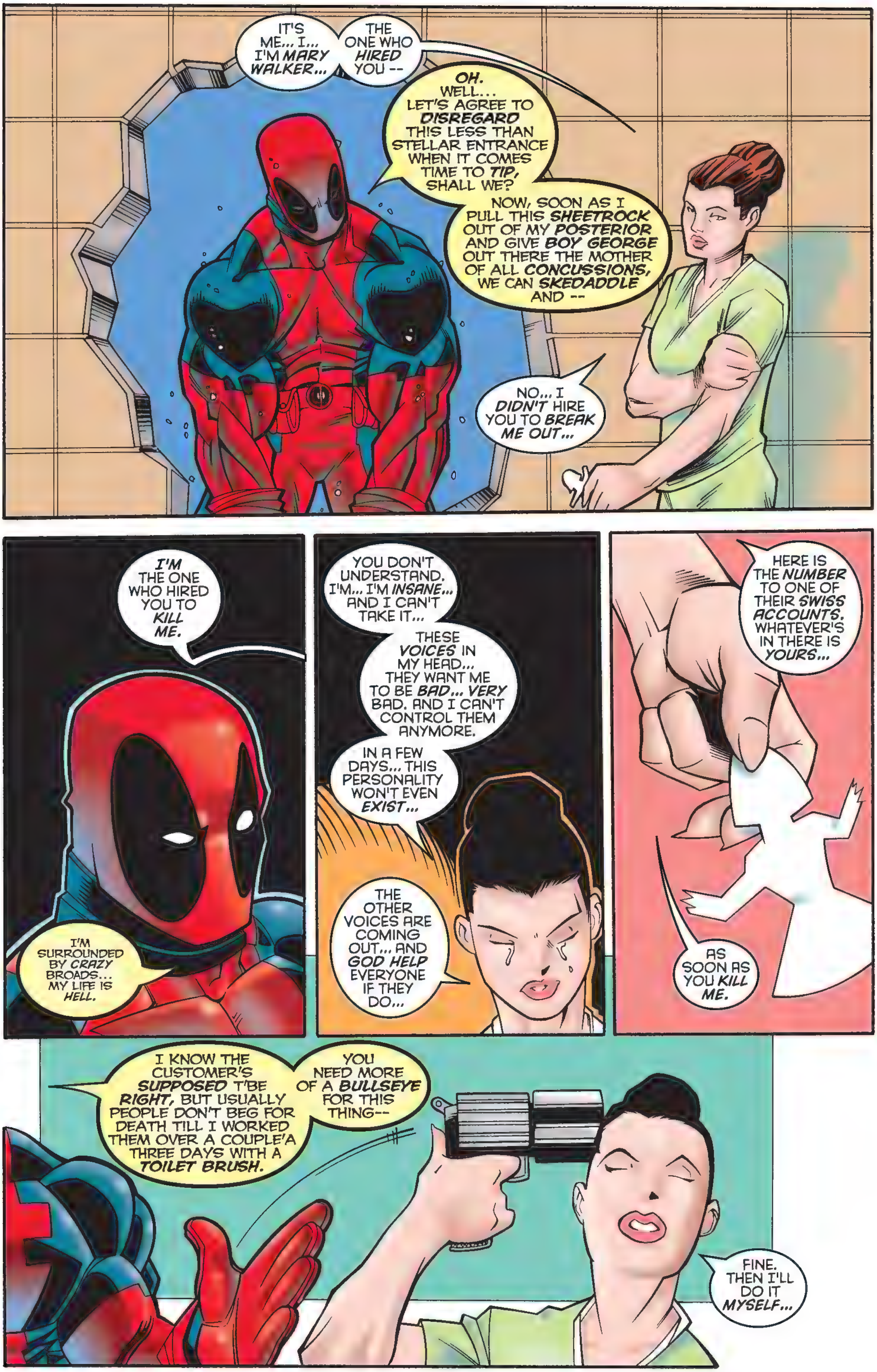

GREAT JOB, BOB. I THINK YOU'RE REALLY CLOSING IN ON THE SOURCE OF YOUR MIDGET-PHOBIA.
WHO'S NEXT... MARV?
YEAH... HI. WELL... I'M STARTING TO GET OVER MY FEAR OF W... W...
...WOMEN. YEAH. WOMEN.
I REALIZE THAT THEY'RE NOT ALL MONSTERS --
KKSSHHH
OKAY! I'LL TAKE THAT AS A NO... BUT I'M TELLING YOU, THE WHIPPED CREAM DOESN'T SOUR!
KEEP TALKING! YOU'RE MAKING THE THOUGHT OF KILLING YOU ESPECIALLY APPETIZING!
HEY! YOU HARDLY KNOW ME! YOU CAN'T TRY TO WHACK ME TILL AFTER THE FIRST DATE!
SPEAKING OF APPETIZERS, I KNOW THIS SWEET CLOTHING-OPTIONAL CHINESE PLACE... GREAT EGG ROLLS...
EVEN STARING DEATH IN THE FACE, YOU STILL BLATHER ON?
WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WASN'T STARING AT DEATH'S FACE, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT...
OOF!
WHOMP
HE'S DISGUSTING. TESTOSTERONE WITH A MOUTH. HE MUST DIE.
HE'S MY ONLY HOPE...
YOU TWO NEED TO GET A LIFE... REALLY.

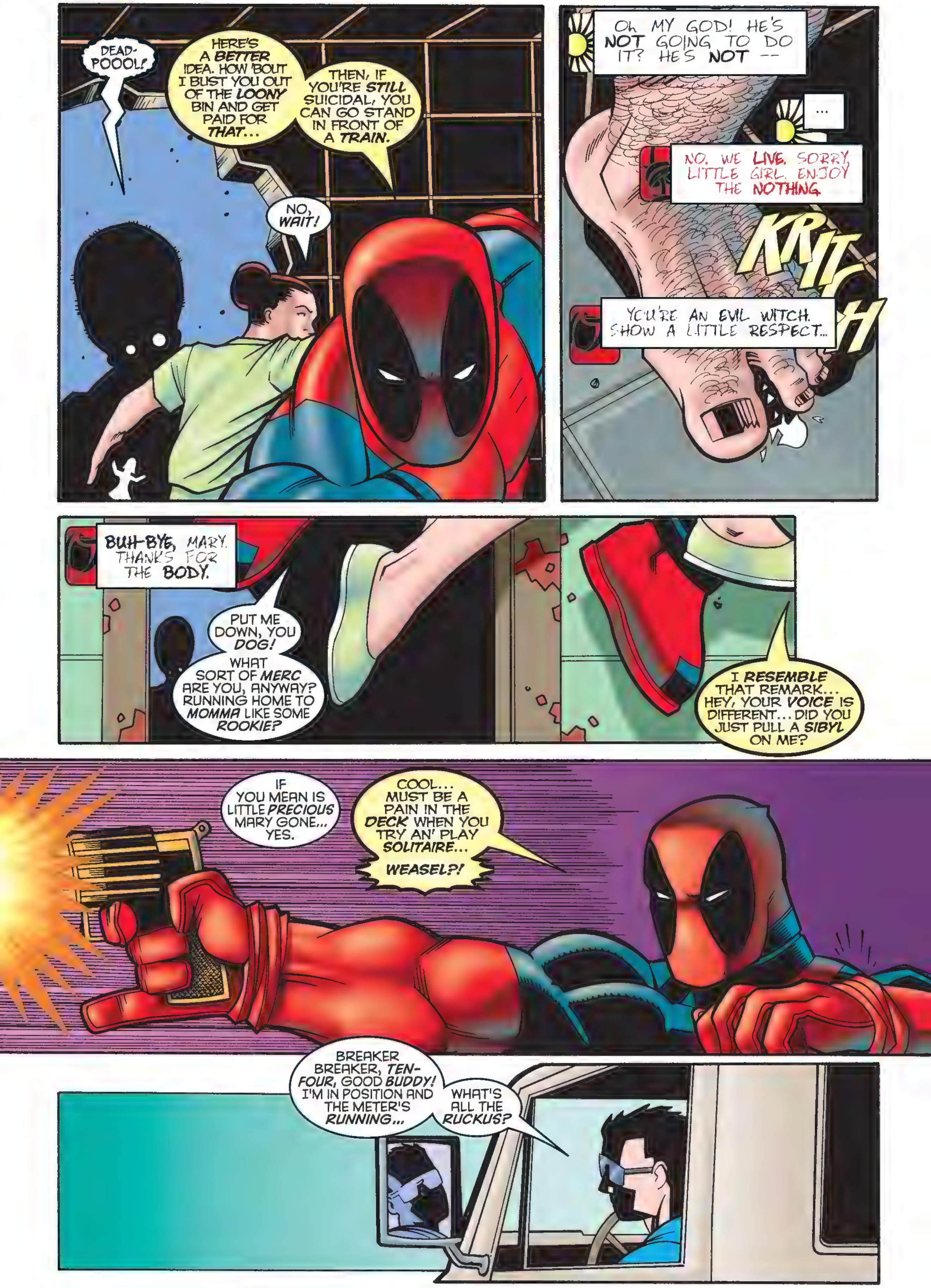

I THINK THINGS MIGHT WORK OUT BETWEEN US IF WE COULD JUST FIND SOME COMMON GROUND. LESSEE...
...WE BOTH LIKE KICKING BUTT, THAT'S COOL. AND WE BOTH LIKE LOW CUT BLOUSES... SEE HOW MUCH FUN THIS IS?
MUST... GET OVER... FEAR... DON'T BE AFRAID... TO OFFER... HELP...
WE'RE BOTH INTERESTED IN THIS MARY WOMAN...
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT HER BEFORE I MUSS YOUR HAIR... PERMANENT-LIKE.
YOU ARE A DEMENTED SOUL... I'LL BE DOING THE WORLD A FAVOR WHEN I TAKE YOU OUT!
TOUGH ONE, HU
UUURFF!
HELP! I'M GOING TO HELP YOU, LADY! YES! I WILL!
TAKE A ZANAX AND CHILL, FATBOY! I HAD HER JUST WHERE I WANTED HER!
SHE WAS DIGGING MY SENSITIVE SIDE, I JUST KNOW IT...
WOMEN... NEED TO BE CHERISHED... TREASURED... I LOVE THEM.
ME TOO...
...ONLY, I LOVE THEM TO PIECES!
BOMBS AWAY, BOMBSHELL!
KABLAMM
I ALSO LOVE THEM EXTRA CRISPY! HOW 'BOUT YOU?
NO!
NO! SHE CANNOT LOSE! NOT TO THAT PIG!

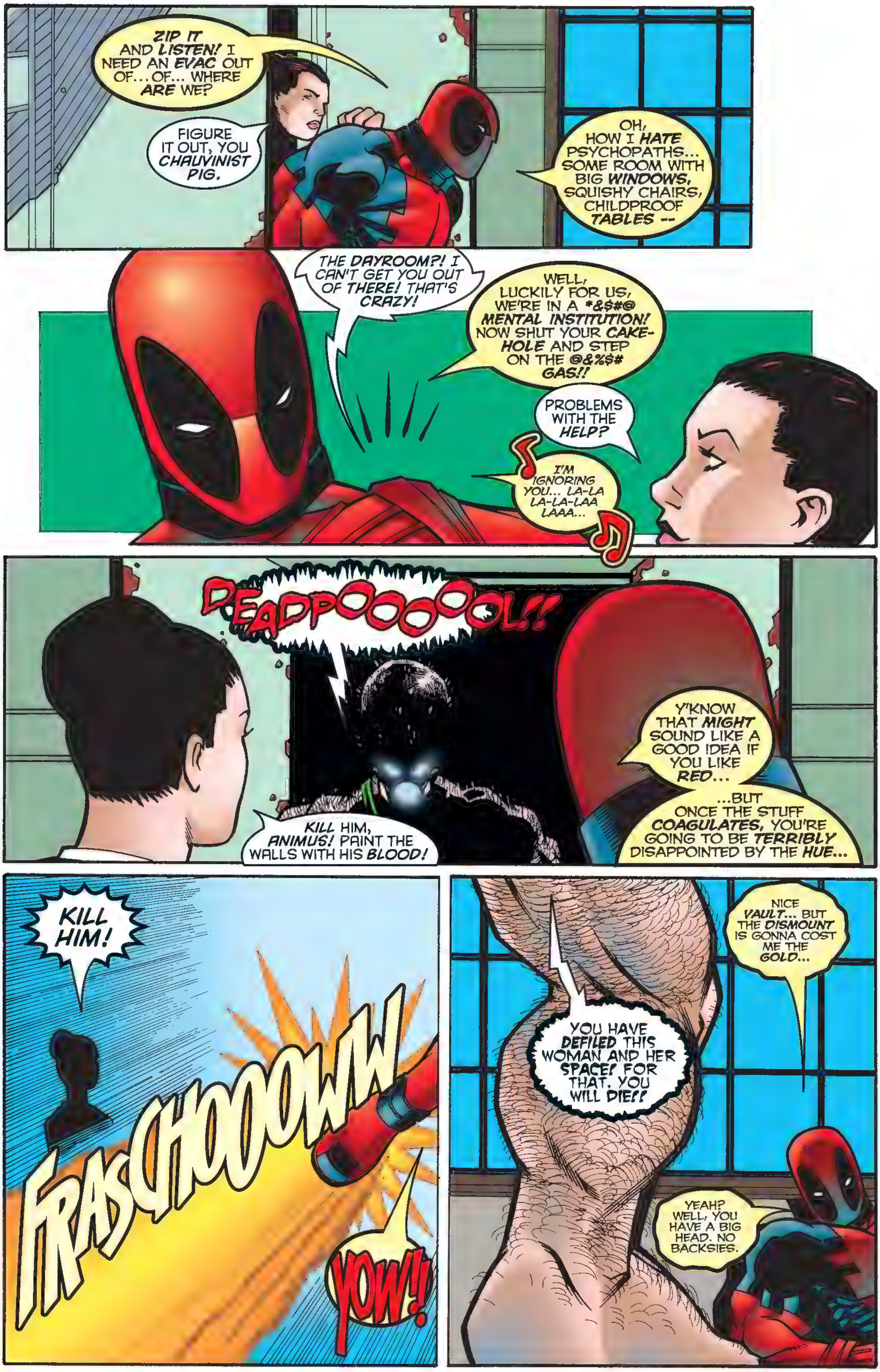

NOOOOO! YOU JUST BLEW HER UP?! HOW COULD YOU?!
I PULLED THE PIN AND THREW... DIDN'T YA SEE? IT AIN'T ROCKET SCIENCE...
HEY, KEMOSLOBBY, LOOK WITH YOUR EYES INSTEAD OF YOUR MOUTH...
"I NEED HER ALIVE FOR THE TIME BEING SO SHE CAN FILL ME IN ON THIS MARY CHARACTER. BESIDES...
"...I COULD NEVER WASTE A GOOD LOOKER LIKE THAT WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE!
"I MEAN, DIDN'T YOU THINK WE HAD A CERTAIN CHEMISTRY? SORT OF A...
"...HEPBURN... TRACY... THING... WHAT THE--?"
YOU SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE, MERCENARY!
YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BEST THE VAMP IN COMBAT...
...BUT YOU WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO HANDLE ME...
UH... AM I ON CANDID CAMERA OR SOMETHING?
...FOR NO ONE CAN WITHSTAND THE SHEER MIGHT...
...OF ANIMUS UNLEASHED!

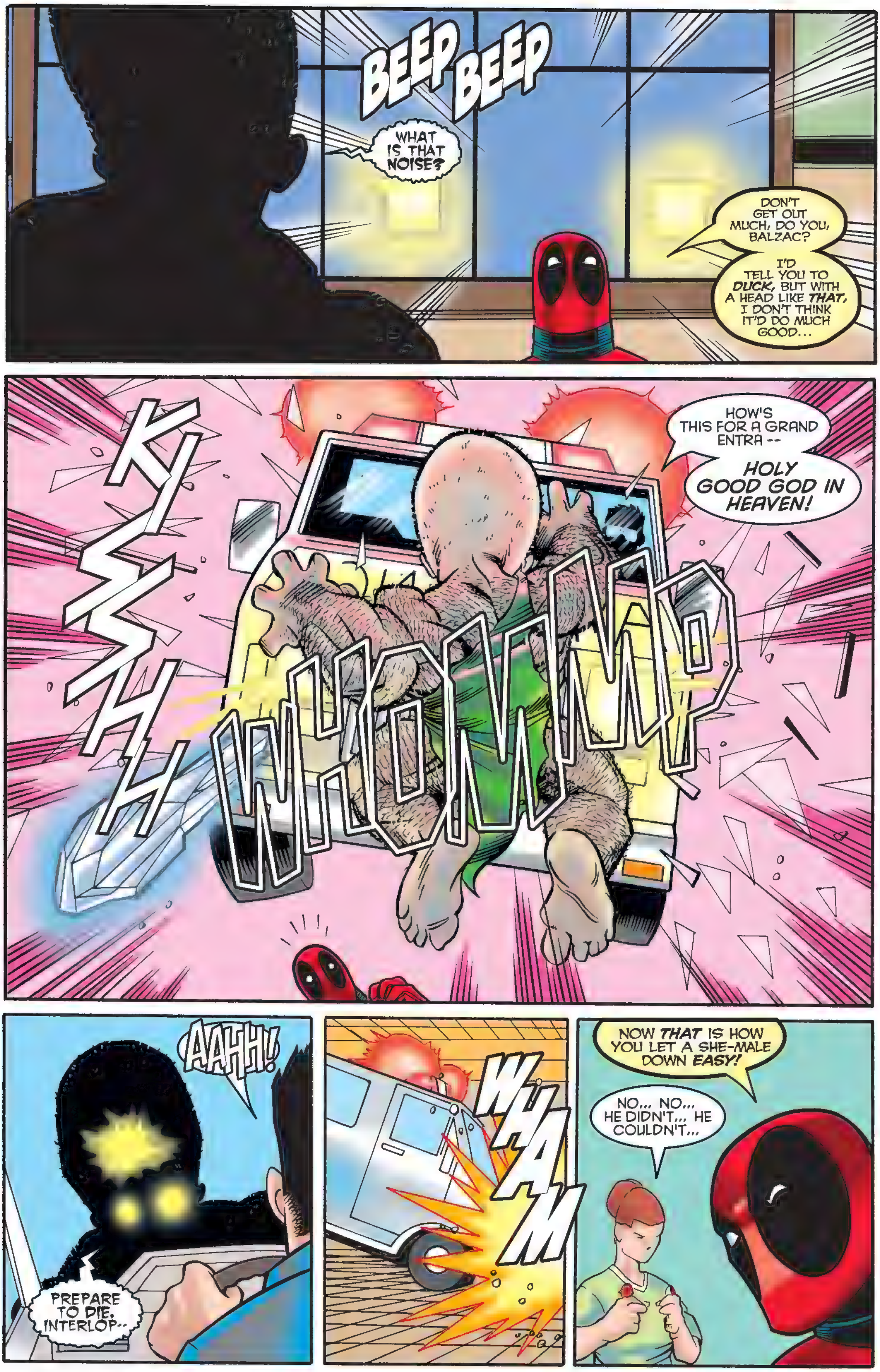

???
WOMEN ARE NOT MONSTERS... WOMEN ARE NOT MONSTERS...
HOLY CRYING GAME, FATMAN!
EEP.
THAT'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY.
EWW!
UNGH...
FEEL MY WRATHHHH AND DIEEEE!
FRAZZAP
TO BE QUITE FRANK, I DON'T WANNA EVER FEEL ANYTHING YOU GOT... EVER...
Y'KNOW, WHEN YOU WERE STILL A HOTTY, I HAD PLANS FOR US.
CANDLE-LIGHT... SOFT MUSIC... TICKETS TO ULTIMATE BOXING... BUT NOW...
...YOU GONE AND CONFUSED THE #$%&*@! OUT OF MY HORMONES!
BRAPP
BRAPP

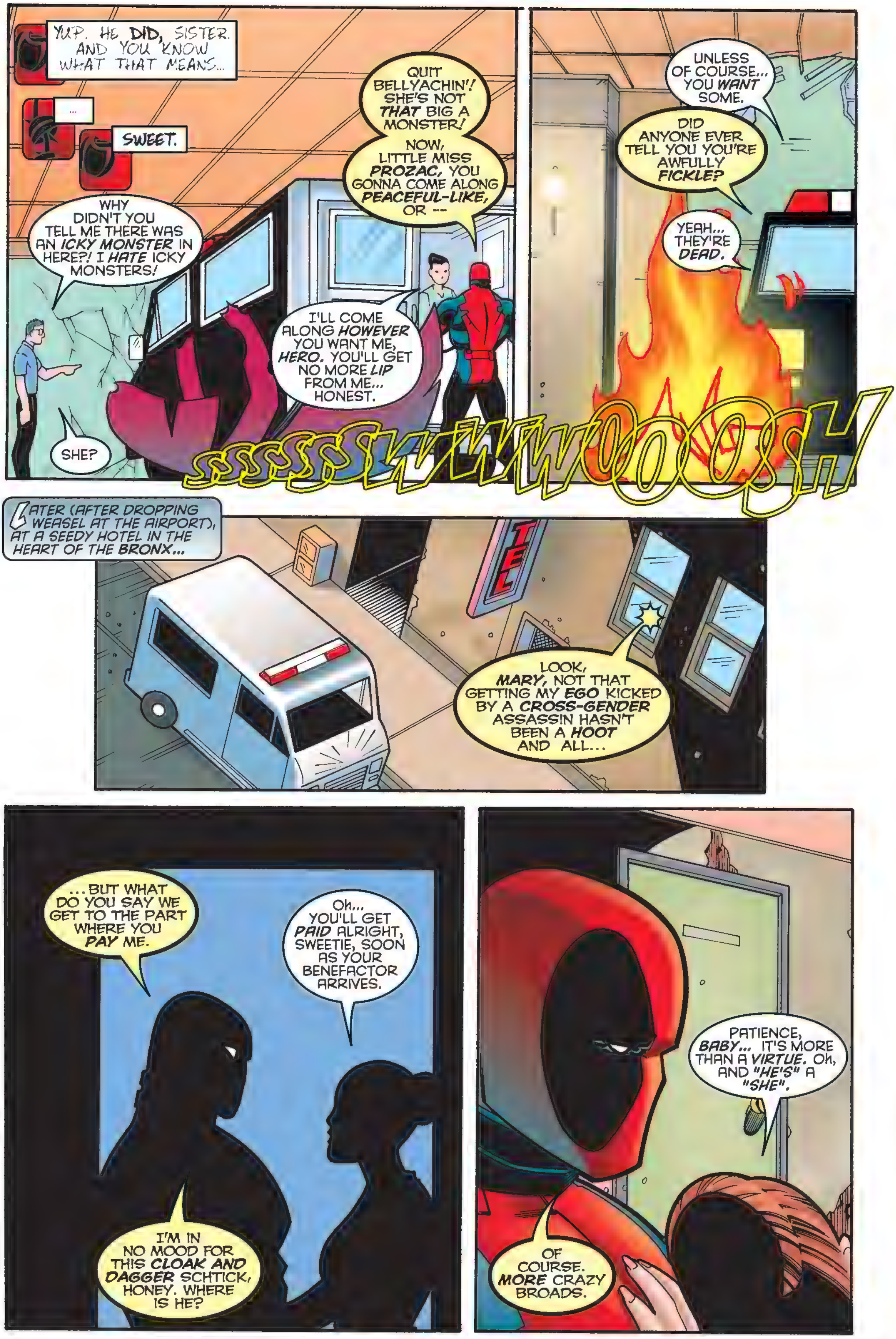

HEH, HEH... PATHETIC!
WHAT MEAN BULLETS TO ONE WHO CAN BEND SPACE WITH THEIR VERY THOUGHTS?!
I WAS HAVING NC-17 FANTASIES ABOUT YOU! PLANNING AND SCAMMING LIKE A REGULAR CASANOVA...
AND NOW YOU'RE A BIG, DISGUSTING KOJAK REJECT!!
THAT'S FREAKING GROSS!
NOW YOU GOT ME THINKIN'... MAYBE ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN HITTING ON THE WRONG MUTANTS...
I WONDER IF THAT SEXY PROFESSOR X IS DOING ANYTHING THIS WEEKEND?
FRAZZAP
WHOOF!
KRAASSH
WHA-? I... OH, TERRY... STOP SCREAMING... MY EARS ARE BLEEDING... I'M SORRY I HIT ON A BIG CABBAGE-HEADED THING...
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW SORRY... BUT THIS DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH US... HONEST...
YOU... YOU'RE HERE... FINALLY... HURRY... YOU MUST HELP ME.
PRINCESS LEIA?

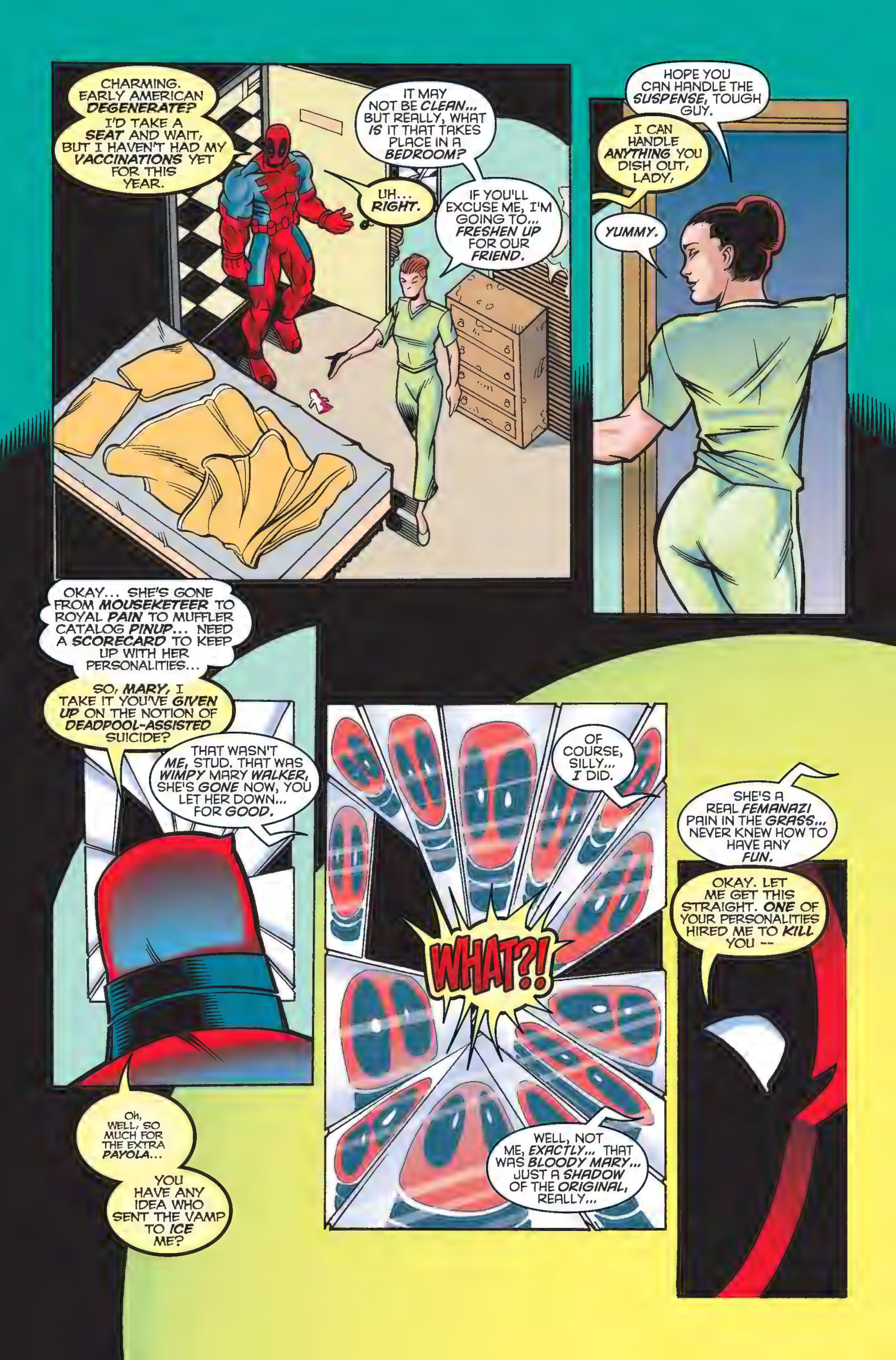

IT'S ME... I... I'M MARY WALKER...
THE ONE WHO HIRED YOU --
OH. WELL... LET'S AGREE TO DISREGARD THIS LESS THAN STELLAR ENTRANCE WHEN IT COMES TIME TO TIP, SHALL WE?
NOW, SOON AS I PULL THIS SHEETROCK OUT OF MY POSTERIOR AND GIVE BOY GEORGE OUT THERE THE MOTHER OF ALL CONCUSSIONS, WE CAN SKEDADDLE AND --
NO... I DIDN'T HIRE YOU TO BREAK ME OUT...
I'M THE ONE WHO HIRED YOU TO KILL ME.
I'M SURROUNDED BY CRAZY BROADS... MY LIFE IS HELL.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M... I'M INSANE... AND I CAN'T TAKE IT...
THESE VOICES IN MY HEAD... THEY WANT ME TO BE BAD... VERY BAD. AND I CAN'T CONTROL THEM ANYMORE.
IN A FEW DAYS... THIS PERSONALITY WON'T EVEN EXIST...
THE OTHER VOICES ARE COMING OUT... AND GOD HELP EVERYONE IF THEY DO...
HERE IS THE NUMBER TO ONE OF THEIR SWISS ACCOUNTS. WHATEVER'S IN THERE IS YOURS...
AS SOON AS YOU KILL ME.
I KNOW THE CUSTOMER'S SUPPOSED T'BE RIGHT, BUT USUALLY PEOPLE DON'T BEG FOR DEATH TILL I WORKED THEM OVER A COUPLE'A THREE DAYS WITH A TOILET BRUSH.
YOU NEED MORE OF A BULLSEYE FOR THIS THING--
FINE. THEN I'LL DO IT MYSELF...

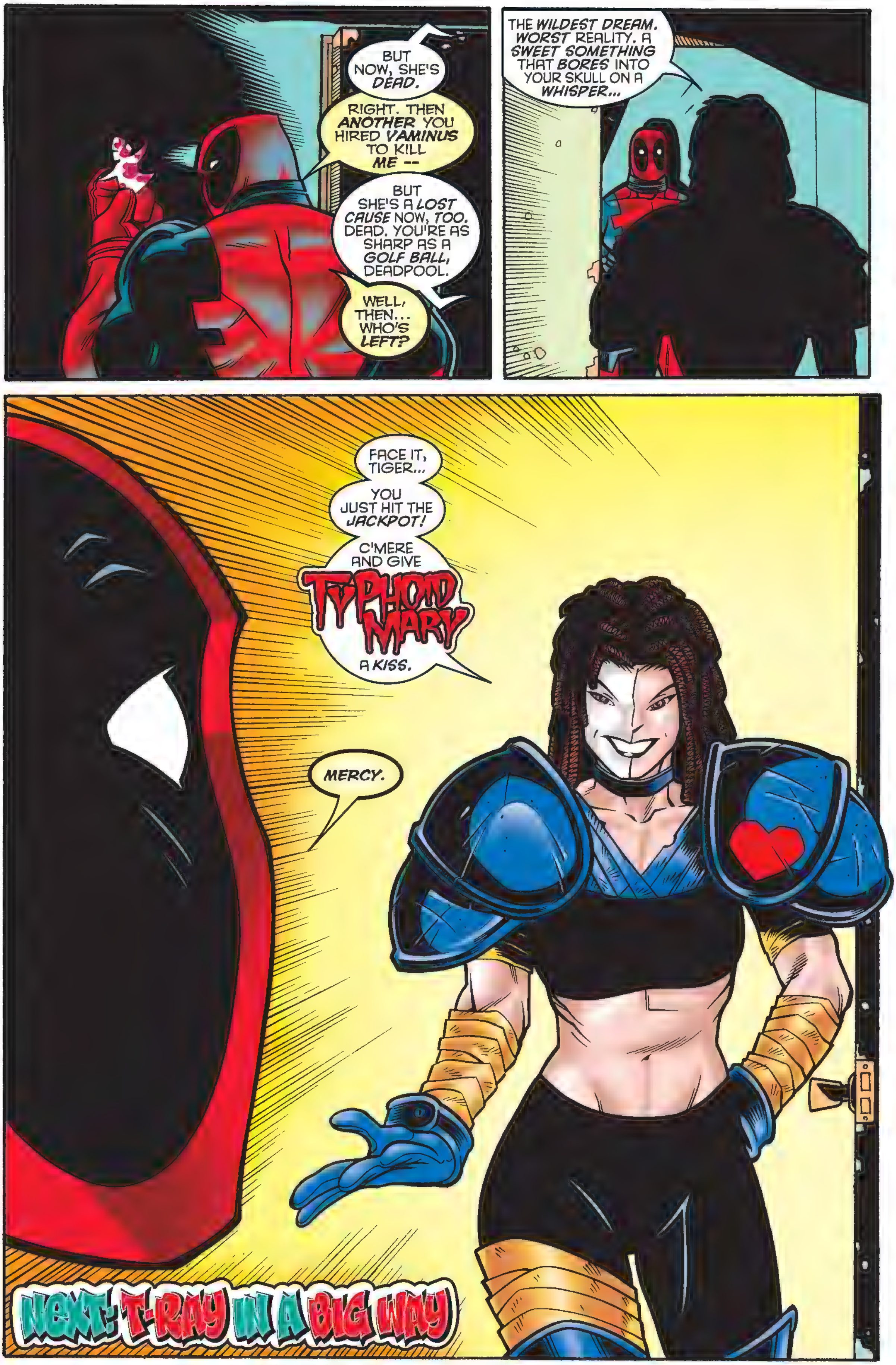

DEAD-POOOL!
HERE'S A BETTER IDEA. HOW 'BOUT I BUST YOU OUT OF THE LOONY BIN AND GET PAID FOR THAT...
THEN, IF YOU'RE STILL SUICIDAL, YOU CAN GO STAND IN FRONT OF A TRAIN.
NO, WAIT!
Oh MY GOD! HE'S NOT GOING TO DO IT? HE'S NOT --
...
NO, WE LIVE. SORRY, LITTLE GIRL. ENJOY THE NOTHING.
KRITCH
YOU'RE AN EVIL WITCH. SHOW A LITTLE RESPECT...
BUH-BYE, MARY. THANKS FOR THE BODY.
PUT ME DOWN, YOU DOG! WHAT SORT OF MERC ARE YOU, ANYWAY? RUNNING HOME TO MOMMA LIKE SOME ROOKIE?
I RESEMBLE THAT REMARK... HEY, YOUR VOICE IS DIFFERENT... DID YOU JUST PULL A SIBYL ON ME?
IF YOU MEAN IS LITTLE PRECIOUS MARY GONE... YES.
COOL... MUST BE A PAIN IN THE DECK WHEN YOU TRY AN' PLAY SOLITAIRE... WEASEL?!
BREAKER BREAKER, TEN-FOUR, GOOD BUDDY! I'M IN POSITION AND THE METER'S RUNNING...
WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS?

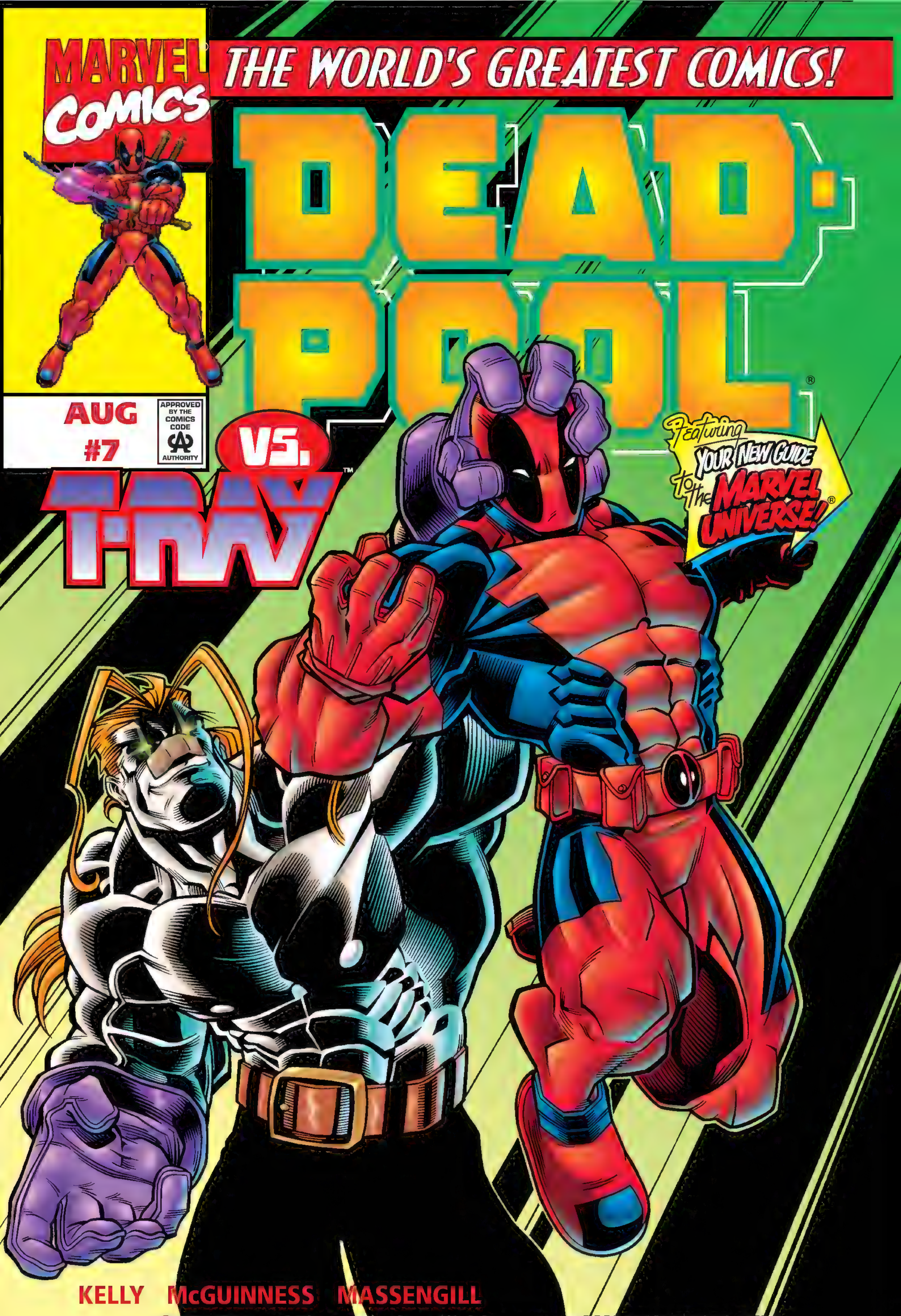

ZIP IT AND LISTEN! I NEED AN EVAC OUT OF... OF... WHERE ARE WE?
FIGURE IT OUT, YOU CHAUVINIST PIG.
OH, HOW I HATE PSYCHOPATHS... SOME ROOM WITH BIG WINDOWS, SQUISHY CHAIRS, CHILDPROOF TABLES --
THE DAYROOM?! I CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF THERE! THAT'S CRAZY!
WELL, LUCKILY FOR US, WE'RE IN A *&$#@ MENTAL INSTITUTION! NOW SHUT YOUR CAKE-HOLE AND STEP ON THE @&%$# GAS!!
PROBLEMS WITH THE HELP?
I'M IGNORING YOU... LA-LA LA-LA-LAA LAAA...
DEADPOOOOOOOL!!
Y'KNOW THAT MIGHT SOUND LIKE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU LIKE RED...
...BUT ONCE THE STUFF COAGULATES, YOU'RE GOING TO BE TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED BY THE HUE...
KILL HIM, ANIMUS! PAINT THE WALLS WITH HIS BLOOD!
KILL HIM!
FRASCHOOOWW
YOW!!
NICE VAULT... BUT THE DISMOUNT IS GONNA COST ME THE GOLD...
YOU HAVE DEFILED THIS WOMAN AND HER SPACE! FOR THAT, YOU WILL DIE!!
YEAH? WELL, YOU HAVE A BIG HEAD. NO BACKSIES.


BEEP BEEP
WHAT IS THAT NOISE?
DON'T GET OUT MUCH, DO YOU, BALZAC?
I'D TELL YOU TO *DUCK*, BUT WITH A HEAD LIKE *THAT*, I DON'T THINK IT'D DO MUCH GOOD...
KKSSHH
WHOMMP
HOW'S THIS FOR A GRAND ENTRA --
HOLY GOOD GOD IN HEAVEN!
AAHH!
PREPARE TO DIE, INTERLOP--
WHAM
NOW *THAT* IS HOW YOU LET A SHE-MALE DOWN *EASY!*
NO... NO... HE DIDN'T... HE COULDN'T...


YUP. HE DID, SISTER. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS...
...
SWEET.
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THERE WAS AN ICKY MONSTER IN HERE?! I HATE ICKY MONSTERS!
SHE?
QUIT BELLYACHIN'! SHE'S NOT THAT BIG A MONSTER!
NOW, LITTLE MISS PROZAC, YOU GONNA COME ALONG PEACEFUL-LIKE, OR --
I'LL COME ALONG HOWEVER YOU WANT ME, HERO. YOU'LL GET NO MORE LIP FROM ME... HONEST.
UNLESS OF COURSE... YOU WANT SOME.
DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU YOU'RE AWFULLY FICKLE?
YEAH... THEY'RE DEAD.
SSSSSSWWWWOOOOSH
LATER (AFTER DROPPING WEASEL AT THE AIRPORT), AT A SEEDY HOTEL IN THE HEART OF THE BRONX...
TEL
LOOK, MARY, NOT THAT GETTING MY EGO KICKED BY A CROSS-GENDER ASSASSIN HASN'T BEEN A HOOT AND ALL...
...BUT WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET TO THE PART WHERE YOU PAY ME.
Oh... YOU'LL GET PAID ALRIGHT, SWEETIE, SOON AS YOUR BENEFACTOR ARRIVES.
I'M IN NO MOOD FOR THIS CLOAK AND DAGGER SCHTICK, HONEY. WHERE IS HE?
PATIENCE, BABY... IT'S MORE THAN A VIRTUE. Oh, AND "HE'S" A "SHE".
OF COURSE. MORE CRAZY BROADS.


CHARMING. EARLY AMERICAN *DEGENERATE?*
I'D TAKE A *SEAT* AND WAIT, BUT I HAVEN'T HAD MY *VACCINATIONS* YET FOR THIS YEAR.
IT MAY NOT BE *CLEAN...* BUT REALLY, WHAT *IS* IT THAT TAKES PLACE IN A *BEDROOM?*
UH... *RIGHT.*
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'M GOING TO... *FRESHEN UP* FOR OUR *FRIEND.*
HOPE YOU CAN HANDLE THE *SUSPENSE,* TOUGH GUY.
I CAN HANDLE *ANYTHING* YOU DISH OUT, LADY,
YUMMY.
OKAY... SHE'S GONE FROM *MOUSEKETEER* TO ROYAL *PAIN* TO MUFFLER CATALOG *PINUP...* NEED A *SCORECARD* TO KEEP UP WITH HER PERSONALITIES...
SO, *MARY,* I TAKE IT YOU'VE *GIVEN UP* ON THE NOTION OF *DEADPOOL-ASSISTED* SUICIDE?
THAT WASN'T *ME,* STUD. THAT WAS *WIMPY* MARY *WALKER,* SHE'S *GONE* NOW, YOU LET HER DOWN... FOR *GOOD.*
Oh, WELL, SO MUCH FOR THE EXTRA *PAYOLA...*
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO SENT THE VAMP TO *ICE* ME?
OF COURSE, SILLY... *I* DID.
WHAT?!
WELL, NOT ME, *EXACTLY...* THAT WAS *BLOODY MARY...* JUST A *SHADOW* OF THE *ORIGINAL,* REALLY...
SHE'S A REAL *FEMANAZI* PAIN IN THE *GRASS...* NEVER KNEW HOW TO HAVE ANY *FUN.*
OKAY. LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. *ONE* OF YOUR PERSONALITIES HIRED ME TO *KILL* YOU --


BUT NOW, SHE'S *DEAD.*
RIGHT. THEN ***ANOTHER*** YOU HIRED ***VAMINUS*** TO KILL ***ME*** --
BUT SHE'S A ***LOST CAUSE*** NOW, ***TOO.*** DEAD. YOU'RE AS SHARP AS A ***GOLF BALL,*** DEADPOOL.
WELL, THEN... WHO'S ***LEFT?***
THE ***WILDEST DREAM. WORST*** REALITY. A ***SWEET SOMETHING*** THAT ***BORES*** INTO YOUR SKULL ON A ***WHISPER...***
FACE IT, TIGER...
YOU JUST HIT THE ***JACKPOT!***
C'MERE AND GIVE TYPHOID MARY A ***KISS.***
MERCY.
NEXT: T-RAY IN A BIG WAY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DEAD-POOL®
AUG
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VS. T-RAY™
Featuring YOUR NEW GUIDE to the MARVEL UNIVERSE!®
KELLY McGUINNESS MASSENGILL

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70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS
70 YEARS MARVEL COMICS

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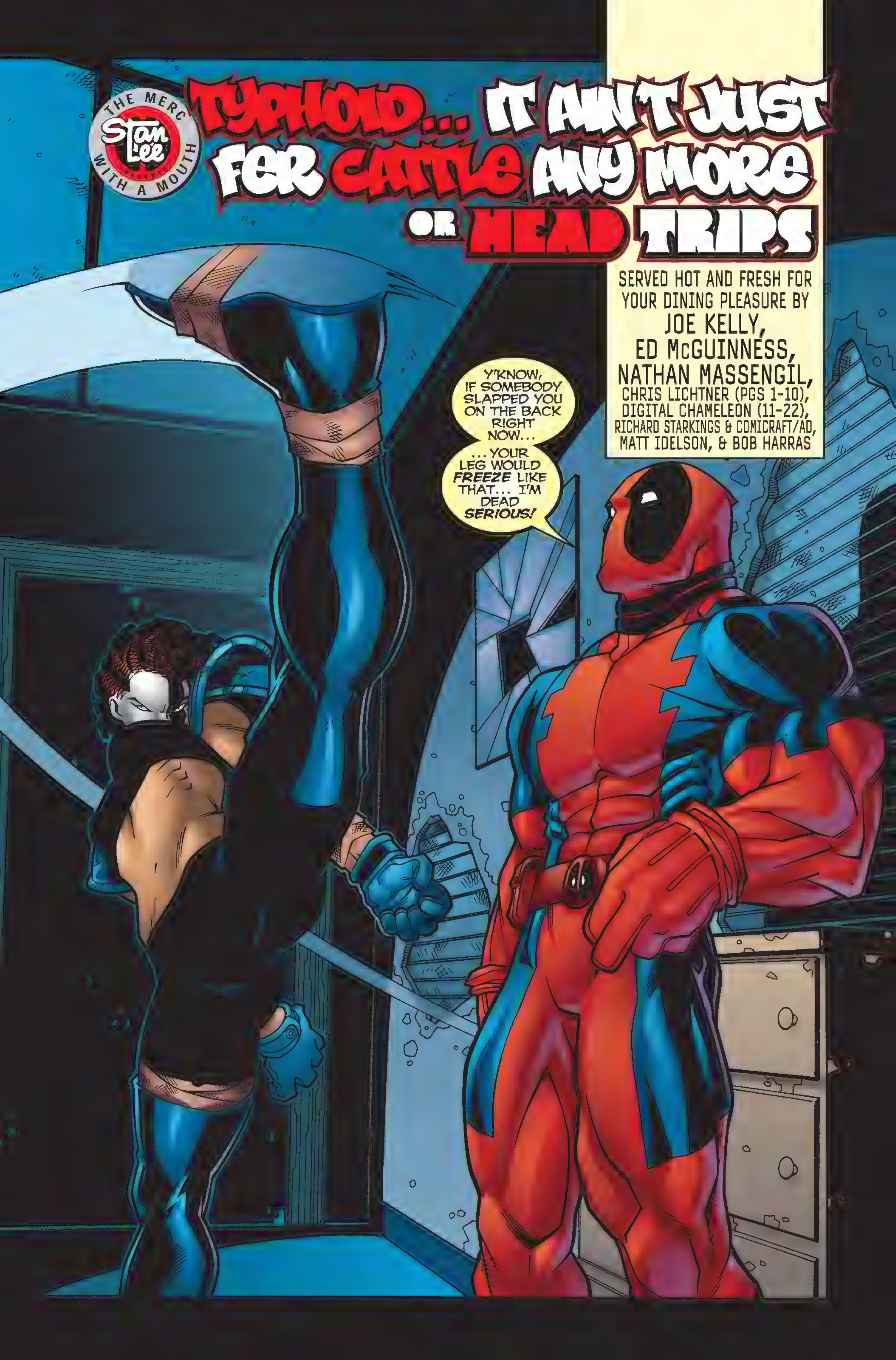
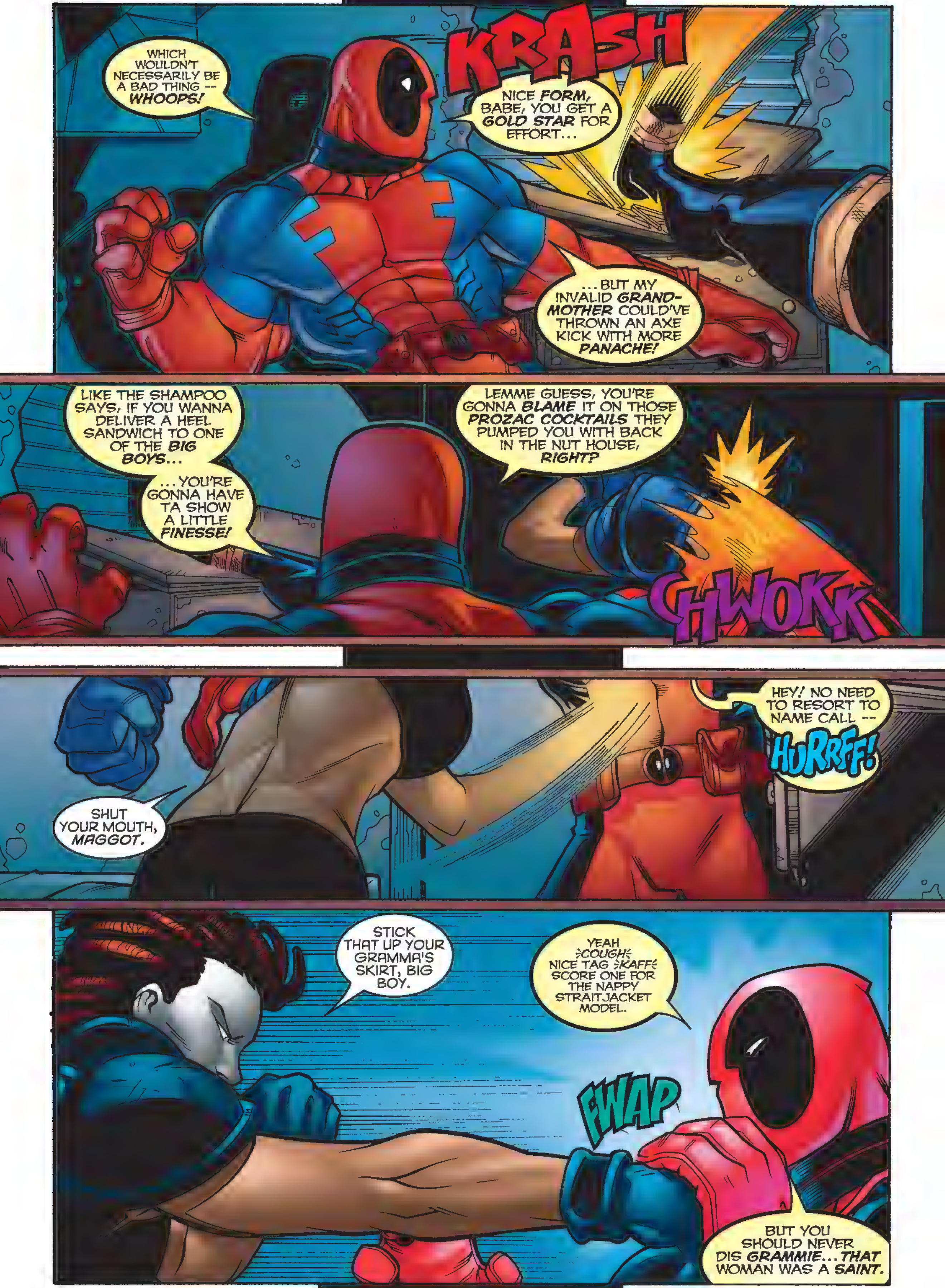
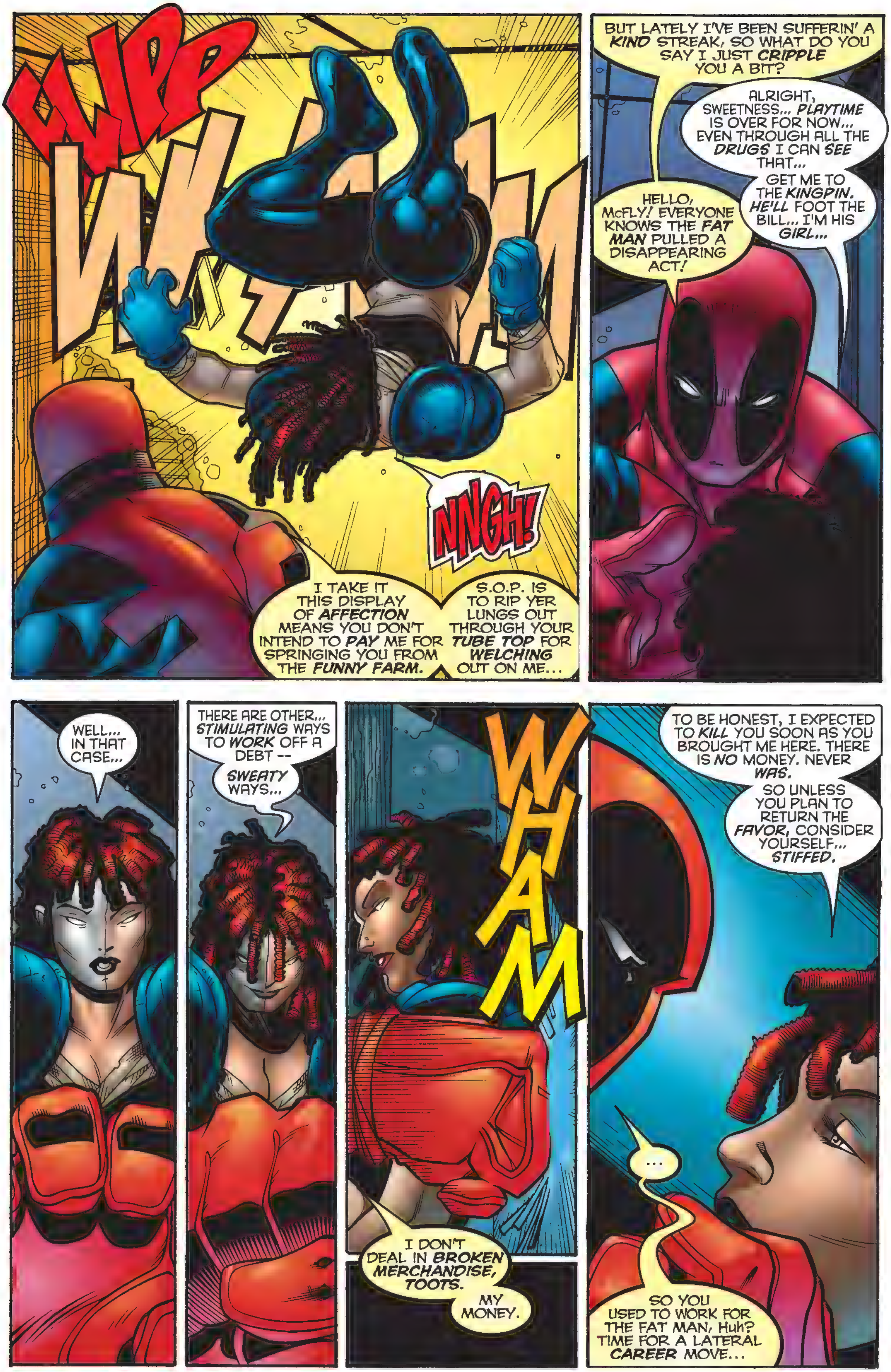
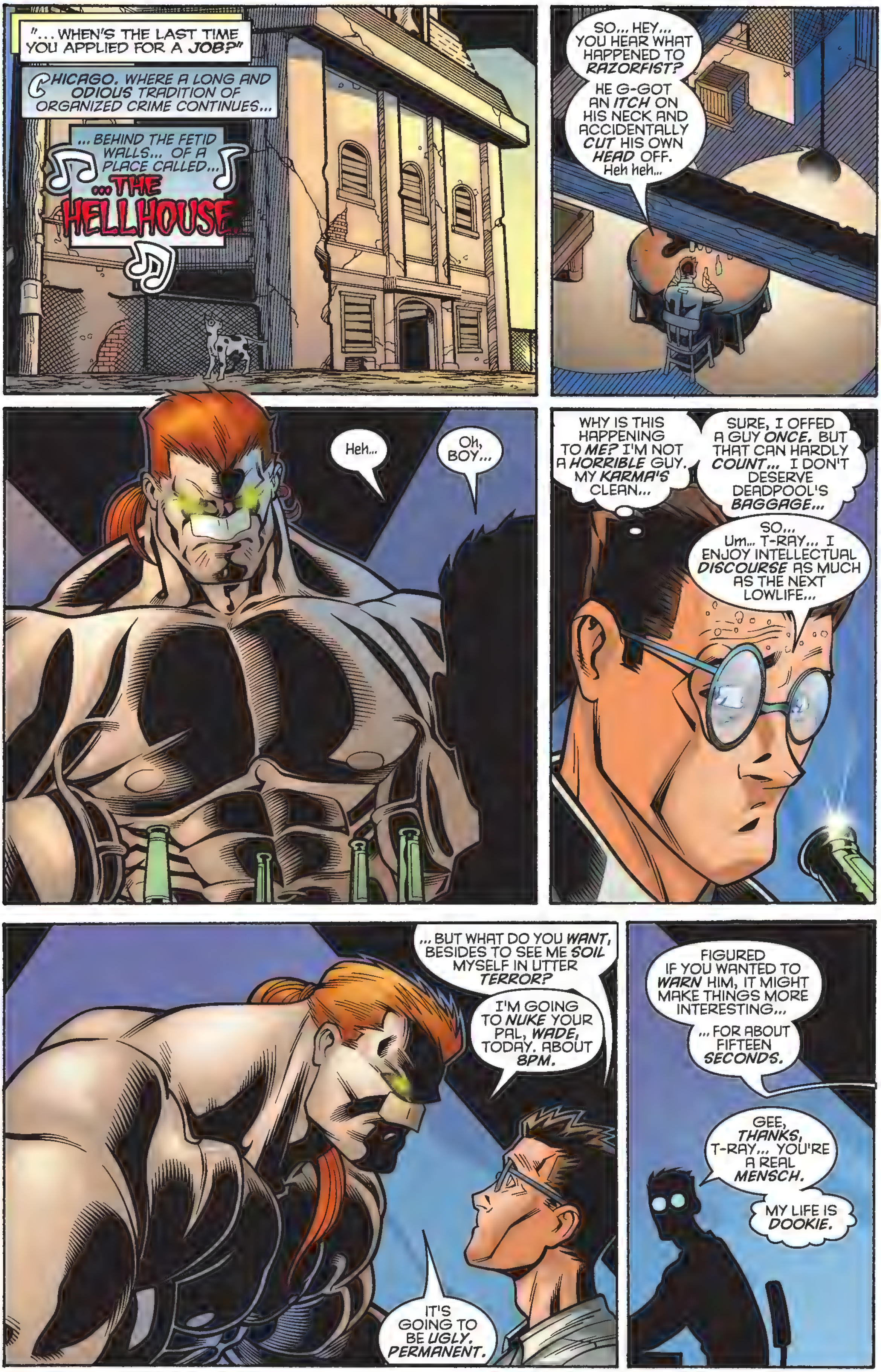
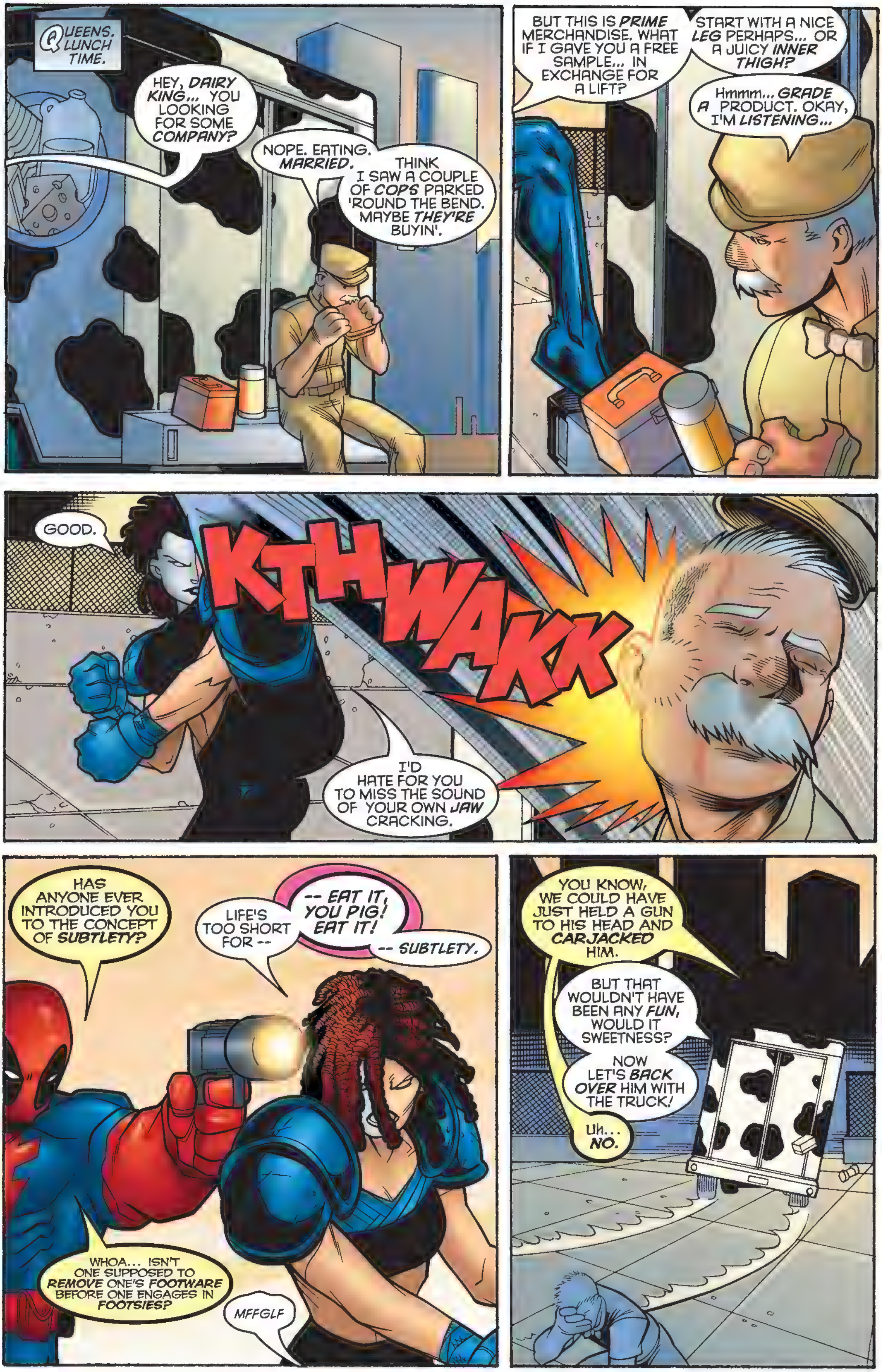
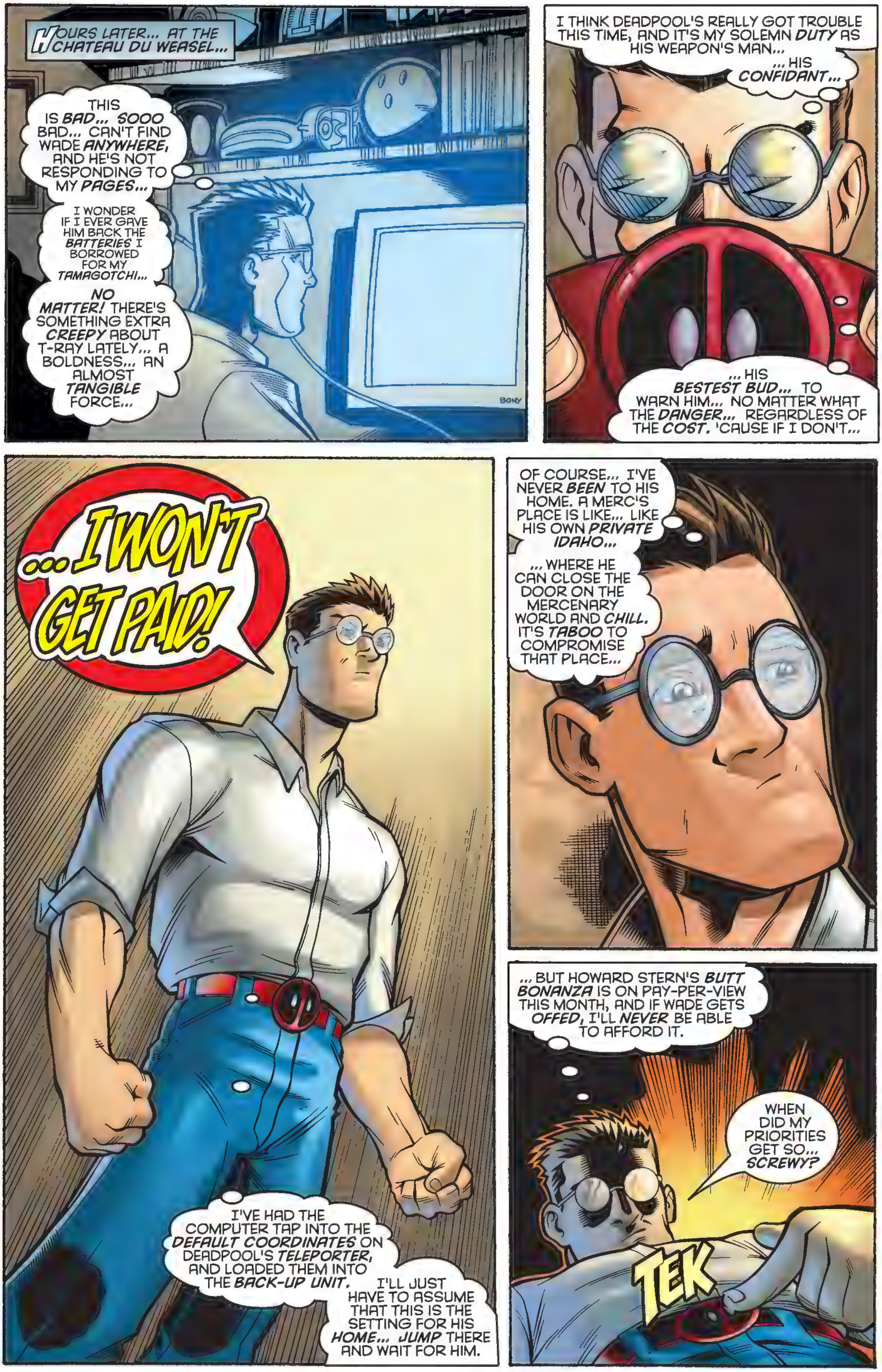

THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee PRESENTS
TYPHOID... IT AIN'T JUST FOR CATTLE ANY MORE OR HEAD TRIPS
SERVED HOT AND FRESH FOR YOUR DINING PLEASURE BY JOE KELLY, ED McGUINNESS, NATHAN MASSENGIL, CHRIS LICHTNER (PGS 1-10), DIGITAL CHAMELEON (11-22), RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT/AD, MATT IDELSON, & BOB HARRAS
Y'KNOW, IF SOMEBODY SLAPPED YOU ON THE BACK RIGHT NOW... ...YOUR LEG WOULD FREEZE LIKE THAT... I'M DEAD SERIOUS!

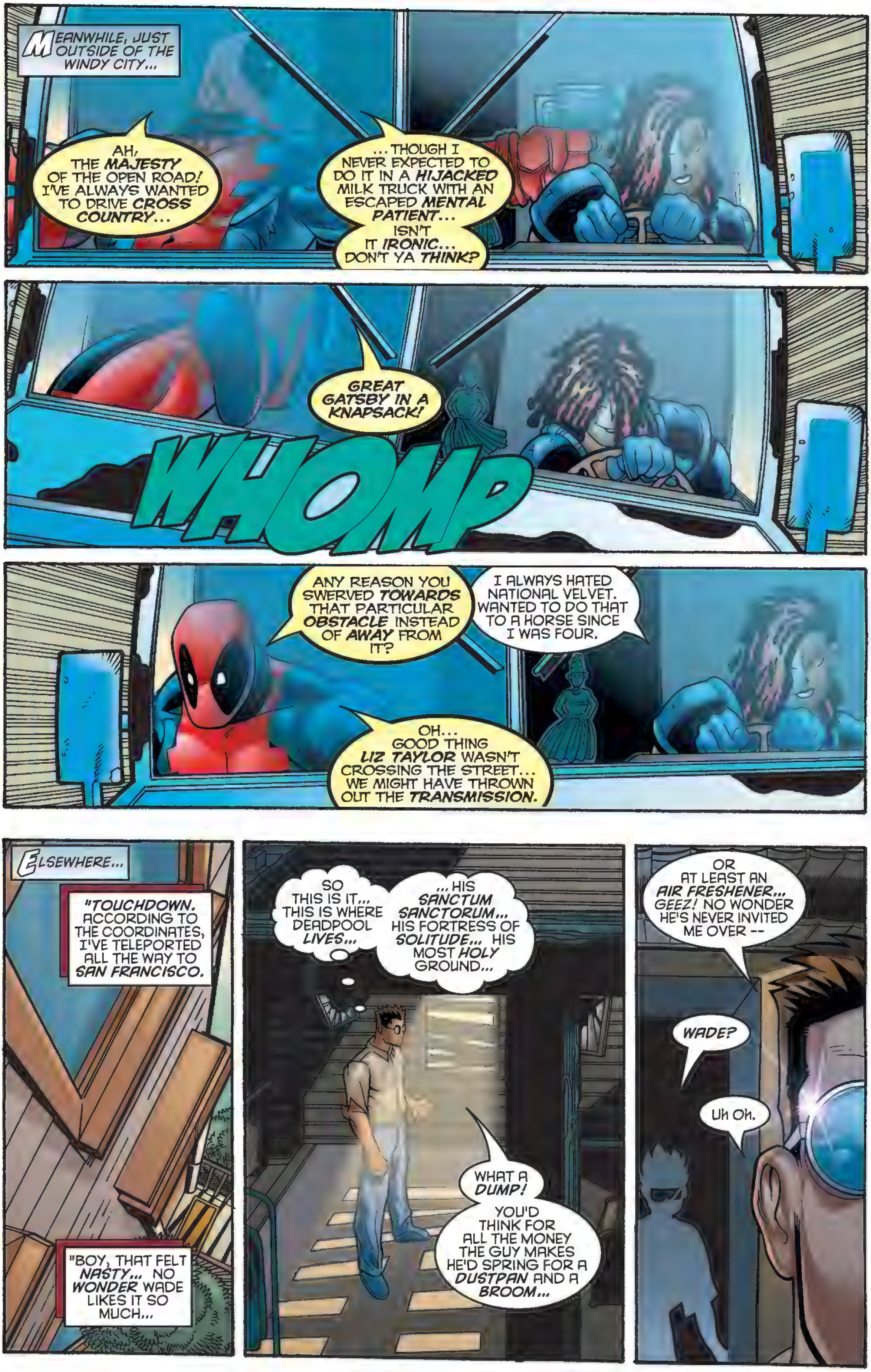

WHICH WOULDN'T NECESSARILY BE A BAD THING -- WHOOPS!
KRASH
NICE FORM, BABE, YOU GET A GOLD STAR FOR EFFORT...
...BUT MY INVALID GRANDMOTHER COULD'VE THROWN AN AXE KICK WITH MORE PANACHE!
LIKE THE SHAMPOO SAYS, IF YOU WANNA DELIVER A HEEL SANDWICH TO ONE OF THE BIG BOYS...
...YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TA SHOW A LITTLE FINESSE!
LEMME GUESS, YOU'RE GONNA BLAME IT ON THOSE PROZAC COCKTAILS THEY PUMPED YOU WITH BACK IN THE NUT HOUSE, RIGHT?
CHWOKK
SHUT YOUR MOUTH, MAGGOT.
HEY! NO NEED TO RESORT TO NAME CALL --
HURRFF!
STICK THAT UP YOUR GRAMMA'S SKIRT, BIG BOY.
YEAH ⁑COUGH⁑ NICE TAG ⁑KAFF⁑ SCORE ONE FOR THE NAPPY STRAITJACKET MODEL.
FWAP
BUT YOU SHOULD NEVER DIS GRAMMIE...THAT WOMAN WAS A SAINT.

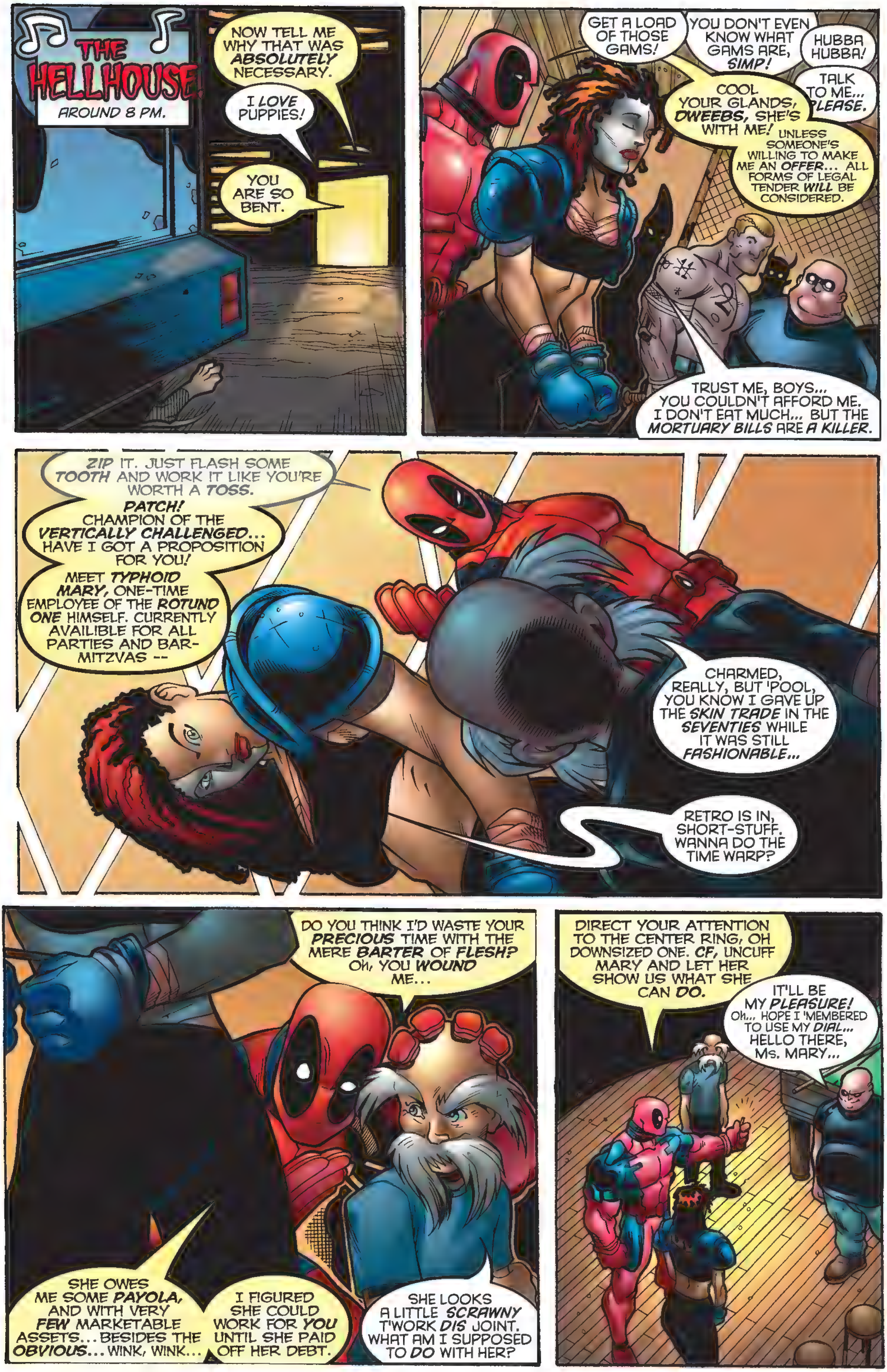

KLIPP
WHAM
NNGH!
I TAKE IT THIS DISPLAY OF *AFFECTION* MEANS YOU DON'T INTEND TO *PAY* ME FOR SPRINGING YOU FROM THE *FUNNY FARM.*
S.O.P. IS TO RIP YER LUNGS OUT THROUGH YOUR *TUBE TOP* FOR *WELCHING* OUT ON ME...
BUT LATELY I'VE BEEN SUFFERIN' A *KIND* STREAK, SO WHAT DO YOU SAY I JUST *CRIPPLE* YOU A BIT?
ALRIGHT, SWEETNESS... *PLAYTIME* IS OVER FOR NOW... EVEN THROUGH ALL THE *DRUGS* I CAN *SEE* THAT...
GET ME TO THE *KINGPIN. HE'LL* FOOT THE BILL... I'M HIS *GIRL...*
HELLO, McFLY! EVERYONE KNOWS THE *FAT MAN* PULLED A DISAPPEARING ACT!
WELL... IN THAT CASE...
THERE ARE OTHER... *STIMULATING* WAYS TO *WORK* OFF A DEBT --
SWEATY WAYS...
WHAM
I DON'T DEAL IN *BROKEN MERCHANDISE, TOOTS.*
MY MONEY.
TO BE HONEST, I EXPECTED TO *KILL* YOU SOON AS YOU BROUGHT ME HERE. THERE IS *NO* MONEY. NEVER *WAS.*
SO UNLESS YOU PLAN TO RETURN THE *FAVOR,* CONSIDER YOURSELF... *STIFFED.*
...
SO YOU USED TO WORK FOR THE FAT MAN, Huh? TIME FOR A LATERAL *CAREER* MOVE...

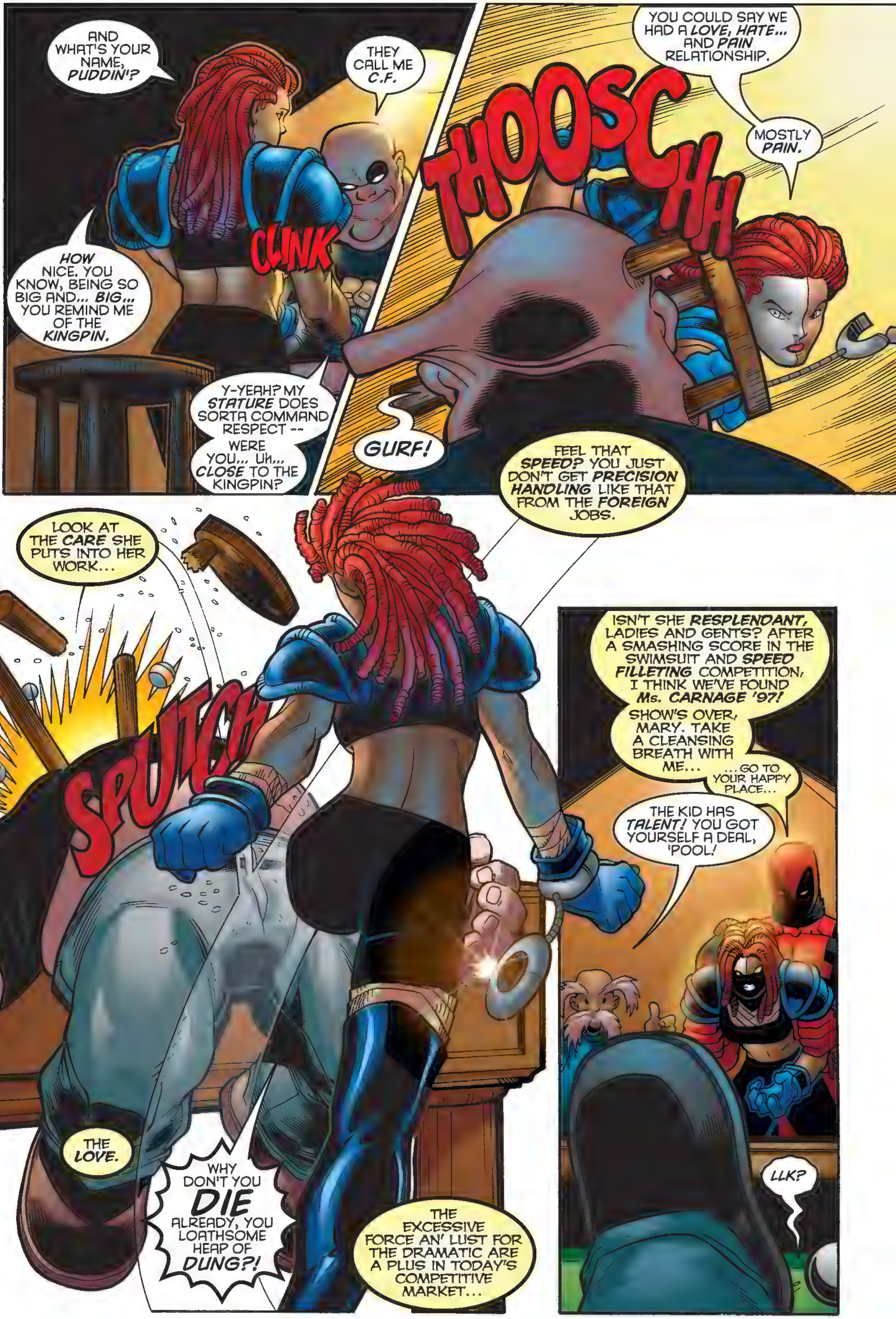

"...WHEN'S THE LAST TIME YOU APPLIED FOR A *JOB?*"
CHICAGO. WHERE A LONG AND *ODIOUS* TRADITION OF ORGANIZED CRIME CONTINUES...
...BEHIND THE FETID WALLS... OF A PLACE CALLED... ...THE HELLHOUSE.
SO... HEY... YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED TO *RAZORFIST?*
HE G-GOT AN *ITCH* ON HIS NECK AND ACCIDENTALLY *CUT* HIS OWN *HEAD* OFF. Heh heh...
Heh...
Oh, BOY...
WHY IS THIS HAPPENING TO *ME?* I'M NOT A *HORRIBLE* GUY. MY *KARMA'S* CLEAN...
SURE, I OFFED A GUY *ONCE*. BUT THAT CAN HARDLY *COUNT*... I DON'T DESERVE DEADPOOL'S *BAGGAGE*...
SO... Um... T-RAY... I ENJOY INTELLECTUAL *DISCOURSE* AS MUCH AS THE NEXT LOWLIFE...
...BUT WHAT DO YOU *WANT*, BESIDES TO SEE ME *SOIL* MYSELF IN UTTER *TERROR?*
I'M GOING TO *NUKE* YOUR PAL, *WADE*, TODAY. ABOUT *8PM*.
IT'S GOING TO BE *UGLY*. *PERMANENT*.
FIGURED IF YOU WANTED TO *WARN* HIM, IT MIGHT MAKE THINGS MORE INTERESTING...
...FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN *SECONDS*.
GEE, *THANKS*, T-RAY... YOU'RE A REAL *MENSCH*.
MY LIFE IS *DOOKIE*.

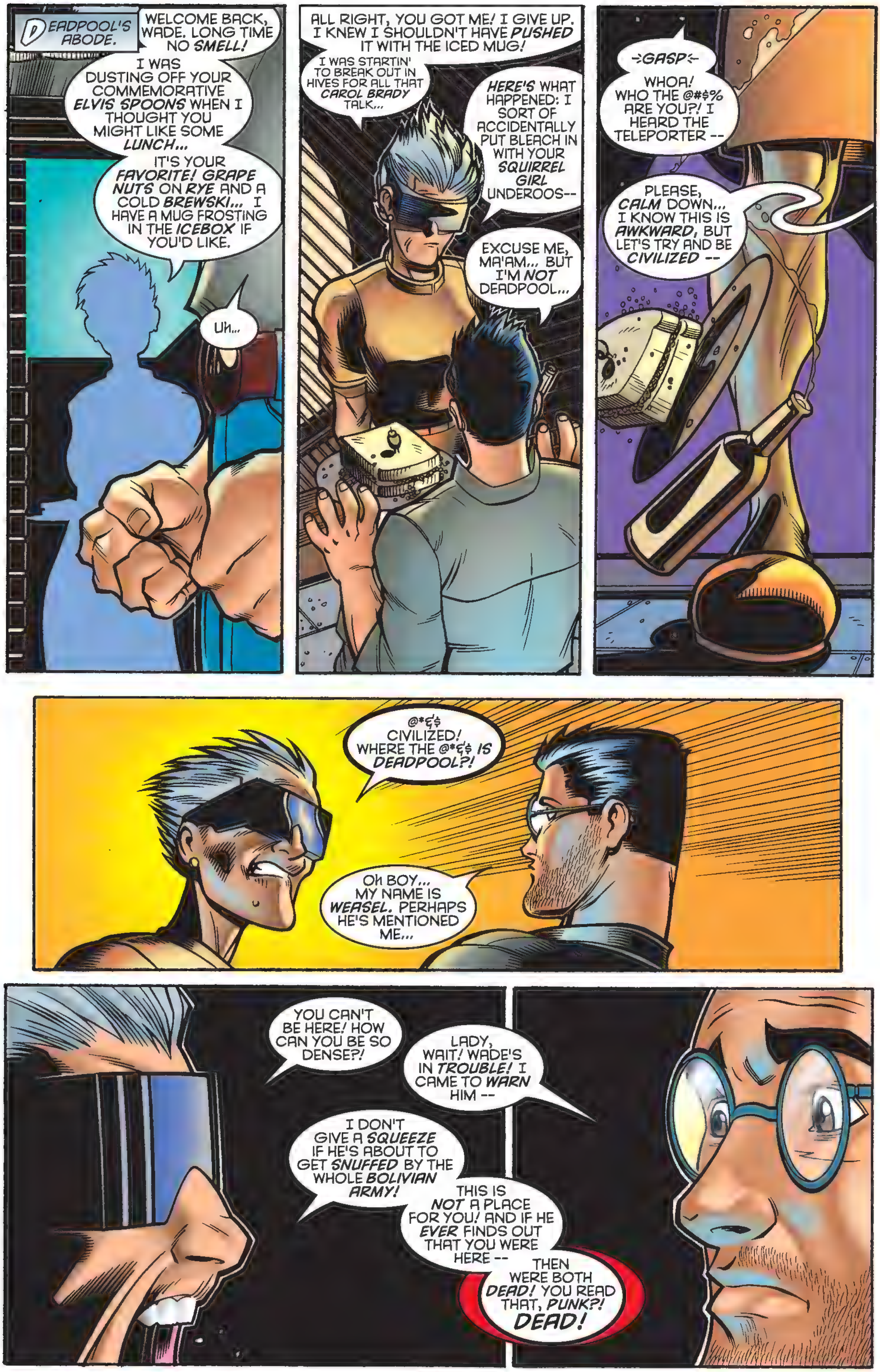

QUEENS. LUNCH TIME.
HEY, DAIRY KING... YOU LOOKING FOR SOME COMPANY?
NOPE. EATING. MARRIED.
THINK I SAW A COUPLE OF COPS PARKED 'ROUND THE BEND. MAYBE THEY'RE BUYIN'.
BUT THIS IS PRIME MERCHANDISE. WHAT IF I GAVE YOU A FREE SAMPLE... IN EXCHANGE FOR A LIFT?
START WITH A NICE LEG PERHAPS... OR A JUICY INNER THIGH?
Hmmm... GRADE A PRODUCT. OKAY, I'M LISTENING...
GOOD.
KTHWAKK
I'D HATE FOR YOU TO MISS THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN JAW CRACKING.
HAS ANYONE EVER INTRODUCED YOU TO THE CONCEPT OF SUBTLETY?
LIFE'S TOO SHORT FOR --
-- EAT IT, YOU PIG! EAT IT!
-- SUBTLETY.
WHOA... ISN'T ONE SUPPOSED TO REMOVE ONE'S FOOTWARE BEFORE ONE ENGAGES IN FOOTSIES?
MFFGLF
YOU KNOW, WE COULD HAVE JUST HELD A GUN TO HIS HEAD AND CARJACKED HIM.
BUT THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY FUN, WOULD IT SWEETNESS?
NOW LET'S BACK OVER HIM WITH THE TRUCK!
Uh... NO.

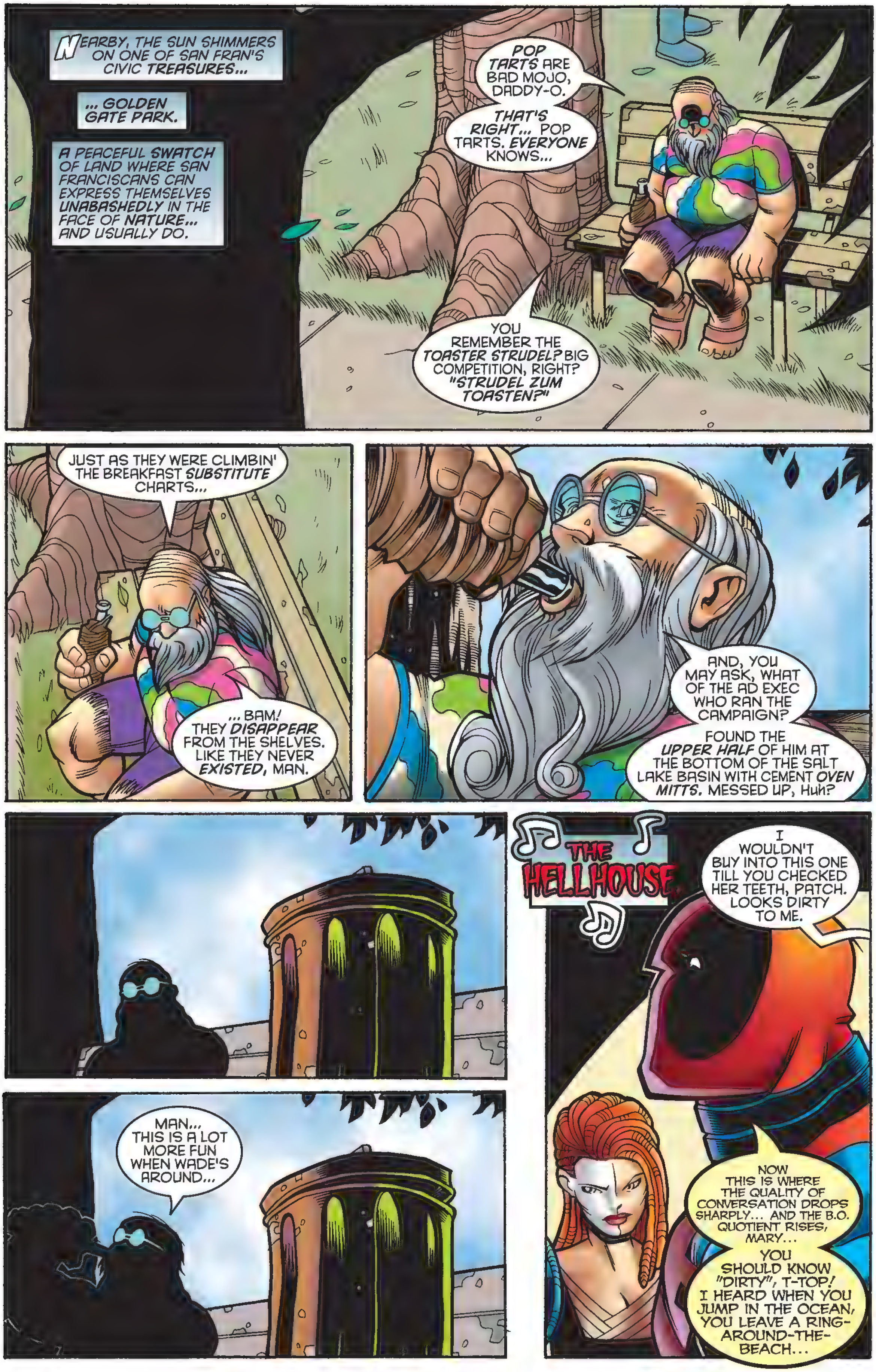

HOURS LATER... AT THE CHATEAU DU WEASEL...
THIS IS BAD... SOOO BAD... CAN'T FIND WADE ANYWHERE, AND HE'S NOT RESPONDING TO MY PAGES...
I WONDER IF I EVER GAVE HIM BACK THE BATTERIES I BORROWED FOR MY TAMAGOTCHI...
NO MATTER! THERE'S SOMETHING EXTRA CREEPY ABOUT T-RAY LATELY... A BOLDNESS... AN ALMOST TANGIBLE FORCE...
BONY
I THINK DEADPOOL'S REALLY GOT TROUBLE THIS TIME, AND IT'S MY SOLEMN DUTY AS HIS WEAPON'S MAN...
...HIS CONFIDANT...
...HIS BESTEST BUD... TO WARN HIM... NO MATTER WHAT THE DANGER... REGARDLESS OF THE COST. 'CAUSE IF I DON'T...
...I WON'T GET PAID!
I'VE HAD THE COMPUTER TAP INTO THE DEFAULT COORDINATES ON DEADPOOL'S TELEPORTER, AND LOADED THEM INTO THE BACK-UP UNIT.
I'LL JUST HAVE TO ASSUME THAT THIS IS THE SETTING FOR HIS HOME... JUMP THERE AND WAIT FOR HIM.
OF COURSE... I'VE NEVER BEEN TO HIS HOME. A MERC'S PLACE IS LIKE... LIKE HIS OWN PRIVATE IDAHO...
...WHERE HE CAN CLOSE THE DOOR ON THE MERCENARY WORLD AND CHILL. IT'S TABOO TO COMPROMISE THAT PLACE...
...BUT HOWARD STERN'S BUTT BONANZA IS ON PAY-PER-VIEW THIS MONTH, AND IF WADE GETS OFFED, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO AFFORD IT.
WHEN DID MY PRIORITIES GET SO... SCREWY?
TEK

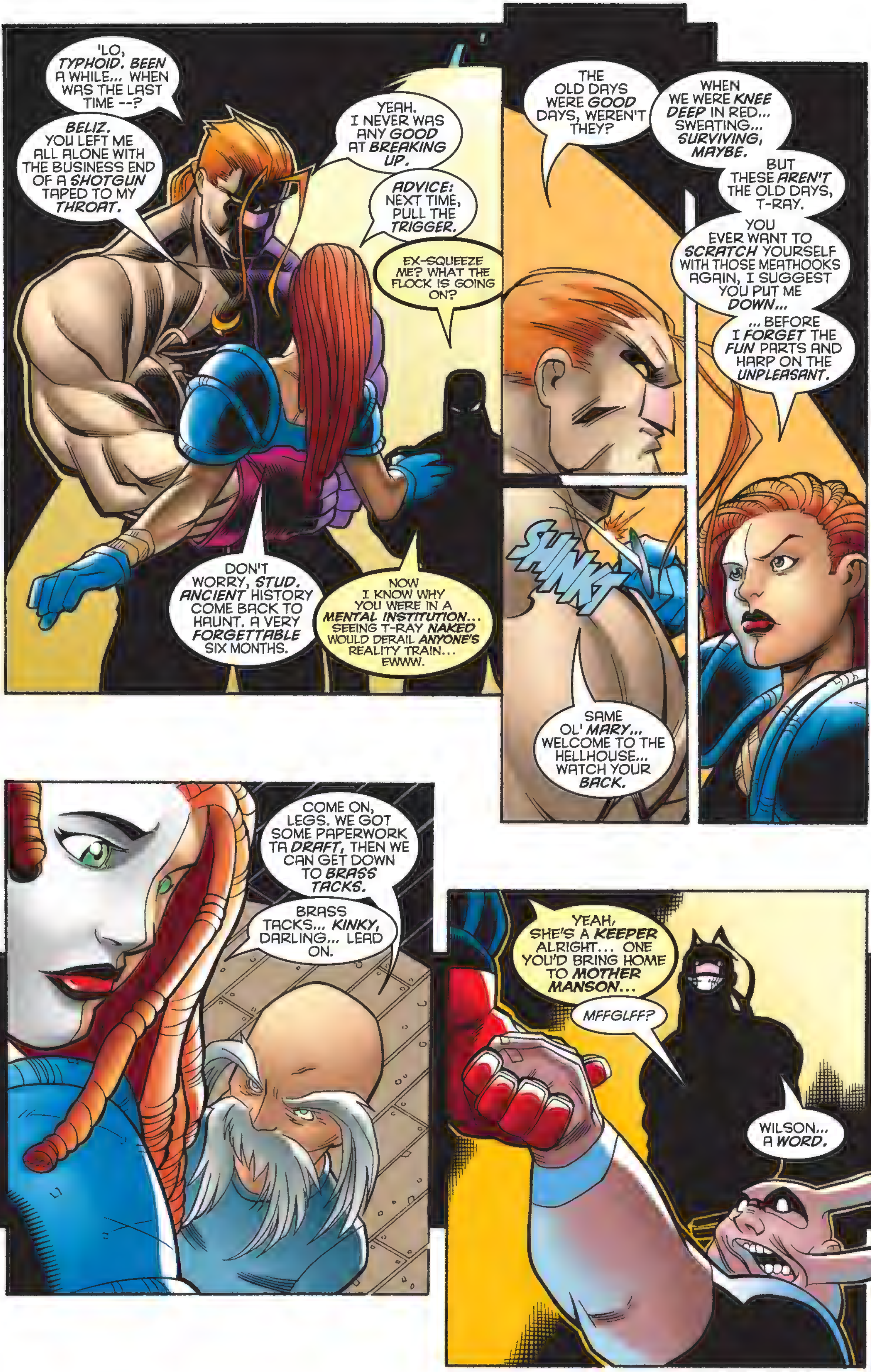

MEANWHILE, JUST OUTSIDE OF THE WINDY CITY...
AH, THE *MAJESTY* OF THE OPEN ROAD! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DRIVE *CROSS COUNTRY*...
...THOUGH I NEVER EXPECTED TO DO IT IN A *HIJACKED* MILK TRUCK WITH AN ESCAPED *MENTAL PATIENT*...
ISN'T IT *IRONIC*... DON'T YA *THINK?*
GREAT GATSBY IN A KNAPSACK!
WHOMP
ANY REASON YOU SWERVED *TOWARDS* THAT PARTICULAR *OBSTACLE* INSTEAD OF *AWAY* FROM IT?
I ALWAYS HATED NATIONAL VELVET. WANTED TO DO THAT TO A HORSE SINCE I WAS FOUR.
OH... GOOD THING *LIZ TAYLOR* WASN'T CROSSING THE STREET... WE MIGHT HAVE THROWN OUT THE *TRANSMISSION.*
ELSEWHERE...
"*TOUCHDOWN.* ACCORDING TO THE COORDINATES, I'VE TELEPORTED ALL THE WAY TO *SAN FRANCISCO.*
"BOY, THAT FELT *NASTY*... NO *WONDER* WADE LIKES IT SO MUCH...
SO THIS IS IT... THIS IS WHERE DEADPOOL *LIVES*...
...HIS *SANCTUM SANCTORUM*... HIS FORTRESS OF *SOLITUDE*... HIS MOST *HOLY* GROUND...
WHAT A *DUMP!*
YOU'D THINK FOR ALL THE MONEY THE GUY MAKES HE'D SPRING FOR A *DUSTPAN* AND A *BROOM*...
OR AT LEAST AN *AIR FRESHENER*... GEEZ! NO WONDER HE'S NEVER INVITED ME OVER --
WADE?
Uh Oh.

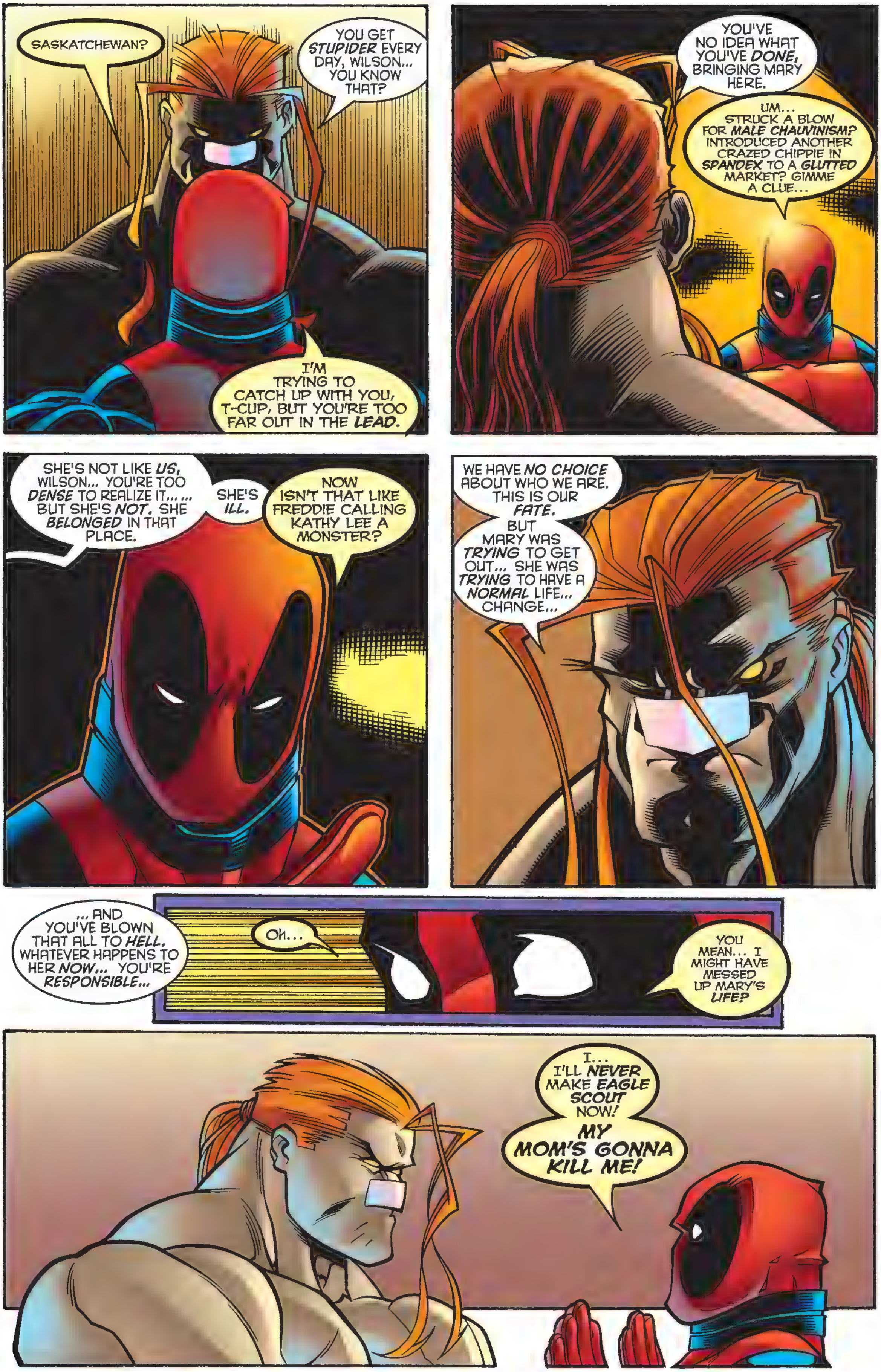

THE HELLHOUSE
AROUND 8 PM.
NOW TELL ME WHY THAT WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.
I LOVE PUPPIES!
YOU ARE SO BENT.
GET A LOAD OF THOSE GAMS!
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT GAMS ARE, SIMP!
HUBBA HUBBA!
TALK TO ME... PLEASE.
COOL YOUR GLANDS, DWEEBS, SHE'S WITH ME! UNLESS SOMEONE'S WILLING TO MAKE ME AN OFFER... ALL FORMS OF LEGAL TENDER WILL BE CONSIDERED.
TRUST ME, BOYS... YOU COULDN'T AFFORD ME. I DON'T EAT MUCH... BUT THE MORTUARY BILLS ARE A KILLER.
ZIP IT. JUST FLASH SOME TOOTH AND WORK IT LIKE YOU'RE WORTH A TOSS.
PATCH! CHAMPION OF THE VERTICALLY CHALLENGED... HAVE I GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU!
MEET TYPHOID MARY, ONE-TIME EMPLOYEE OF THE ROTUND ONE HIMSELF. CURRENTLY AVAILIBLE FOR ALL PARTIES AND BAR-MITZVAS --
CHARMED, REALLY, BUT 'POOL, YOU KNOW I GAVE UP THE SKIN TRADE IN THE SEVENTIES WHILE IT WAS STILL FASHIONABLE...
RETRO IS IN, SHORT-STUFF. WANNA DO THE TIME WARP?
DO YOU THINK I'D WASTE YOUR PRECIOUS TIME WITH THE MERE BARTER OF FLESH? Oh, YOU WOUND ME...
SHE OWES ME SOME PAYOLA, AND WITH VERY FEW MARKETABLE ASSETS... BESIDES THE OBVIOUS... WINK, WINK...
I FIGURED SHE COULD WORK FOR YOU UNTIL SHE PAID OFF HER DEBT.
SHE LOOKS A LITTLE SCRAWNY T'WORK DIS JOINT. WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH HER?
DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO THE CENTER RING, OH DOWNSIZED ONE. CF, UNCUFF MARY AND LET HER SHOW US WHAT SHE CAN DO.
IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE! Oh... HOPE I 'MEMBERED TO USE MY DIAL... HELLO THERE, Ms. MARY...

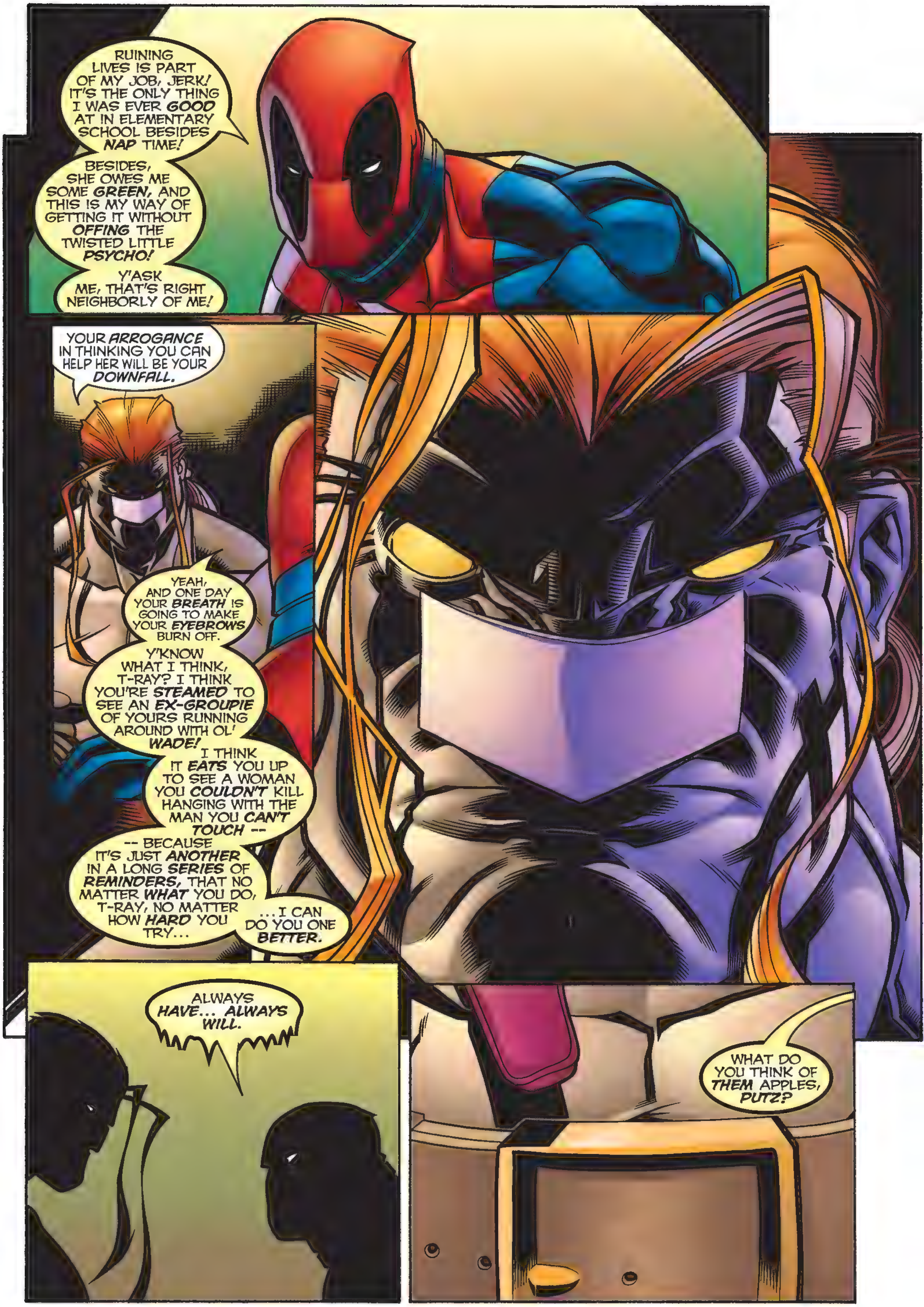

AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME, *PUDDIN'*?
THEY CALL ME *C.F.*
CLINK
HOW NICE. YOU KNOW, BEING SO BIG AND... *BIG*... YOU REMIND ME OF THE *KINGPIN*.
Y-YEAH? MY *STATURE* DOES SORTA COMMAND RESPECT --
WERE YOU... UH... *CLOSE* TO THE KINGPIN?
YOU COULD SAY WE HAD A *LOVE, HATE*... AND *PAIN* RELATIONSHIP.
MOSTLY *PAIN*.
THOOSCHH
GURF!
FEEL THAT *SPEED?* YOU JUST DON'T GET *PRECISION HANDLING* LIKE THAT FROM THE *FOREIGN* JOBS.
LOOK AT THE *CARE* SHE PUTS INTO HER WORK...
SPLUTCH
THE *LOVE*.
WHY DON'T YOU *DIE* ALREADY, YOU LOATHSOME HEAP OF *DUNG?!*
THE EXCESSIVE FORCE AN' LUST FOR THE DRAMATIC ARE A PLUS IN TODAY'S COMPETITIVE MARKET...
ISN'T SHE *RESPLENDANT*, LADIES AND GENTS? AFTER A SMASHING SCORE IN THE SWIMSUIT AND *SPEED FILLETING* COMPETITION, I THINK WE'VE FOUND *Ms. CARNAGE '97!*
SHOW'S OVER, MARY. TAKE A CLEANSING BREATH WITH ME...
...GO TO YOUR HAPPY PLACE...
THE KID HAS *TALENT!* YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL, 'POOL!
LLK?

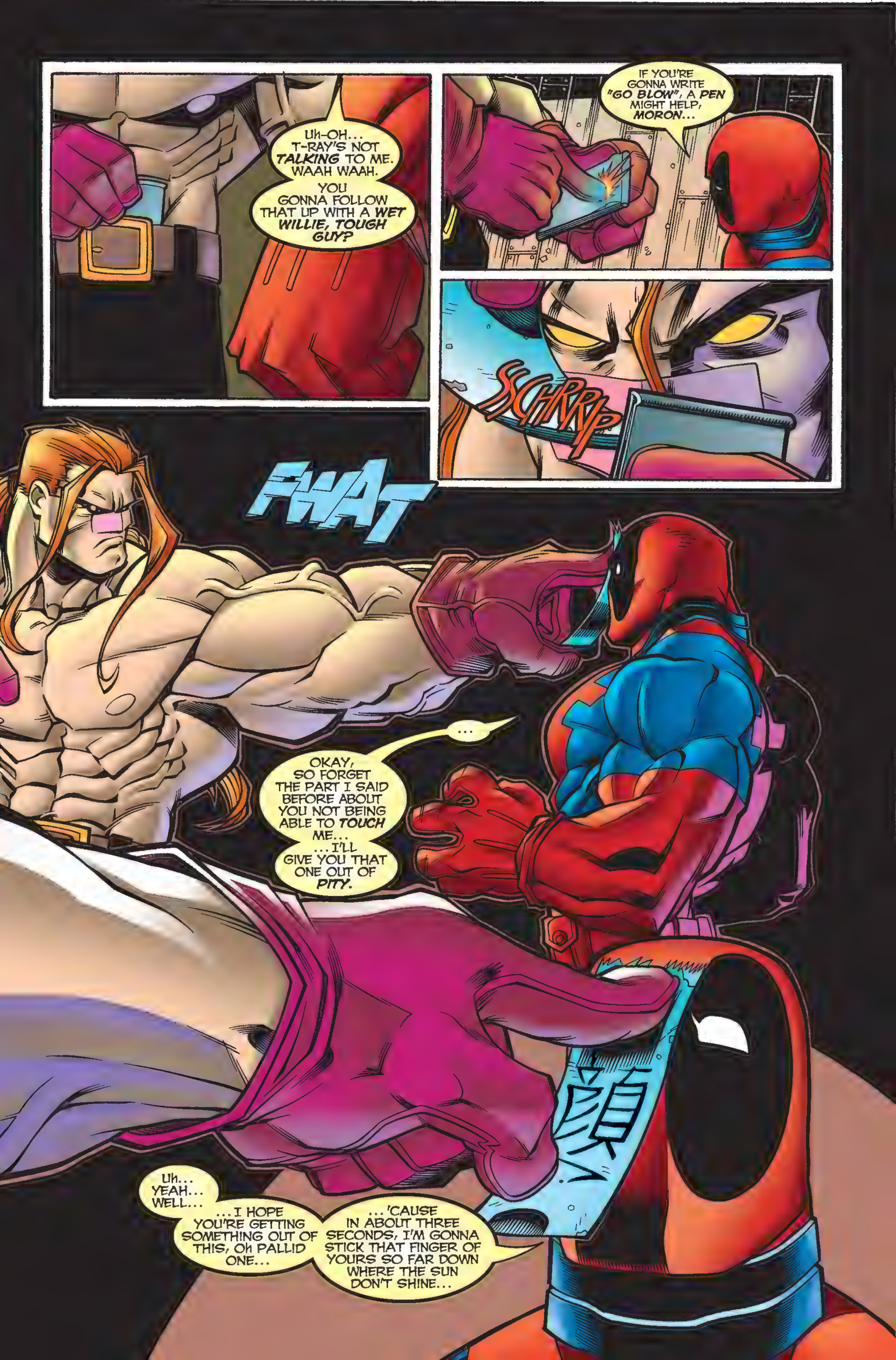

DEADPOOL'S ABODE.
WELCOME BACK, WADE. LONG TIME NO *SMELL!*
I WAS DUSTING OFF YOUR COMMEMORATIVE *ELVIS SPOONS* WHEN I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE SOME *LUNCH...*
IT'S YOUR *FAVORITE! GRAPE NUTS* ON *RYE* AND A COLD *BREWSKI...* I HAVE A MUG FROSTING IN THE *ICEBOX* IF YOU'D LIKE.
Uh...
ALL RIGHT, YOU GOT ME! I GIVE UP. I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE *PUSHED* IT WITH THE ICED MUG!
I WAS STARTIN' TO BREAK OUT IN HIVES FOR ALL THAT *CAROL BRADY* TALK...
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED: I SORT OF ACCIDENTALLY PUT BLEACH IN WITH YOUR *SQUIRREL GIRL* UNDEROOS--
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM... BUT I'M *NOT* DEADPOOL...
GASP
WHOA! WHO THE @#$% ARE YOU?! I HEARD THE TELEPORTER --
PLEASE, *CALM* DOWN... I KNOW THIS IS *AWKWARD*, BUT LET'S TRY AND BE *CIVILIZED* --
@*¢$ CIVILIZED! WHERE THE @*¢$ *IS DEADPOOL?!*
Oh BOY... MY NAME IS *WEASEL*. PERHAPS HE'S MENTIONED ME...
YOU CAN'T BE HERE! HOW CAN YOU BE SO DENSE?!
LADY, WAIT! WADE'S IN *TROUBLE!* I CAME TO *WARN* HIM --
I DON'T GIVE A *SQUEEZE* IF HE'S ABOUT TO GET *SNUFFED* BY THE WHOLE *BOLIVIAN ARMY!*
THIS IS *NOT* A PLACE FOR YOU! AND IF HE *EVER* FINDS OUT THAT YOU WERE HERE --
THEN WERE BOTH *DEAD!* YOU READ THAT, *PUNK?!* *DEAD!*

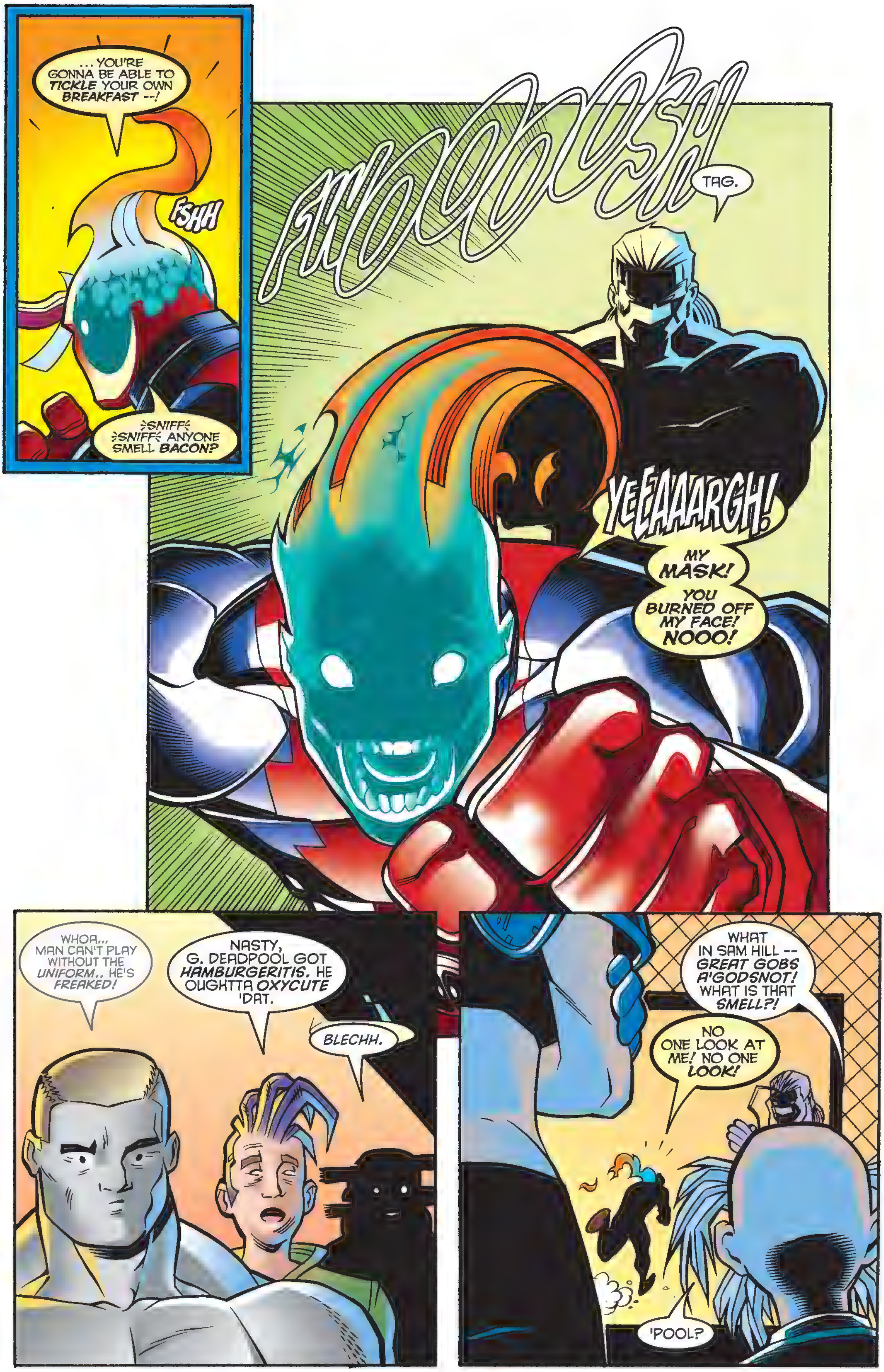

NEARBY, THE SUN SHIMMERS ON ONE OF SAN FRAN'S CIVIC TREASURES...
... GOLDEN GATE PARK.
A PEACEFUL SWATCH OF LAND WHERE SAN FRANCISCANS CAN EXPRESS THEMSELVES UNABASHEDLY IN THE FACE OF NATURE... AND USUALLY DO.
POP TARTS ARE BAD MOJO, DADDY-O.
THAT'S RIGHT... POP TARTS. EVERYONE KNOWS...
YOU REMEMBER THE TOASTER STRUDEL? BIG COMPETITION, RIGHT? "STRUDEL ZUM TOASTEN?"
JUST AS THEY WERE CLIMBIN' THE BREAKFAST SUBSTITUTE CHARTS...
... BAM! THEY DISAPPEAR FROM THE SHELVES. LIKE THEY NEVER EXISTED, MAN.
AND, YOU MAY ASK, WHAT OF THE AD EXEC WHO RAN THE CAMPAIGN?
FOUND THE UPPER HALF OF HIM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SALT LAKE BASIN WITH CEMENT OVEN MITTS. MESSED UP, Huh?
MAN... THIS IS A LOT MORE FUN WHEN WADE'S AROUND...
THE HELLHOUSE
I WOULDN'T BUY INTO THIS ONE TILL YOU CHECKED HER TEETH, PATCH. LOOKS DIRTY TO ME.
NOW THIS IS WHERE THE QUALITY OF CONVERSATION DROPS SHARPLY... AND THE B.O. QUOTIENT RISES, MARY...
YOU SHOULD KNOW "DIRTY", T-TOP! I HEARD WHEN YOU JUMP IN THE OCEAN, YOU LEAVE A RING-AROUND-THE-BEACH...

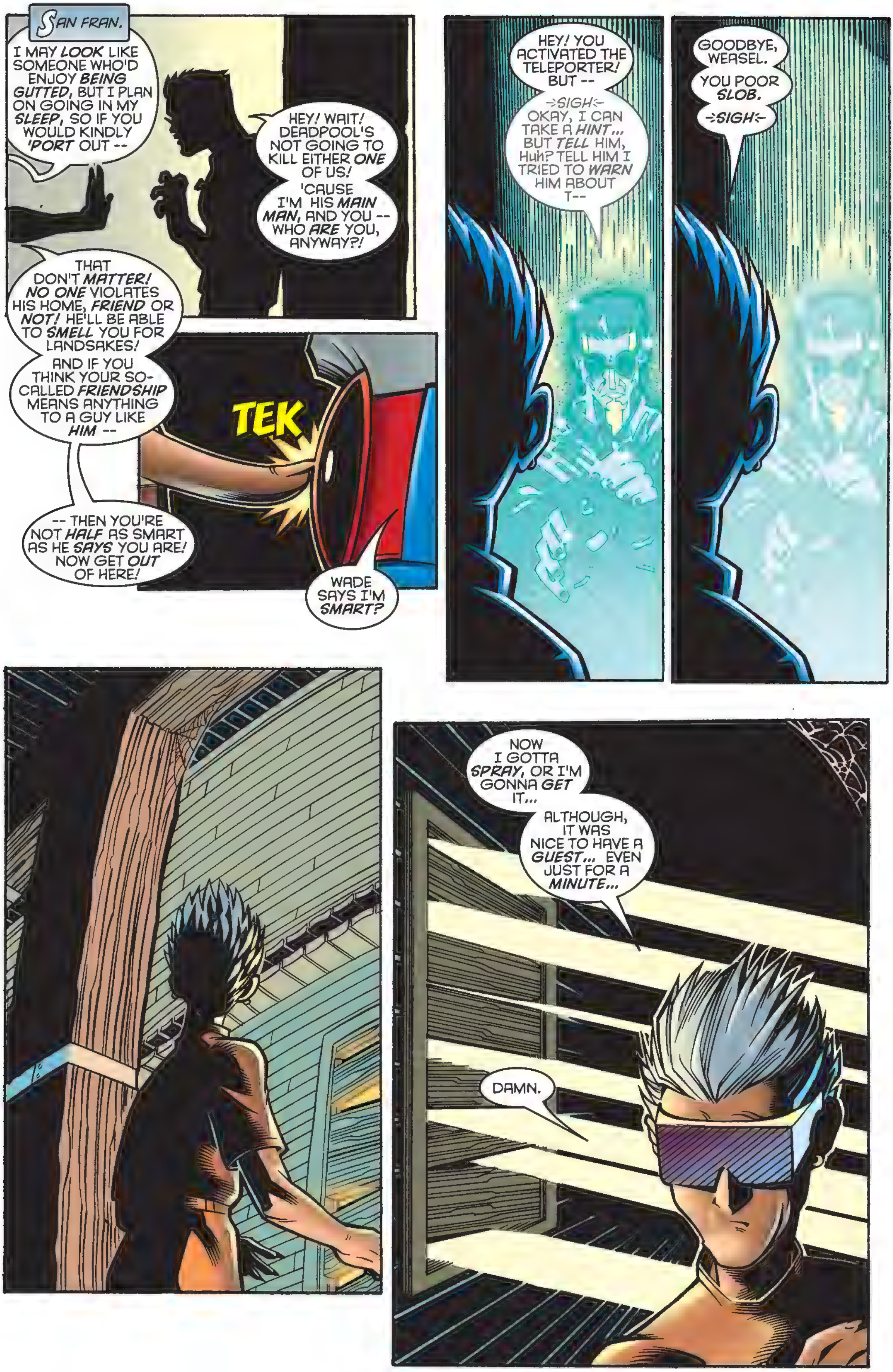

'LO, *TYPHOID*. BEEN A WHILE... WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME --?
BELIZ. YOU LEFT ME ALL ALONE WITH THE BUSINESS END OF A *SHOTGUN* TAPED TO MY *THROAT.*
YEAH. I NEVER WAS ANY *GOOD* AT *BREAKING UP.*
ADVICE: NEXT TIME, PULL THE *TRIGGER.*
EX-SQUEEZE ME? WHAT THE FLOCK IS GOING ON?
DON'T WORRY, *STUD. ANCIENT* HISTORY COME BACK TO HAUNT. A VERY *FORGETTABLE* SIX MONTHS.
NOW I KNOW WHY YOU WERE IN A *MENTAL INSTITUTION*... SEEING T-RAY *NAKED* WOULD DERAIL *ANYONE'S* REALITY TRAIN... EWWW.
THE OLD DAYS WERE *GOOD* DAYS, WEREN'T THEY?
WHEN WE WERE *KNEE DEEP* IN RED... SWEATING... *SURVIVING, MAYBE.*
BUT THESE *AREN'T* THE OLD DAYS, T-RAY.
YOU EVER WANT TO *SCRATCH* YOURSELF WITH THOSE MEATHOOKS AGAIN, I SUGGEST YOU PUT ME *DOWN*...
... BEFORE I *FORGET* THE *FUN* PARTS AND HARP ON THE *UNPLEASANT.*
SHINK!
SAME OL' *MARY*... WELCOME TO THE HELLHOUSE... WATCH YOUR *BACK.*
COME ON, LEGS. WE GOT SOME PAPERWORK TA *DRAFT*, THEN WE CAN GET DOWN TO *BRASS TACKS.*
BRASS TACKS... *KINKY,* DARLING... LEAD ON.
YEAH, SHE'S A *KEEPER* ALRIGHT... ONE YOU'D BRING HOME TO *MOTHER MANSON*...
MFFGLFF?
WILSON... A *WORD.*

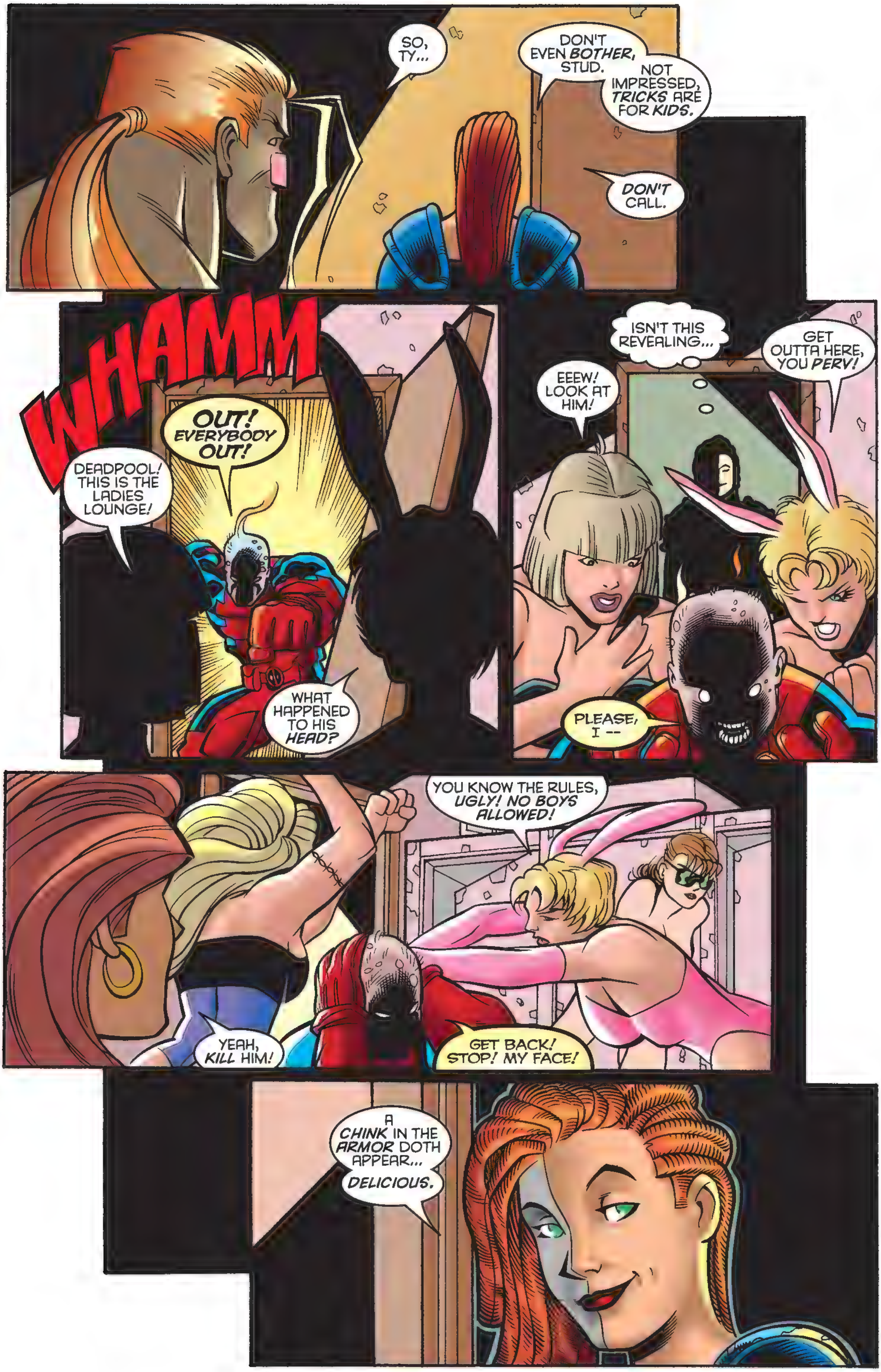

SASKATCHEWAN?
YOU GET STUPIDER EVERY DAY, WILSON... YOU KNOW THAT?
I'M TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH YOU, T-CUP, BUT YOU'RE TOO FAR OUT IN THE LEAD.
YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BRINGING MARY HERE.
UM... STRUCK A BLOW FOR MALE CHAUVINISM? INTRODUCED ANOTHER CRAZED CHIPPIE IN SPANDEX TO A GLUTTED MARKET? GIMME A CLUE...
SHE'S NOT LIKE US, WILSON... YOU'RE TOO DENSE TO REALIZE IT... ...BUT SHE'S NOT. SHE BELONGED IN THAT PLACE.
SHE'S ILL.
NOW ISN'T THAT LIKE FREDDIE CALLING KATHY LEE A MONSTER?
WE HAVE NO CHOICE ABOUT WHO WE ARE. THIS IS OUR FATE.
BUT MARY WAS TRYING TO GET OUT... SHE WAS TRYING TO HAVE A NORMAL LIFE... CHANGE...
...AND YOU'VE BLOWN THAT ALL TO HELL. WHATEVER HAPPENS TO HER NOW... YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE...
Oh...
YOU MEAN... I MIGHT HAVE MESSED UP MARY'S LIFE?
I... I'LL NEVER MAKE EAGLE SCOUT NOW! MY MOM'S GONNA KILL ME!

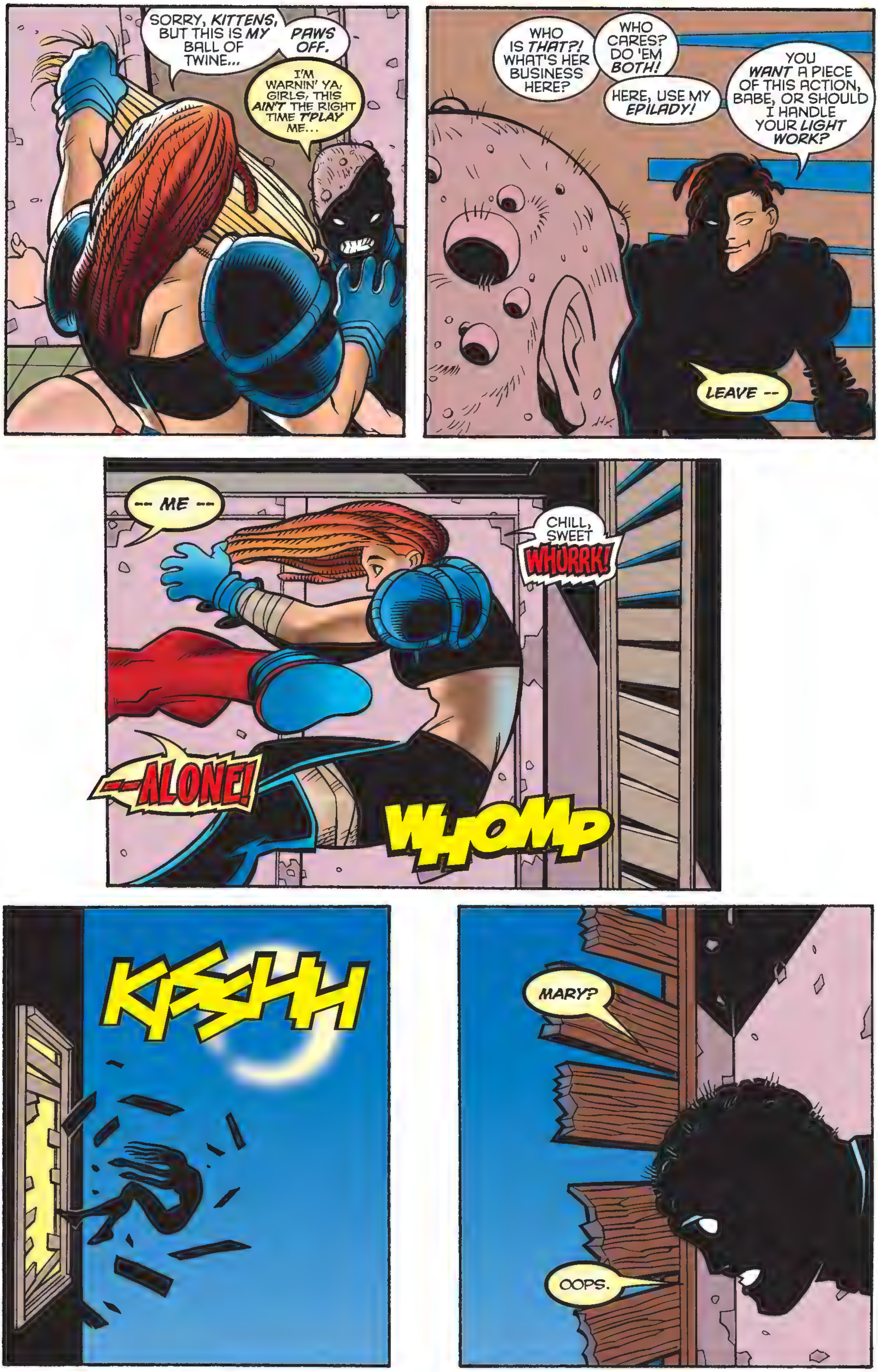

RUINING LIVES IS PART OF MY JOB, JERK! IT'S THE ONLY THING I WAS EVER GOOD AT IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL BESIDES NAP TIME!
BESIDES, SHE OWES ME SOME GREEN, AND THIS IS MY WAY OF GETTING IT WITHOUT OFFING THE TWISTED LITTLE PSYCHO!
Y'ASK ME, THAT'S RIGHT NEIGHBORLY OF ME!
YOUR ARROGANCE IN THINKING YOU CAN HELP HER WILL BE YOUR DOWNFALL.
YEAH, AND ONE DAY YOUR BREATH IS GOING TO MAKE YOUR EYEBROWS BURN OFF.
Y'KNOW WHAT I THINK, T-RAY? I THINK YOU'RE STEAMED TO SEE AN EX-GROUPIE OF YOURS RUNNING AROUND WITH OL' WADE!
I THINK IT EATS YOU UP TO SEE A WOMAN YOU COULDN'T KILL HANGING WITH THE MAN YOU CAN'T TOUCH --
-- BECAUSE IT'S JUST ANOTHER IN A LONG SERIES OF REMINDERS, THAT NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, T-RAY, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY...
...I CAN DO YOU ONE BETTER.
ALWAYS HAVE... ALWAYS WILL.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THEM APPLES, PUTZ?

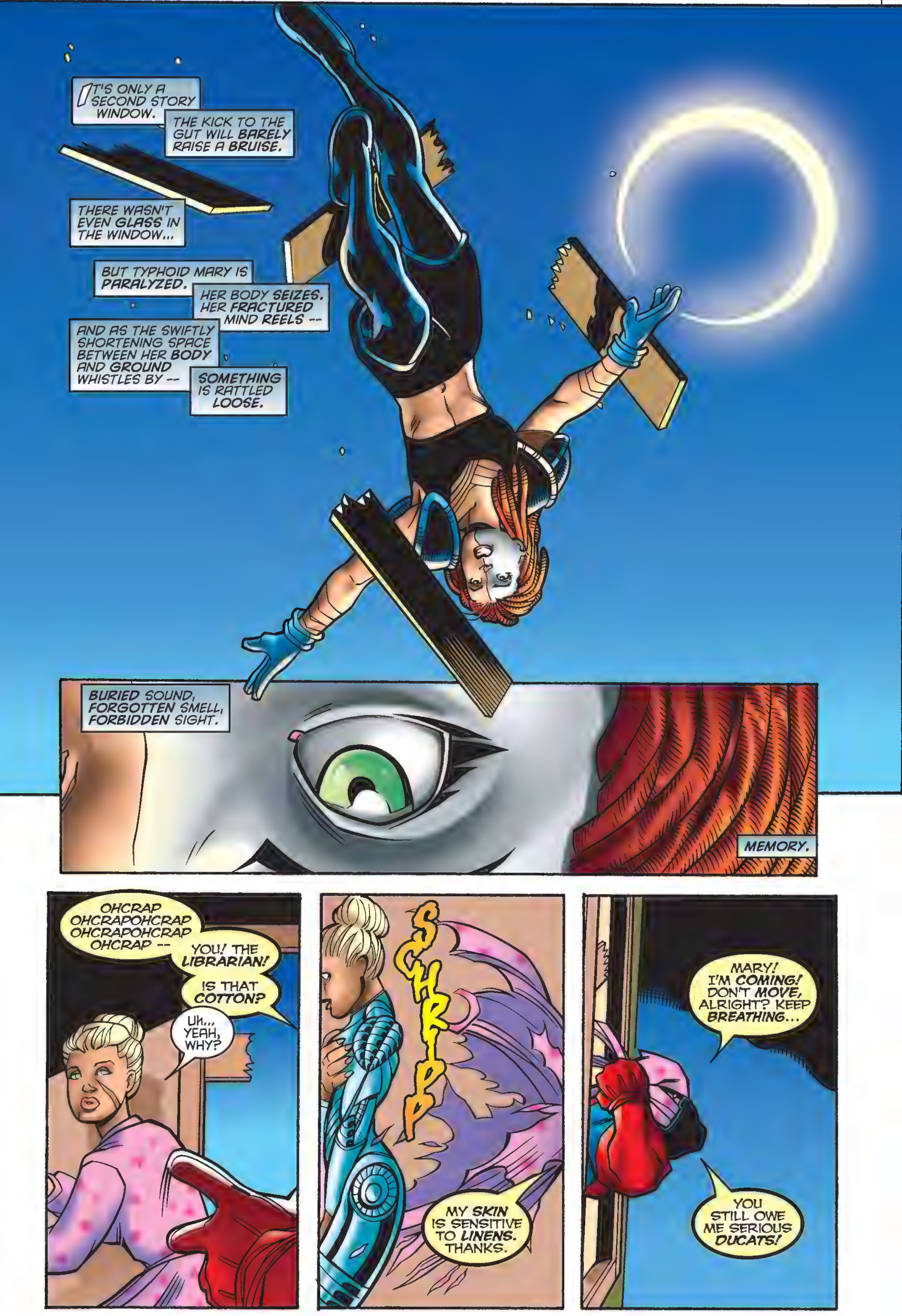

Uh-OH... T-RAY'S NOT TALKING TO ME. WAAH WAAH.
YOU GONNA FOLLOW THAT UP WITH A WET WILLIE, TOUGH GUY?
IF YOU'RE GONNA WRITE "GO BLOW", A PEN MIGHT HELP, MORON...
SCHRRIP
FWAT
...
OKAY, SO FORGET THE PART I SAID BEFORE ABOUT YOU NOT BEING ABLE TO TOUCH ME... ...I'LL GIVE YOU THAT ONE OUT OF PITY.
Uh... YEAH... WELL...
...I HOPE YOU'RE GETTING SOMETHING OUT OF THIS, Oh PALLID ONE...
...'CAUSE IN ABOUT THREE SECONDS, I'M GONNA STICK THAT FINGER OF YOURS SO FAR DOWN WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE...

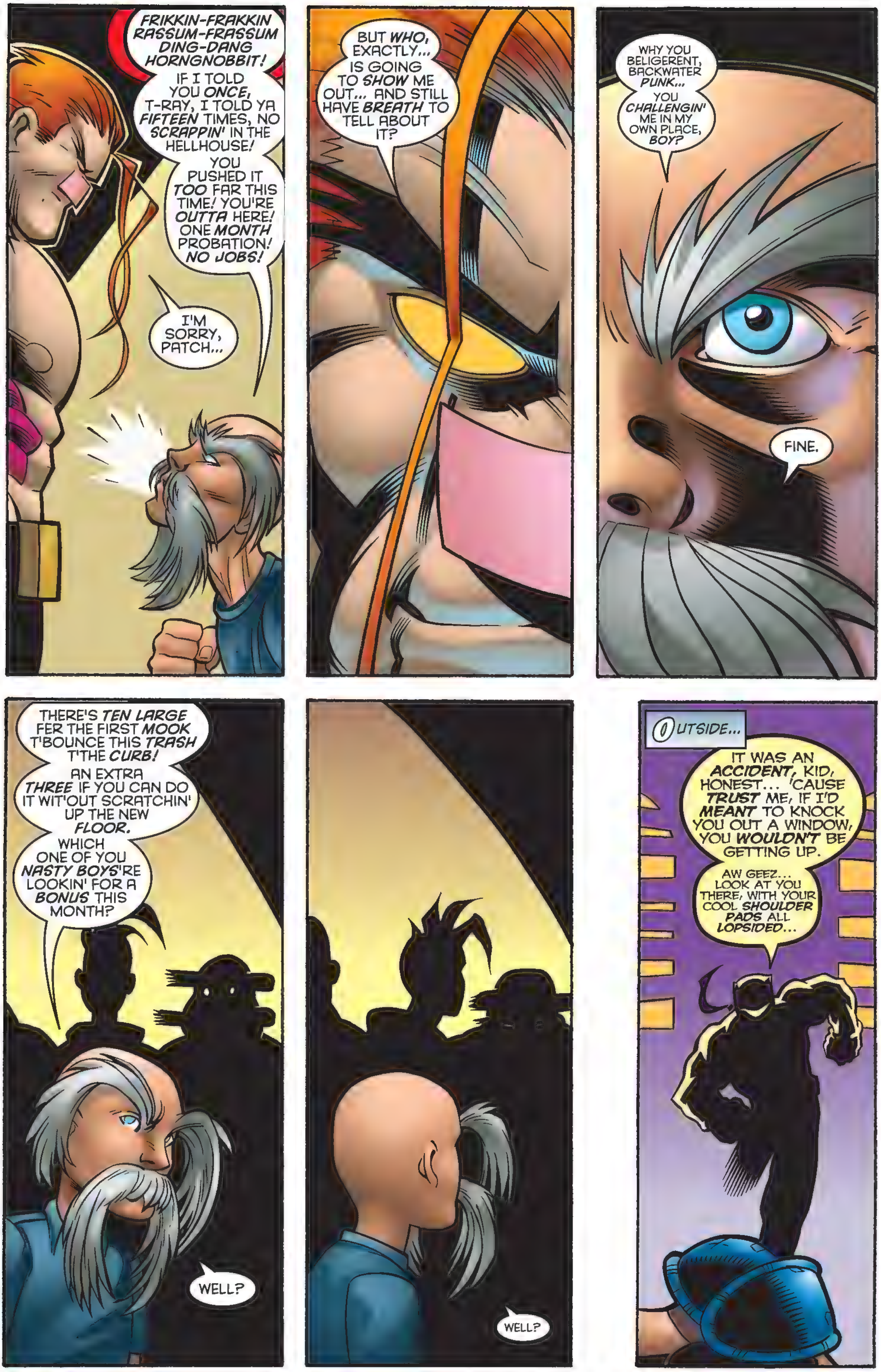

...YOU'RE GONNA BE ABLE TO *TICKLE* YOUR OWN *BREAKFAST* --!
FSHH
SNIFF *SNIFF* ANYONE SMELL *BACON?*
FFWOOOOOSH
TAG.
YEEAAARGH!
MY *MASK!*
YOU BURNED OFF MY FACE! NOOO!
WHOA... MAN CAN'T PLAY WITHOUT THE *UNIFORM..* HE'S *FREAKED!*
NASTY, G. DEADPOOL GOT *HAMBURGERITIS.* HE OUGHTTA *OXYCUTE* 'DAT.
BLECHH.
WHAT IN SAM HILL -- *GREAT GOBS A'GODSNOT!* WHAT IS THAT *SMELL?!*
NO ONE LOOK AT ME! NO ONE *LOOK!*
'POOL?

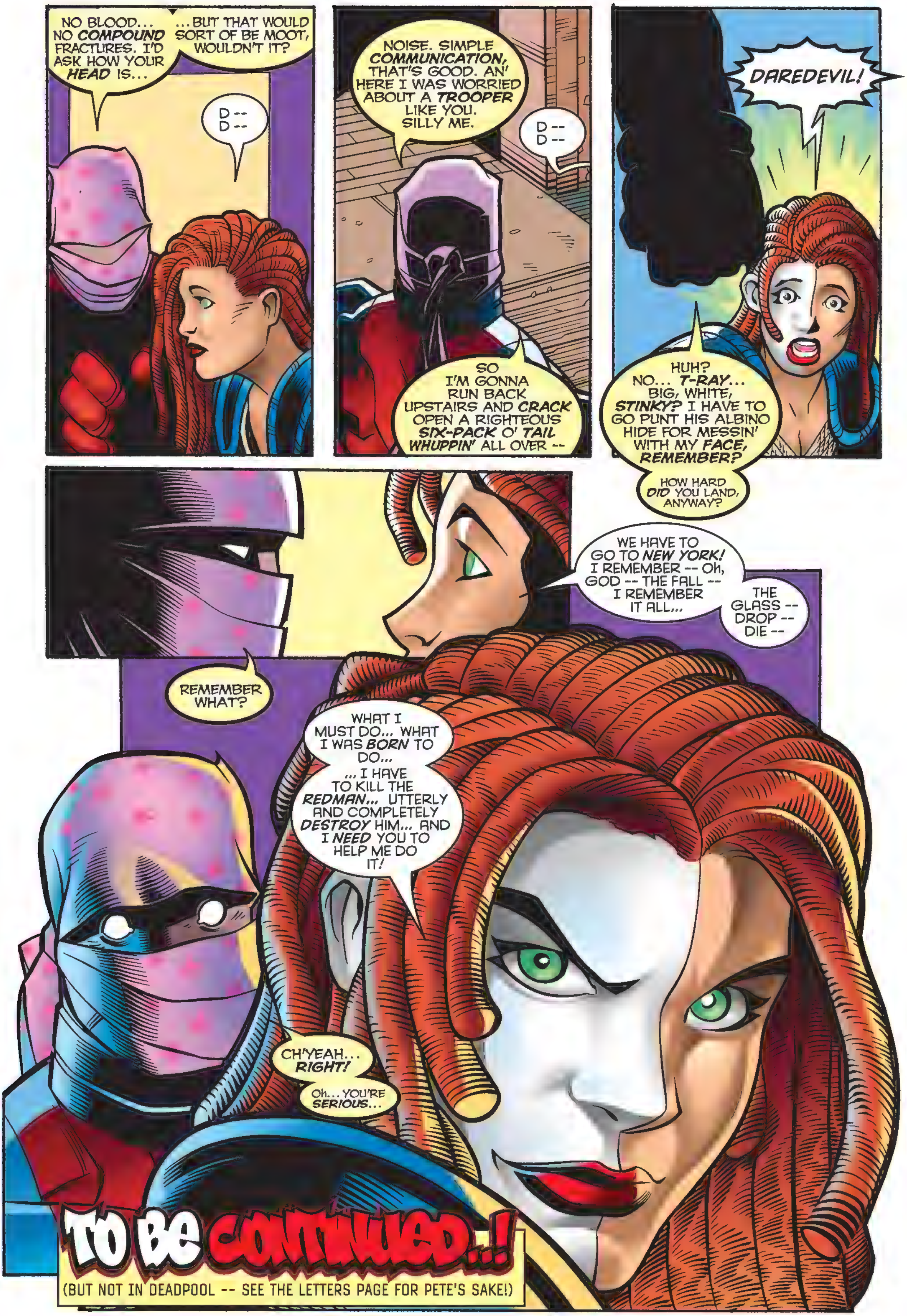

SAN FRAN.
I MAY LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WHO'D ENJOY BEING GUTTED, BUT I PLAN ON GOING IN MY SLEEP, SO IF YOU WOULD KINDLY 'PORT OUT --
HEY! WAIT! DEADPOOL'S NOT GOING TO KILL EITHER ONE OF US!
'CAUSE I'M HIS MAIN MAN, AND YOU -- WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?!
THAT DON'T MATTER! NO ONE VIOLATES HIS HOME, FRIEND OR NOT! HE'LL BE ABLE TO SMELL YOU FOR LANDSAKES!
AND IF YOU THINK YOUR SO-CALLED FRIENDSHIP MEANS ANYTHING TO A GUY LIKE HIM --
TEK
-- THEN YOU'RE NOT HALF AS SMART AS HE SAYS YOU ARE! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
WADE SAYS I'M SMART?
HEY! YOU ACTIVATED THE TELEPORTER! BUT --
~SIGH~ OKAY, I CAN TAKE A HINT... BUT TELL HIM, HUH? TELL HIM I TRIED TO WARN HIM ABOUT T--
GOODBYE, WEASEL.
YOU POOR SLOB.
~SIGH~
NOW I GOTTA SPRAY, OR I'M GONNA GET IT...
ALTHOUGH, IT WAS NICE TO HAVE A GUEST... EVEN JUST FOR A MINUTE...
DAMN.


SO, TY...
DON'T EVEN *BOTHER*, STUD.
NOT IMPRESSED, *TRICKS* ARE FOR *KIDS*.
DON'T CALL.
WHAMM
OUT! EVERYBODY OUT!
DEADPOOL! THIS IS THE LADIES LOUNGE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS *HEAD?*
ISN'T THIS REVEALING...
EEEW! LOOK AT HIM!
GET OUTTA HERE, YOU *PERV!*
PLEASE, I --
YOU KNOW THE RULES, *UGLY! NO BOYS ALLOWED!*
YEAH, *KILL* HIM!
GET BACK! STOP! MY FACE!
A *CHINK* IN THE *ARMOR* DOTH APPEAR...
DELICIOUS.


SORRY, *KITTENS*, BUT THIS IS *MY* BALL OF TWINE...
PAWS OFF.
I'M WARNIN' YA, GIRLS, THIS *AIN'T* THE RIGHT TIME *T'PLAY* ME...
WHO IS *THAT?!* WHAT'S HER BUSINESS HERE?
WHO CARES? DO 'EM *BOTH!*
HERE, USE MY *EPILADY!*
YOU *WANT* A PIECE OF THIS ACTION, BABE, OR SHOULD I HANDLE YOUR *LIGHT WORK?*
LEAVE --
-- ME --
CHILL, SWEET
WHORRK!
--ALONE!
WHOMP
KRSHH
MARY?
OOPS.


IT'S ONLY A SECOND STORY WINDOW.
THE KICK TO THE GUT WILL BARELY RAISE A BRUISE.
THERE WASN'T EVEN GLASS IN THE WINDOW...
BUT TYPHOID MARY IS PARALYZED.
HER BODY SEIZES. HER FRACTURED MIND REELS --
AND AS THE SWIFTLY SHORTENING SPACE BETWEEN HER BODY AND GROUND WHISTLES BY --
SOMETHING IS RATTLED LOOSE.
BURIED SOUND, FORGOTTEN SMELL, FORBIDDEN SIGHT.
MEMORY.
OHCRAP OHCRAPOHCRAP OHCRAPOHCRAP OHCRAP --
YOU! THE LIBRARIAN!
IS THAT COTTON?
Uh... YEAH, WHY?
SCHRIPP
MY SKIN IS SENSITIVE TO LINENS. THANKS.
MARY! I'M COMING! DON'T MOVE, ALRIGHT? KEEP BREATHING...
YOU STILL OWE ME SERIOUS DUCATS!


FRIKKIN-FRAKKIN RASSUM-FRASSUM DING-DANG HORNGNOBBIT!
IF I TOLD YOU ONCE, T-RAY, I TOLD YA FIFTEEN TIMES, NO SCRAPPIN' IN THE HELLHOUSE!
YOU PUSHED IT TOO FAR THIS TIME! YOU'RE OUTTA HERE! ONE MONTH PROBATION! NO JOBS!
I'M SORRY, PATCH...
BUT WHO, EXACTLY... IS GOING TO SHOW ME OUT... AND STILL HAVE BREATH TO TELL ABOUT IT?
WHY YOU BELIGERENT, BACKWATER PUNK...
YOU CHALLENGIN' ME IN MY OWN PLACE, BOY?
FINE.
THERE'S TEN LARGE FER THE FIRST MOOK T'BOUNCE THIS TRASH T'THE CURB!
AN EXTRA THREE IF YOU CAN DO IT WIT'OUT SCRATCHIN' UP THE NEW FLOOR.
WHICH ONE OF YOU NASTY BOYS'RE LOOKIN' FOR A BONUS THIS MONTH?
WELL?
WELL?
OUTSIDE...
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, KID, HONEST... 'CAUSE TRUST ME, IF I'D MEANT TO KNOCK YOU OUT A WINDOW, YOU WOULDN'T BE GETTING UP.
AW GEEZ... LOOK AT YOU THERE, WITH YOUR COOL SHOULDER PADS ALL LOPSIDED...


NO BLOOD... NO **COMPOUND** FRACTURES. I'D ASK HOW YOUR **HEAD** IS...
...BUT THAT WOULD SORT OF BE MOOT, WOULDN'T IT?
D -- D --
NOISE. SIMPLE **COMMUNICATION,** THAT'S GOOD. AN' HERE I WAS WORRIED ABOUT A **TROOPER** LIKE YOU. SILLY ME.
D -- D --
SO I'M GONNA RUN BACK UPSTAIRS AND **CRACK** OPEN A RIGHTEOUS **SIX-PACK O' TAIL WHUPPIN'** ALL OVER --
DAREDEVIL!
HUH? NO... **T-RAY...** BIG, WHITE, **STINKY?** I HAVE TO GO PUNT HIS ALBINO HIDE FOR MESSIN' WITH MY **FACE, REMEMBER?**
HOW HARD **DID** YOU LAND, ANYWAY?
WE HAVE TO GO TO **NEW YORK!** I REMEMBER -- Oh, GOD -- THE FALL -- I REMEMBER IT ALL...
THE GLASS -- DROP -- DIE --
REMEMBER WHAT?
WHAT I MUST DO... WHAT I WAS **BORN** TO DO...
...I HAVE TO KILL THE **REDMAN...** UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY **DESTROY** HIM... AND I **NEED** YOU TO HELP ME DO IT!
CH'YEAH... **RIGHT!**
Oh... YOU'RE **SERIOUS...**
TO BE CONTINUED..!
(BUT NOT IN DEADPOOL -- SEE THE LETTERS PAGE FOR PETE'S SAKE!)

MARVEL COMICS
DARE-DEVIL
'97
DEAD-POOL
ANNUAL
KELLY
CHANG
HOLDREDGE

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MARVEL COMICS
DARE-DEVIL '97 DEAD-POOL
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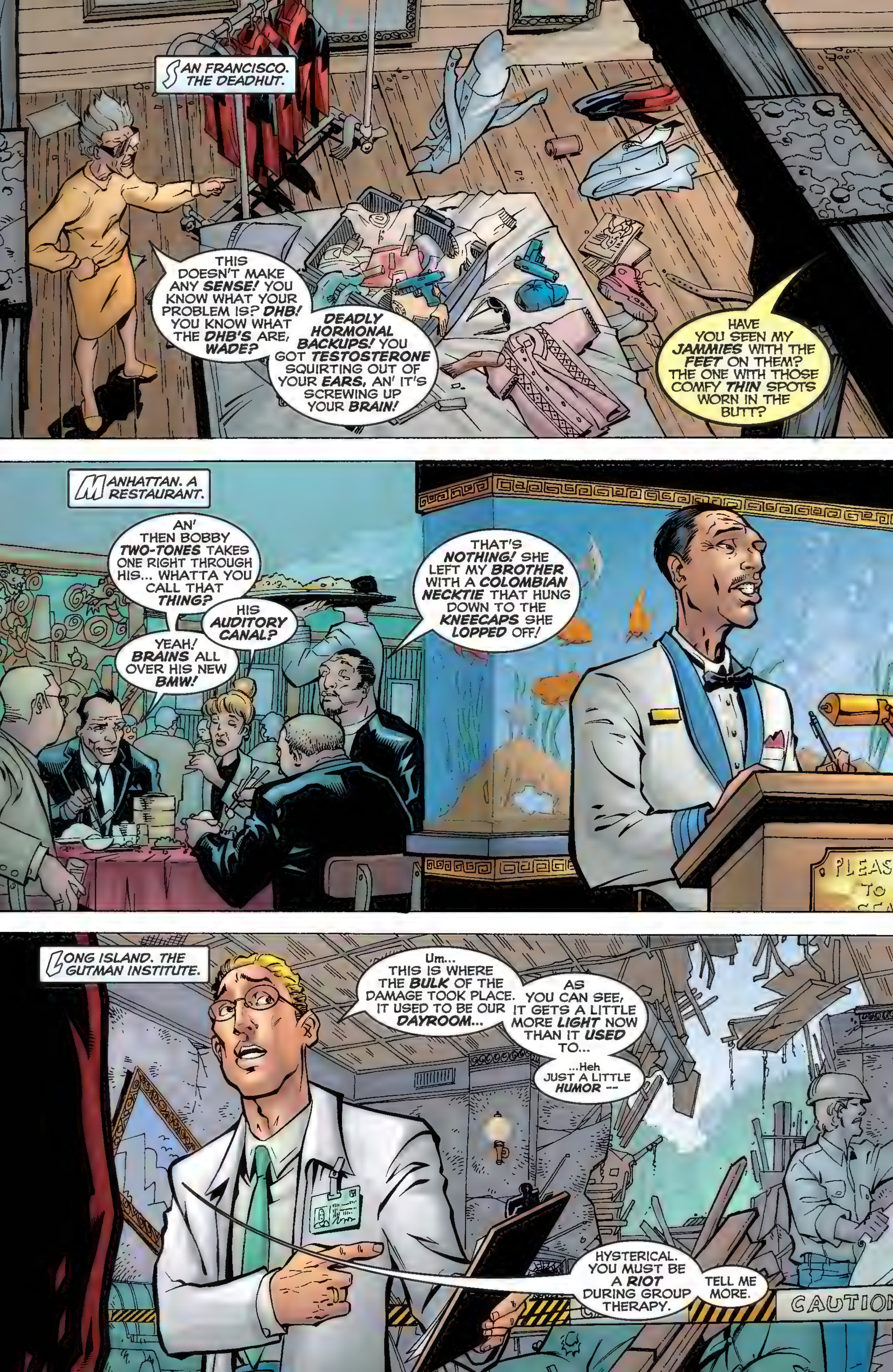
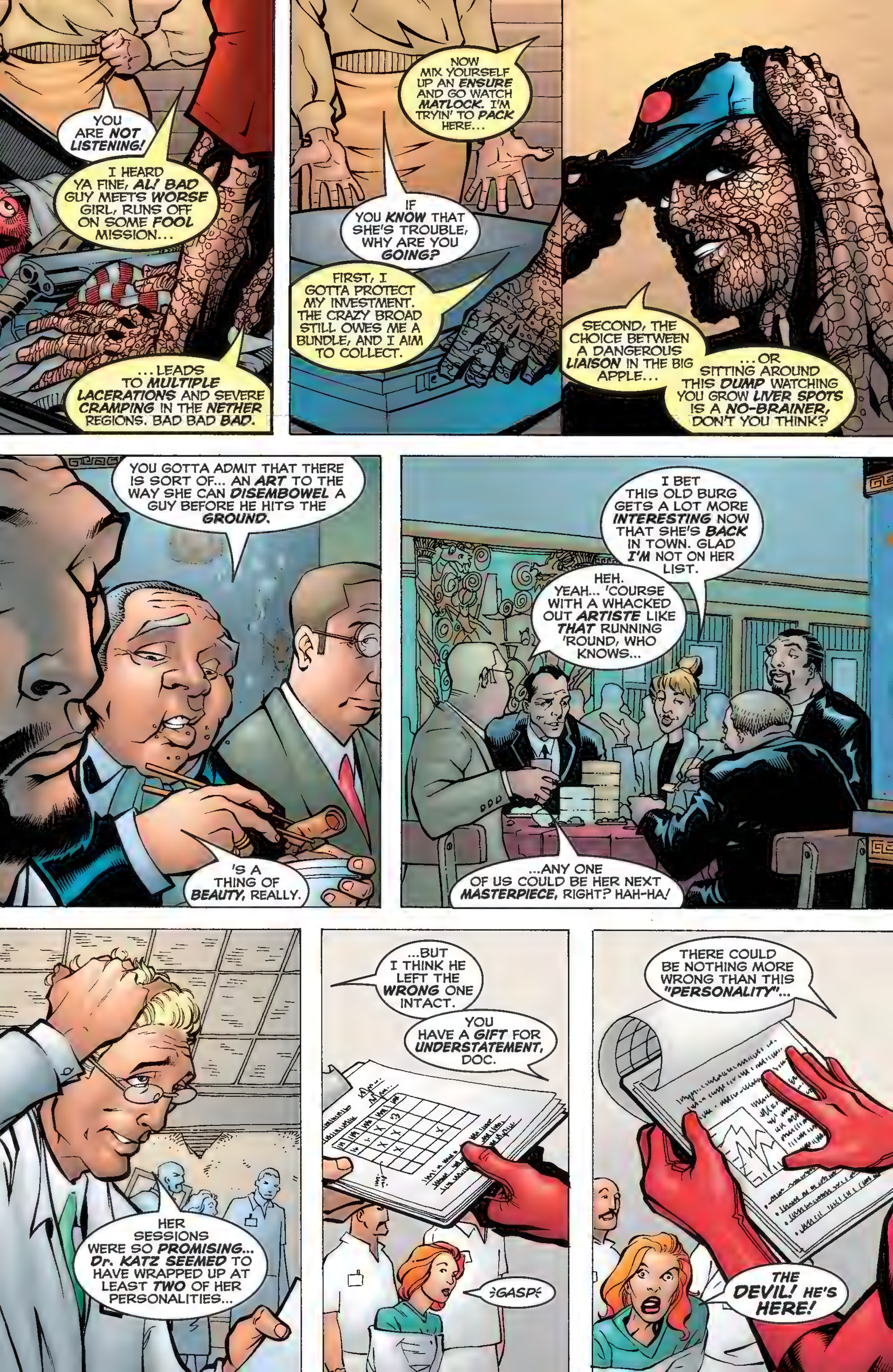
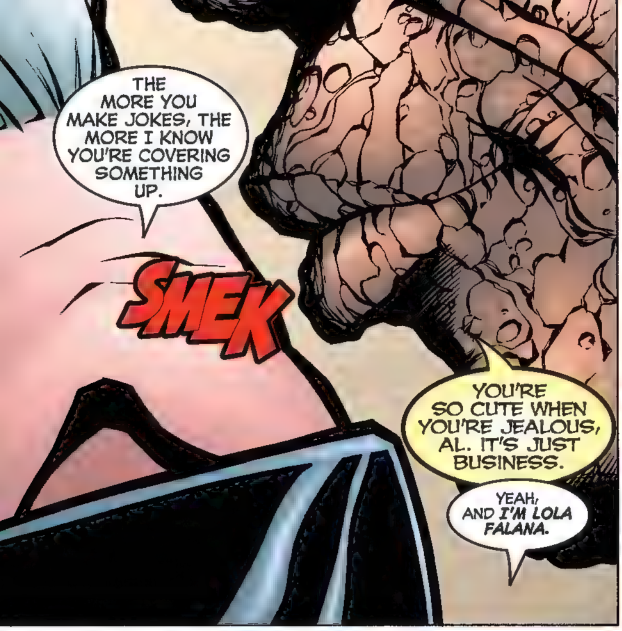
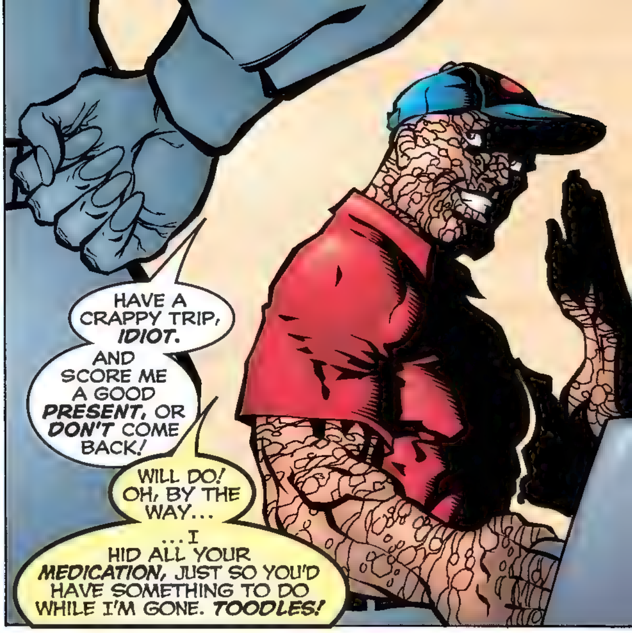
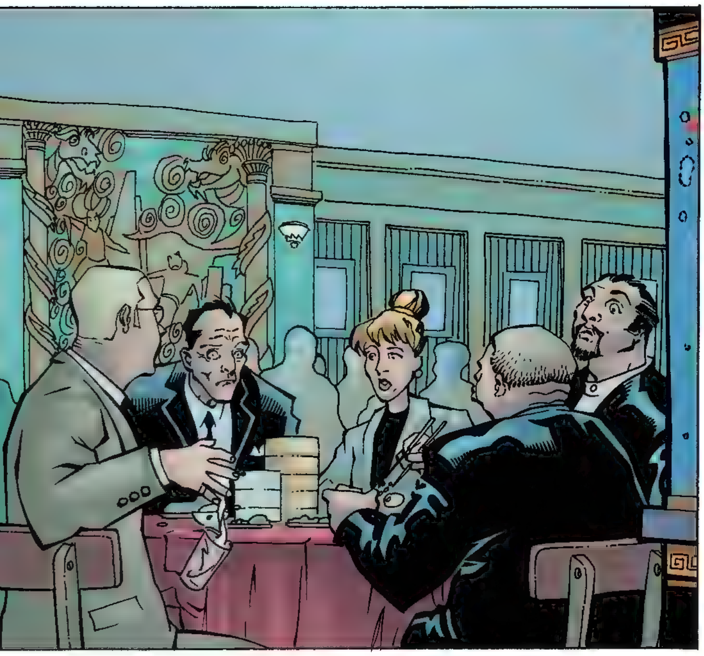
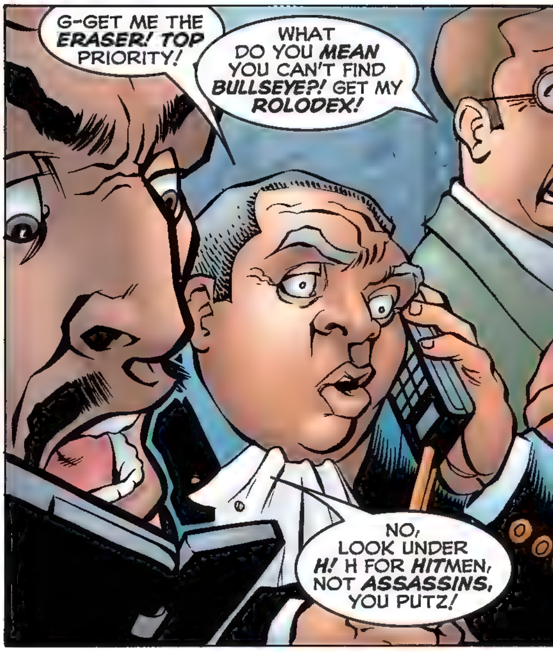

SAN FRANCISCO. THE DEADHUT.
THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS? DHB! YOU KNOW WHAT THE DHB'S ARE, WADE?
DEADLY HORMONAL BACKUPS! YOU GOT TESTOSTERONE SQUIRTING OUT OF YOUR EARS, AN' IT'S SCREWING UP YOUR BRAIN!
HAVE YOU SEEN MY JAMMIES WITH THE FEET ON THEM? THE ONE WITH THOSE COMFY THIN SPOTS WORN IN THE BUTT?
MANHATTAN. A RESTAURANT.
AN' THEN BOBBY TWO-TONES TAKES ONE RIGHT THROUGH HIS... WHATTA YOU CALL THAT THING?
HIS AUDITORY CANAL?
YEAH! BRAINS ALL OVER HIS NEW BMW!
THAT'S NOTHING! SHE LEFT MY BROTHER WITH A COLOMBIAN NECKTIE THAT HUNG DOWN TO THE KNEECAPS SHE LOPPED OFF!
PLEAS TO
LONG ISLAND. THE GUTMAN INSTITUTE.
Um... THIS IS WHERE THE BULK OF THE DAMAGE TOOK PLACE. IT USED TO BE OUR DAYROOM...
AS YOU CAN SEE, IT GETS A LITTLE MORE LIGHT NOW THAN IT USED TO...
...Heh JUST A LITTLE HUMOR --
HYSTERICAL. YOU MUST BE A RIOT DURING GROUP THERAPY.
TELL ME MORE.
CAUTION

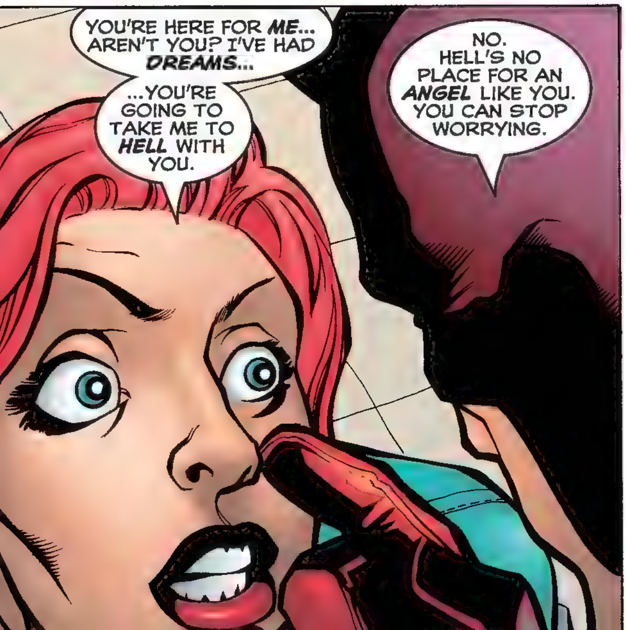

YOU ARE NOT LISTENING!
I HEARD YA FINE, AL! BAD GUY MEETS WORSE GIRL, RUNS OFF ON SOME FOOL MISSION...
...LEADS TO MULTIPLE LACERATIONS AND SEVERE CRAMPING IN THE NETHER REGIONS. BAD BAD BAD.
NOW MIX YOURSELF UP AN ENSURE AND GO WATCH MATLOCK. I'M TRYIN' TO PACK HERE...
IF YOU KNOW THAT SHE'S TROUBLE, WHY ARE YOU GOING?
FIRST, I GOTTA PROTECT MY INVESTMENT. THE CRAZY BROAD STILL OWES ME A BUNDLE, AND I AIM TO COLLECT.
SECOND, THE CHOICE BETWEEN A DANGEROUS LIAISON IN THE BIG APPLE...
...OR SITTING AROUND THIS DUMP WATCHING YOU GROW LIVER SPOTS IS A NO-BRAINER, DON'T YOU THINK?
YOU GOTTA ADMIT THAT THERE IS SORT OF... AN ART TO THE WAY SHE CAN DISEMBOWEL A GUY BEFORE HE HITS THE GROUND.
'S A THING OF BEAUTY, REALLY.
I BET THIS OLD BURG GETS A LOT MORE INTERESTING NOW THAT SHE'S BACK IN TOWN. GLAD I'M NOT ON HER LIST.
HEH. YEAH... 'COURSE WITH A WHACKED OUT ARTISTE LIKE THAT RUNNING 'ROUND, WHO KNOWS...
...ANY ONE OF US COULD BE HER NEXT MASTERPIECE, RIGHT? HAH-HA!
HER SESSIONS WERE SO PROMISING... Dr. KATZ SEEMED TO HAVE WRAPPED UP AT LEAST TWO OF HER PERSONALITIES...
...BUT I THINK HE LEFT THE WRONG ONE INTACT.
YOU HAVE A GIFT FOR UNDERSTATEMENT, DOC.
GASP
THERE COULD BE NOTHING MORE WRONG THAN THIS "PERSONALITY"...
THE DEVIL! HE'S HERE!

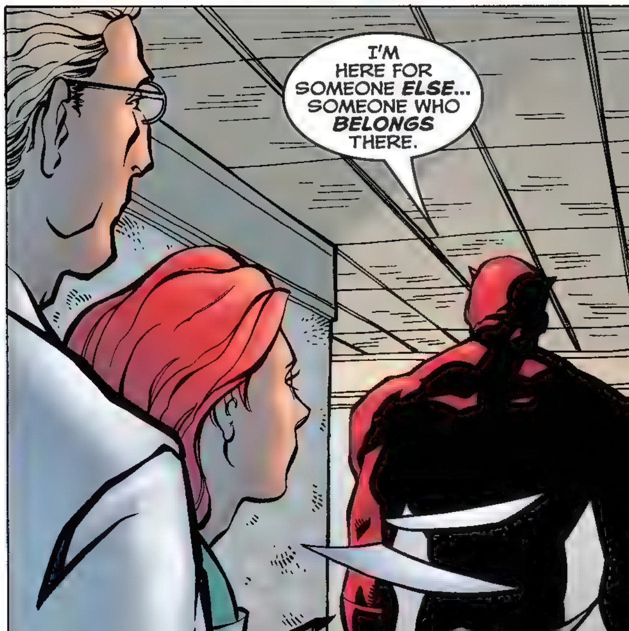

THE MORE YOU MAKE JOKES, THE MORE I KNOW YOU'RE COVERING SOMETHING UP.
SMEK
YOU'RE SO CUTE WHEN YOU'RE JEALOUS, AL. IT'S JUST BUSINESS.
YEAH, AND *I'M LOLA FALANA.*


HAVE A CRAPPY TRIP, *IDIOT.*
AND SCORE ME A GOOD *PRESENT,* OR *DON'T* COME BACK!
WILL DO! OH, BY THE WAY...
...I HID ALL YOUR *MEDICATION,* JUST SO YOU'D HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WHILE I'M GONE. *TOODLES!*




G-GET ME THE *ERASER! TOP* PRIORITY!
WHAT DO YOU *MEAN* YOU CAN'T FIND *BULLSEYE?!* GET MY *ROLODEX!*
NO, LOOK UNDER *H!* H FOR *HIT*MEN, NOT *ASSASSINS,* YOU PUTZ!

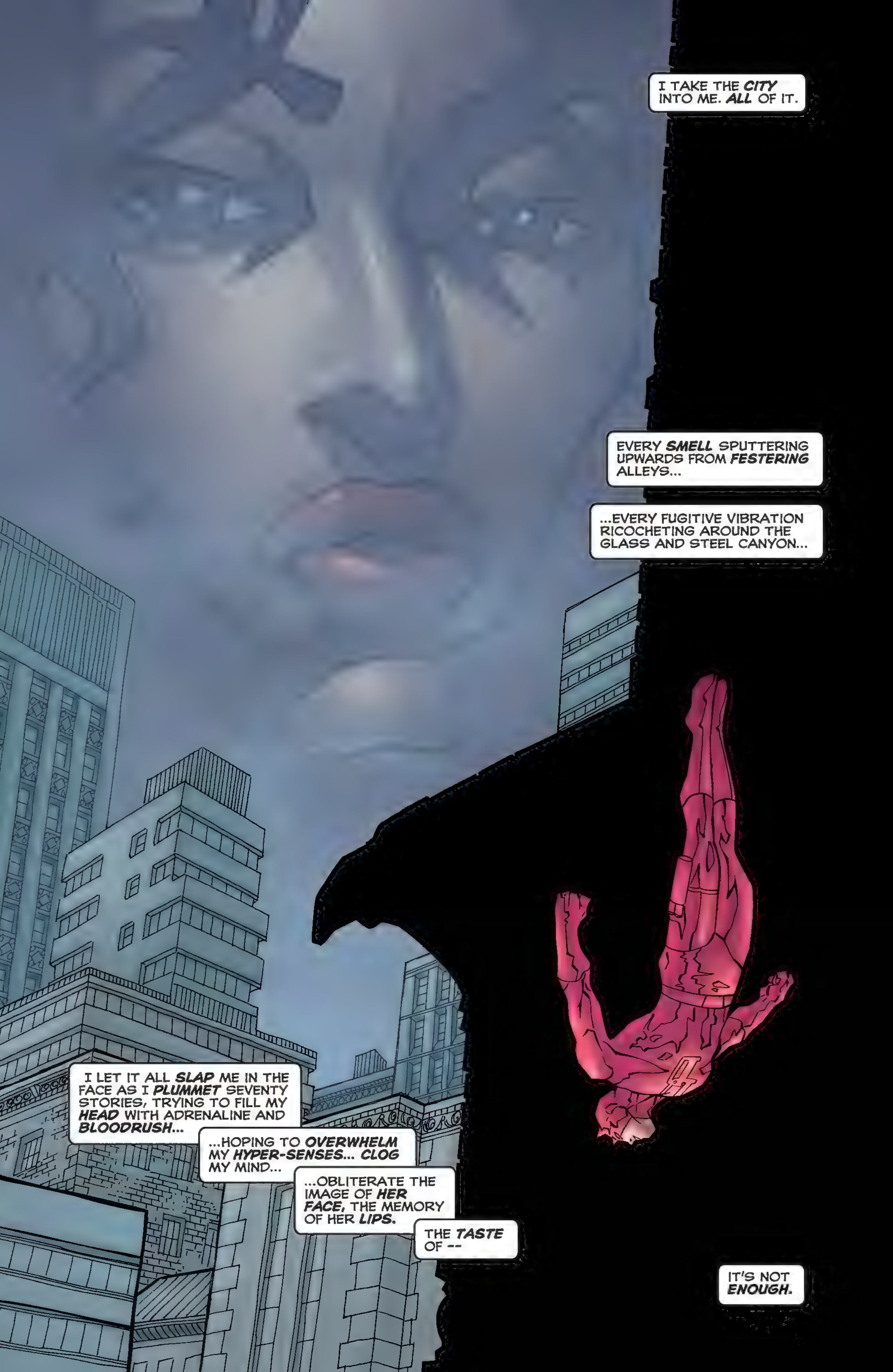

YOU'RE HERE FOR *ME*... AREN'T YOU? I'VE HAD *DREAMS*...
...YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE ME TO *HELL* WITH YOU.
NO. HELL'S NO PLACE FOR AN *ANGEL* LIKE YOU. YOU CAN STOP WORRYING.

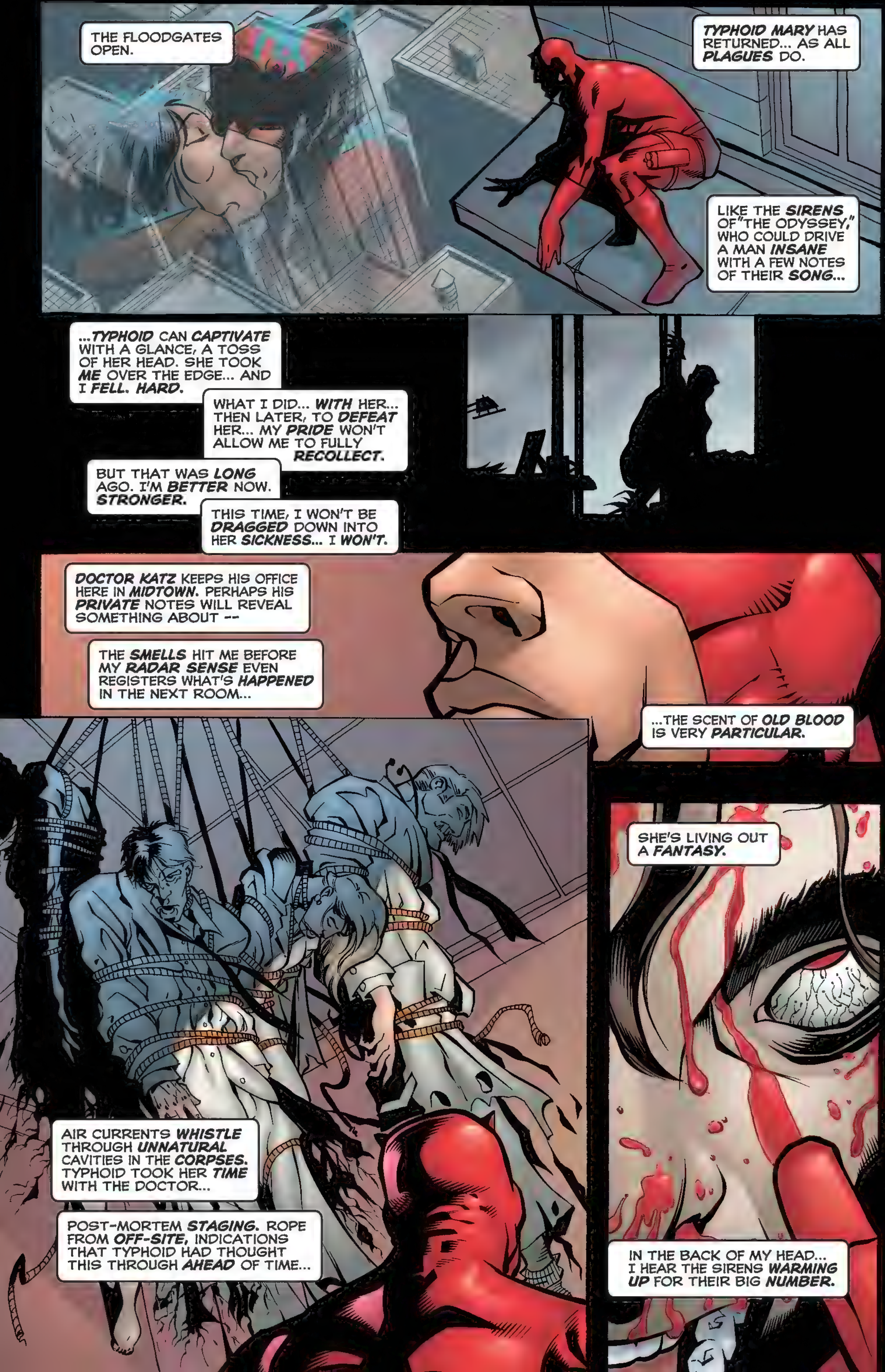

I'M HERE FOR SOMEONE *ELSE*... SOMEONE WHO *BELONGS* THERE.

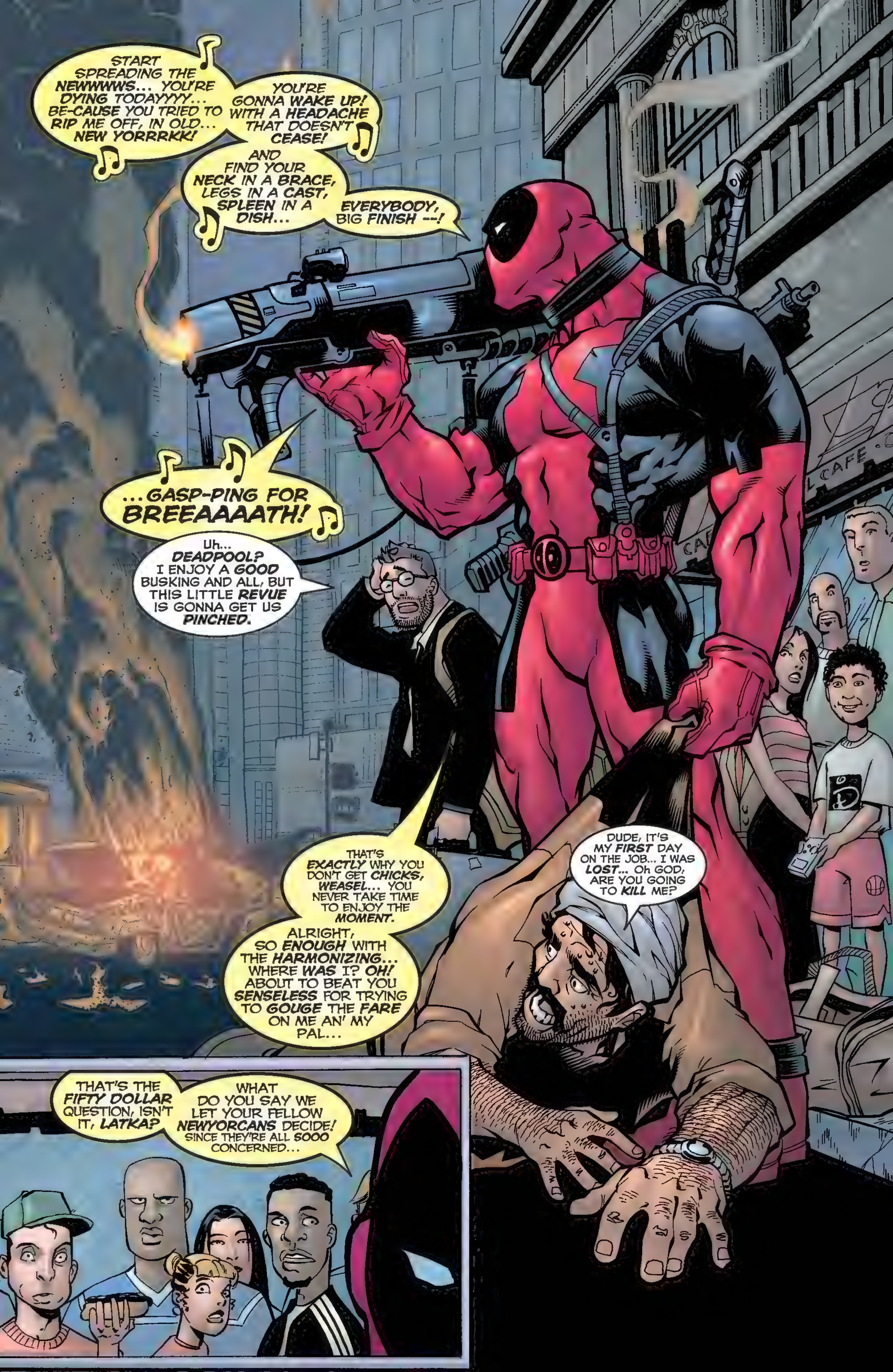
CHAPTER 1

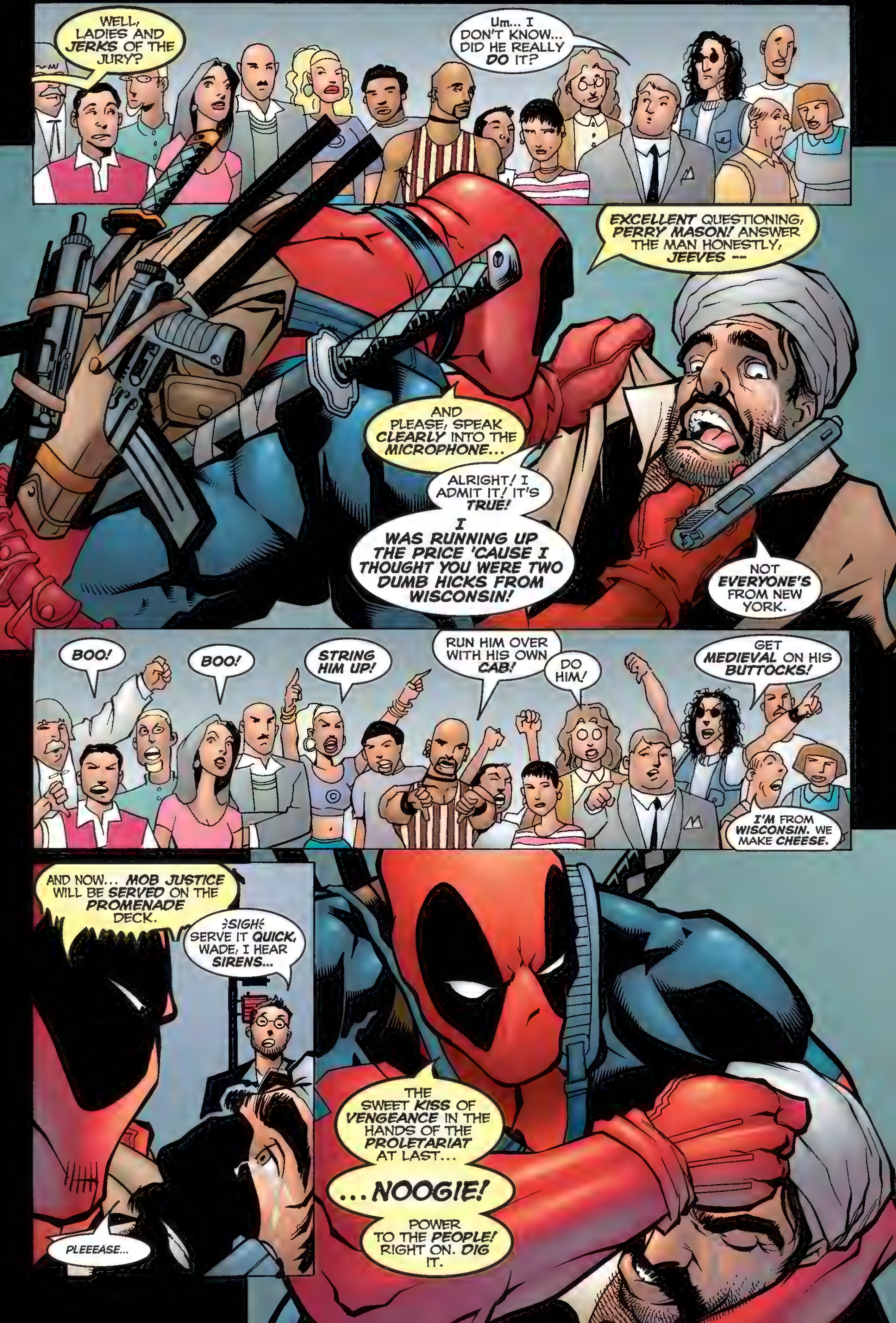
"In Revenge and In Love,
Woman is more
Barbarous than Man."

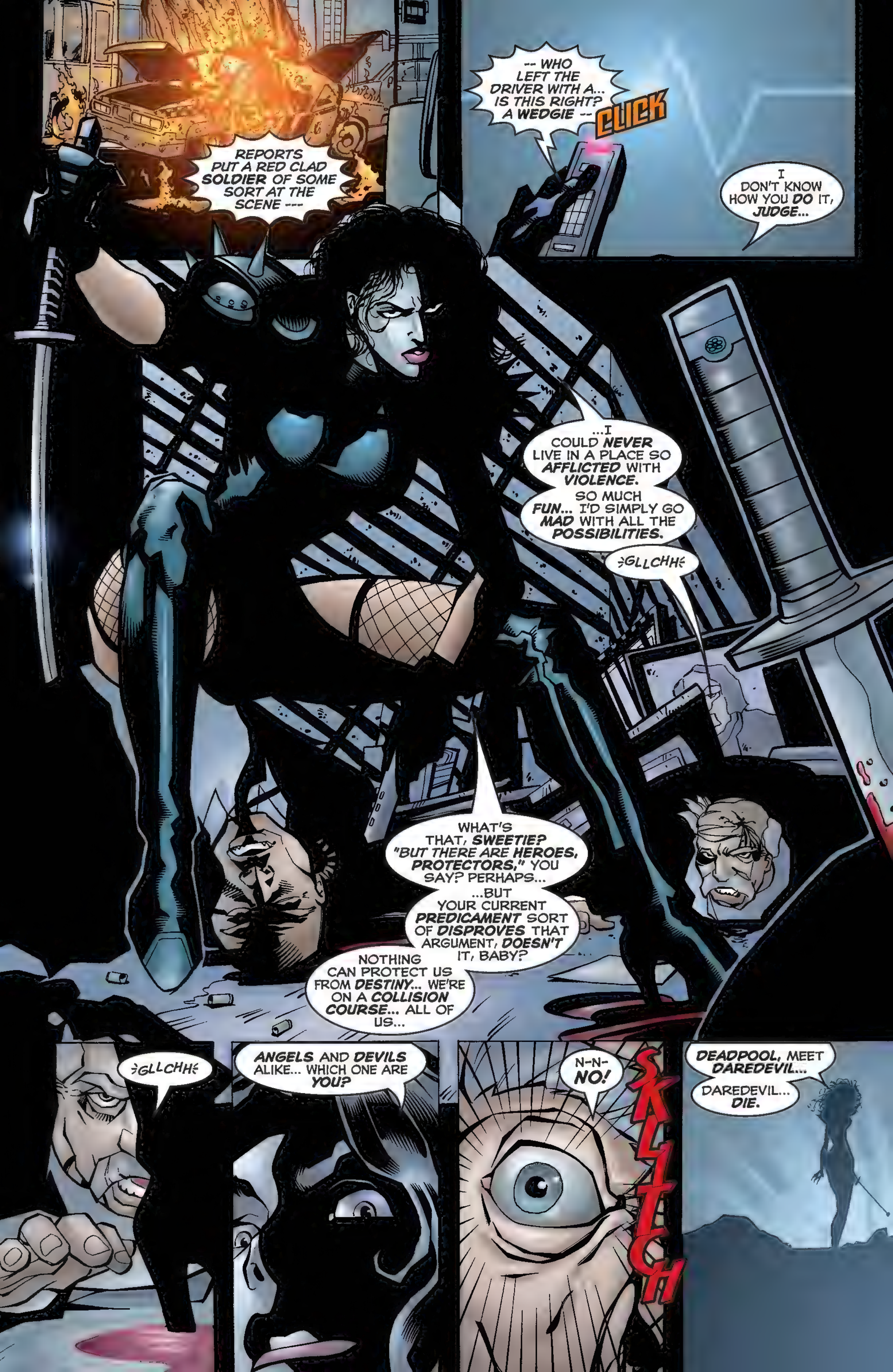
Friedrich Nietzche

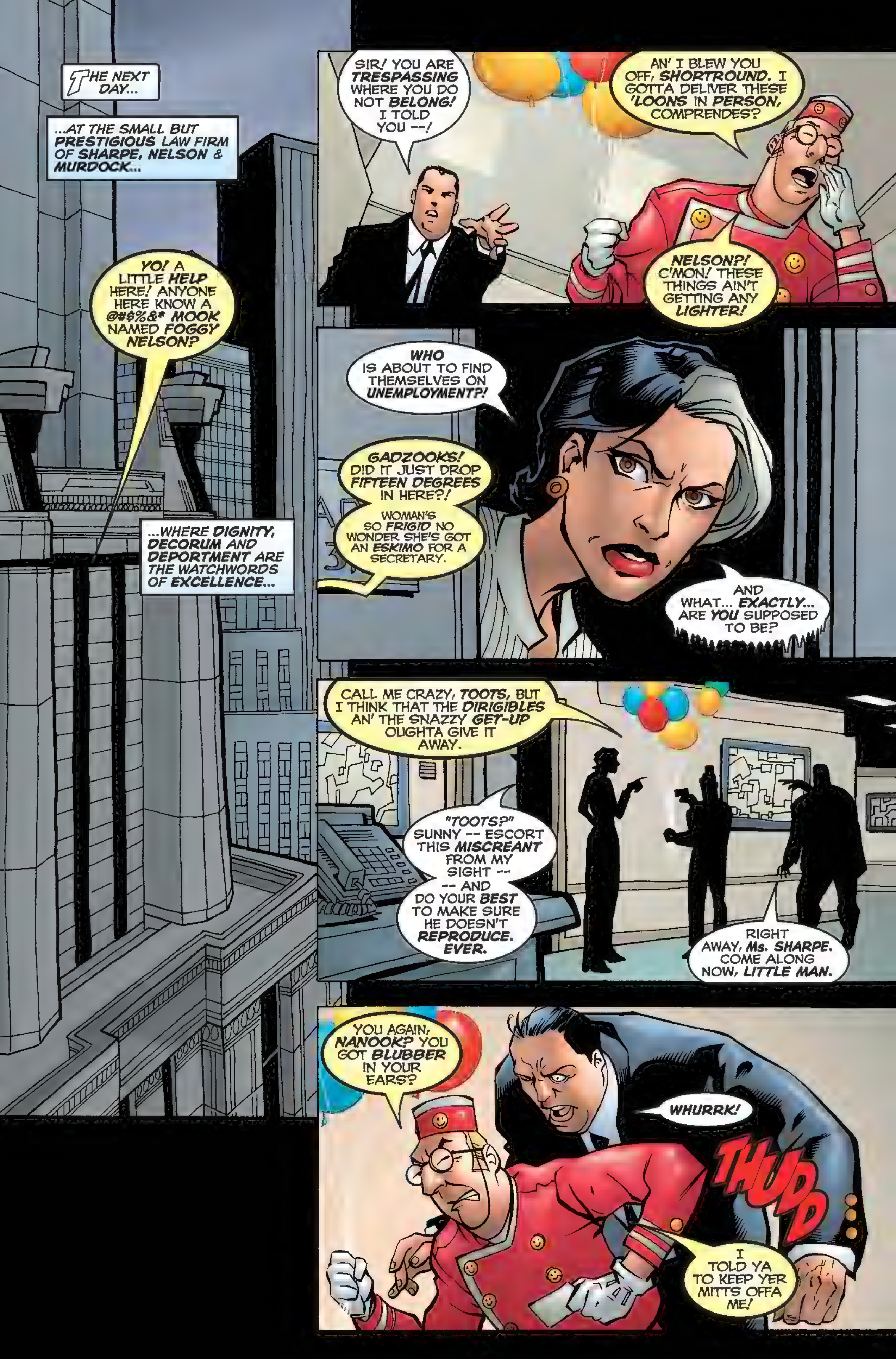

I TAKE THE **CITY** INTO ME. **ALL** OF IT.
EVERY **SMELL** SPUTTERING UPWARDS FROM **FESTERING** ALLEYS...
...EVERY FUGITIVE VIBRATION RICOCHETING AROUND THE GLASS AND STEEL CANYON...
I LET IT ALL **SLAP** ME IN THE FACE AS I **PLUMMET** SEVENTY STORIES, TRYING TO FILL MY **HEAD** WITH ADRENALINE AND **BLOODRUSH**...
...HOPING TO **OVERWHELM** MY **HYPER-SENSES**... **CLOG** MY MIND...
...OBLITERATE THE IMAGE OF **HER FACE,** THE MEMORY OF HER **LIPS.**
THE **TASTE** OF --
IT'S NOT **ENOUGH.**

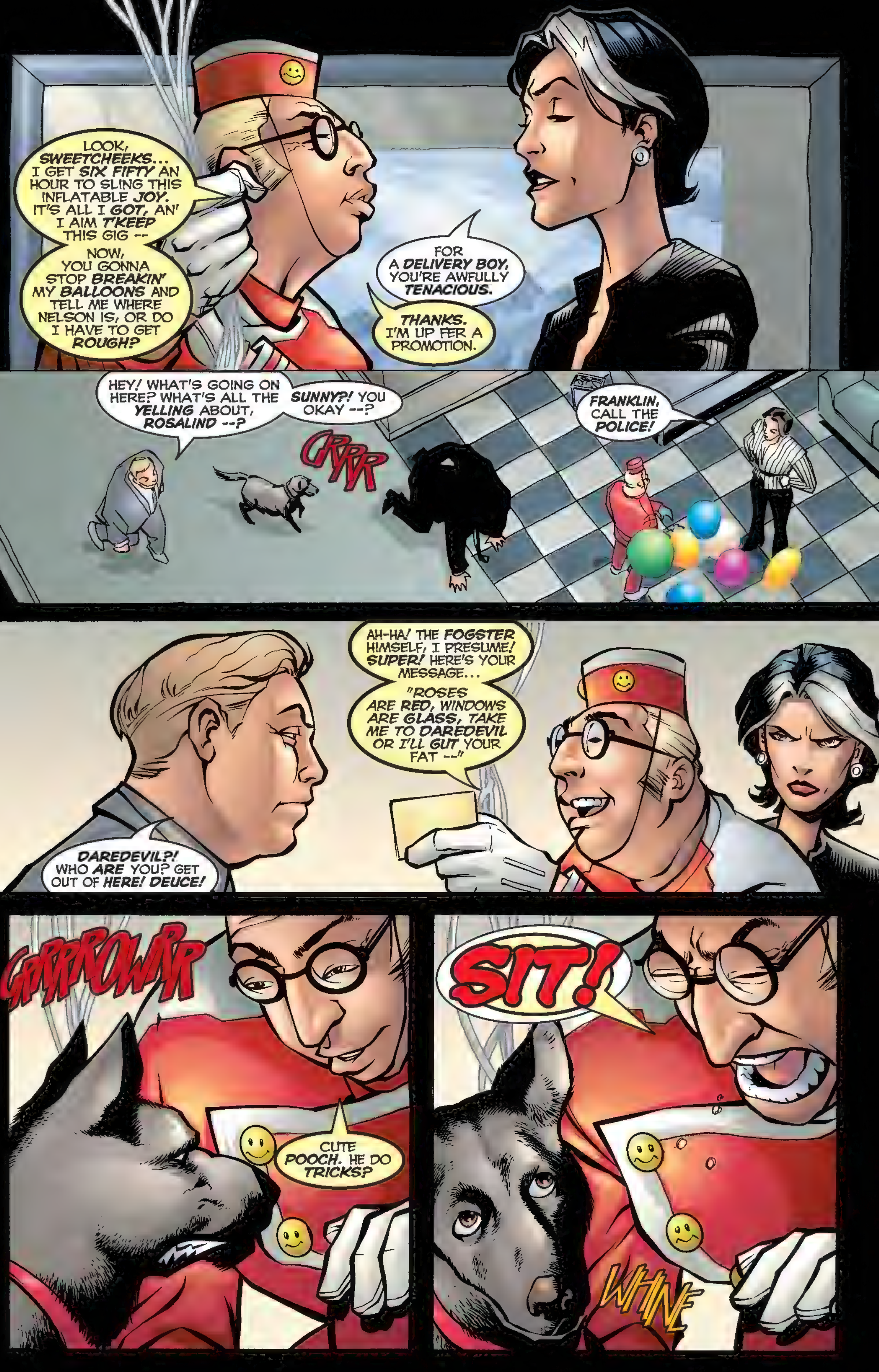

THE FLOODGATES OPEN.
TYPHOID MARY HAS RETURNED... AS ALL PLAGUES DO.
LIKE THE SIRENS OF "THE ODYSSEY," WHO COULD DRIVE A MAN INSANE WITH A FEW NOTES OF THEIR SONG...
...TYPHOID CAN CAPTIVATE WITH A GLANCE, A TOSS OF HER HEAD. SHE TOOK ME OVER THE EDGE... AND I FELL. HARD.
WHAT I DID... WITH HER... THEN LATER, TO DEFEAT HER... MY PRIDE WON'T ALLOW ME TO FULLY RECOLLECT.
BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO. I'M BETTER NOW. STRONGER.
THIS TIME, I WON'T BE DRAGGED DOWN INTO HER SICKNESS... I WON'T.
DOCTOR KATZ KEEPS HIS OFFICE HERE IN MIDTOWN. PERHAPS HIS PRIVATE NOTES WILL REVEAL SOMETHING ABOUT --
THE SMELLS HIT ME BEFORE MY RADAR SENSE EVEN REGISTERS WHAT'S HAPPENED IN THE NEXT ROOM...
...THE SCENT OF OLD BLOOD IS VERY PARTICULAR.
AIR CURRENTS WHISTLE THROUGH UNNATURAL CAVITIES IN THE CORPSES. TYPHOID TOOK HER TIME WITH THE DOCTOR...
POST-MORTEM STAGING. ROPE FROM OFF-SITE, INDICATIONS THAT TYPHOID HAD THOUGHT THIS THROUGH AHEAD OF TIME...
SHE'S LIVING OUT A FANTASY.
IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD... I HEAR THE SIRENS WARMING UP FOR THEIR BIG NUMBER.

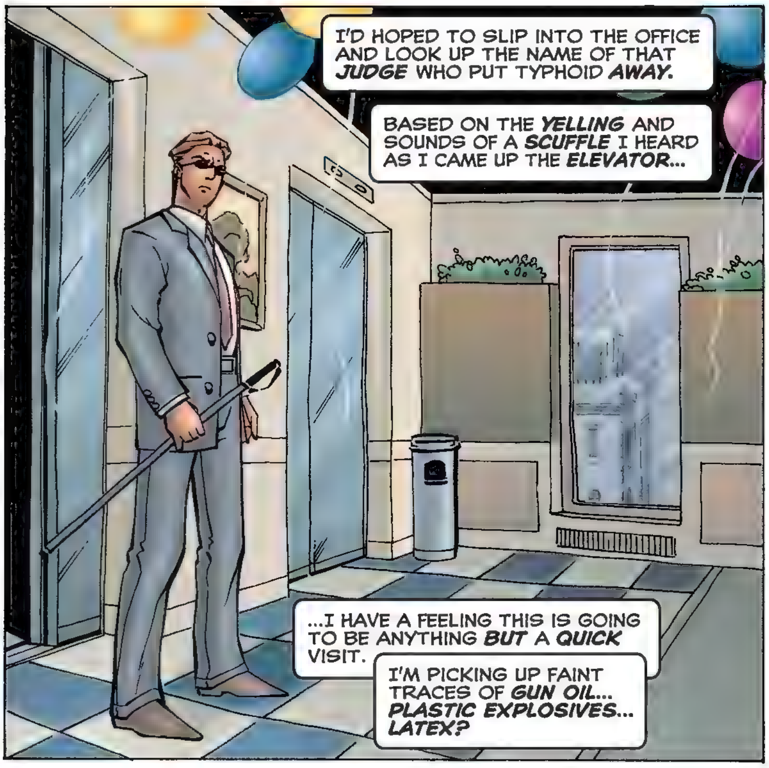

START SPREADING THE NEWWWWS... YOU'RE DYING TODAYYYY... BE-CAUSE YOU TRIED TO RIP ME OFF, IN OLD... NEW YORRRKK! ♪
YOU'RE GONNA WAKE UP! WITH A HEADACHE THAT DOESN'T CEASE! ♪
AND FIND YOUR NECK IN A BRACE, LEGS IN A CAST, SPLEEN IN A DISH... ♪
EVERYBODY, BIG FINISH --!
♪ ♪ ...GASP-PING FOR BREEAAAATH! ♪
Uh... DEADPOOL? I ENJOY A GOOD BUSKING AND ALL, BUT THIS LITTLE REVUE IS GONNA GET US PINCHED.
THAT'S EXACTLY WHY YOU DON'T GET CHICKS, WEASEL... YOU NEVER TAKE TIME TO ENJOY THE MOMENT.
ALRIGHT, SO ENOUGH WITH THE HARMONIZING... WHERE WAS I? OH! ABOUT TO BEAT YOU SENSELESS FOR TRYING TO GOUGE THE FARE ON ME AN' MY PAL...
DUDE, IT'S MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB... I WAS LOST... Oh GOD, ARE YOU GOING TO KILL ME?
THAT'S THE FIFTY DOLLAR QUESTION, ISN'T IT, LATKA?
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE LET YOUR FELLOW NEWYORCANS DECIDE! SINCE THEY'RE ALL SOOO CONCERNED...
CAFE

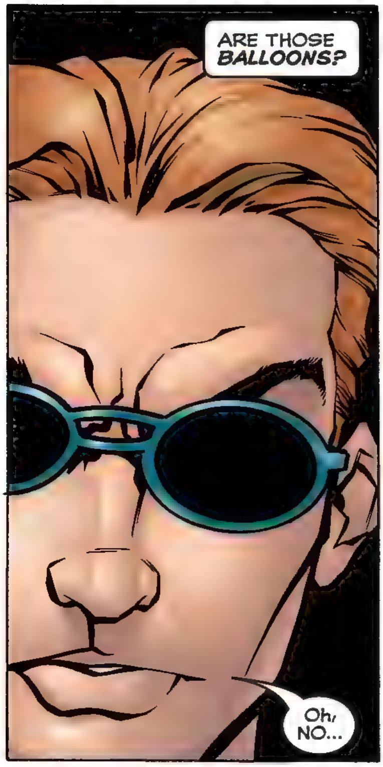

WELL, LADIES AND JERKS OF THE JURY?
Um... I DON'T KNOW... DID HE REALLY DO IT?
EXCELLENT QUESTIONING, PERRY MASON! ANSWER THE MAN HONESTLY, JEEVES --
AND PLEASE, SPEAK CLEARLY INTO THE MICROPHONE...
ALRIGHT! I ADMIT IT! IT'S TRUE!
I WAS RUNNING UP THE PRICE 'CAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE TWO DUMB HICKS FROM WISCONSIN!
NOT EVERYONE'S FROM NEW YORK.
BOO!
BOO!
STRING HIM UP!
RUN HIM OVER WITH HIS OWN CAB!
DO HIM!
GET MEDIEVAL ON HIS BUTTOCKS!
I'M FROM WISCONSIN. WE MAKE CHEESE.
AND NOW... MOB JUSTICE WILL BE SERVED ON THE PROMENADE DECK.
SIGH SERVE IT QUICK, WADE, I HEAR SIRENS...
THE SWEET KISS OF VENGEANCE IN THE HANDS OF THE PROLETARIAT AT LAST...
...NOOGIE!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE! RIGHT ON. DIG IT.
PLEEEASE...

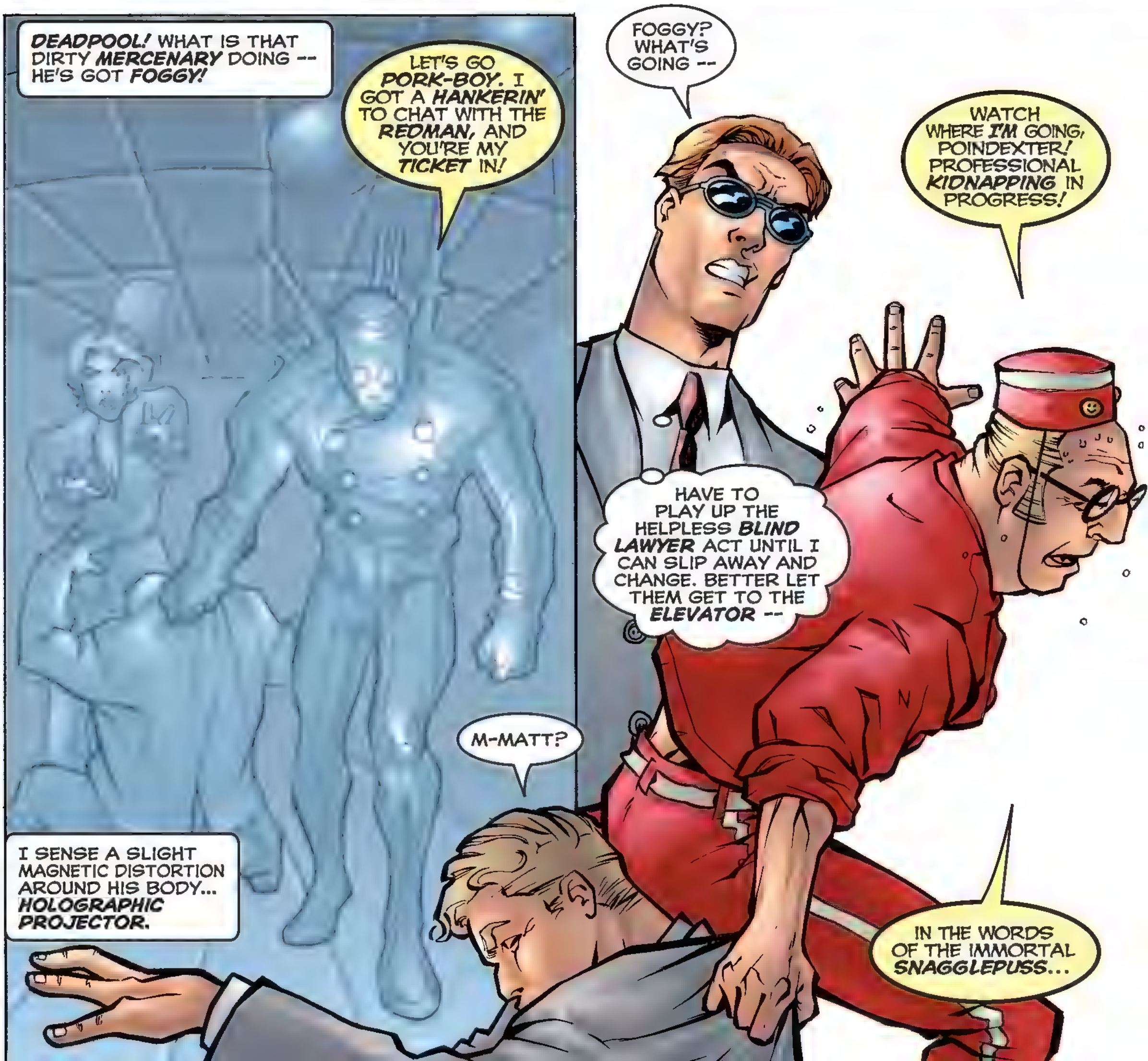

REPORTS PUT A RED CLAD SOLDIER OF SOME SORT AT THE SCENE ---
-- WHO LEFT THE DRIVER WITH A... IS THIS RIGHT? A WEDGIE --
CLICK
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, JUDGE...
...I COULD NEVER LIVE IN A PLACE SO AFFLICTED WITH VIOLENCE.
SO MUCH FUN... I'D SIMPLY GO MAD WITH ALL THE POSSIBILITIES.
GLLCHH
WHAT'S THAT, SWEETIE? "BUT THERE ARE HEROES, PROTECTORS," YOU SAY? PERHAPS...
...BUT YOUR CURRENT PREDICAMENT SORT OF DISPROVES THAT ARGUMENT, DOESN'T IT, BABY?
NOTHING CAN PROTECT US FROM DESTINY... WE'RE ON A COLLISION COURSE... ALL OF US...
GLLCHH
ANGELS AND DEVILS ALIKE... WHICH ONE ARE YOU?
N-N-NO!
SKLITCH
DEADPOOL, MEET DAREDEVIL...
DAREDEVIL... DIE.

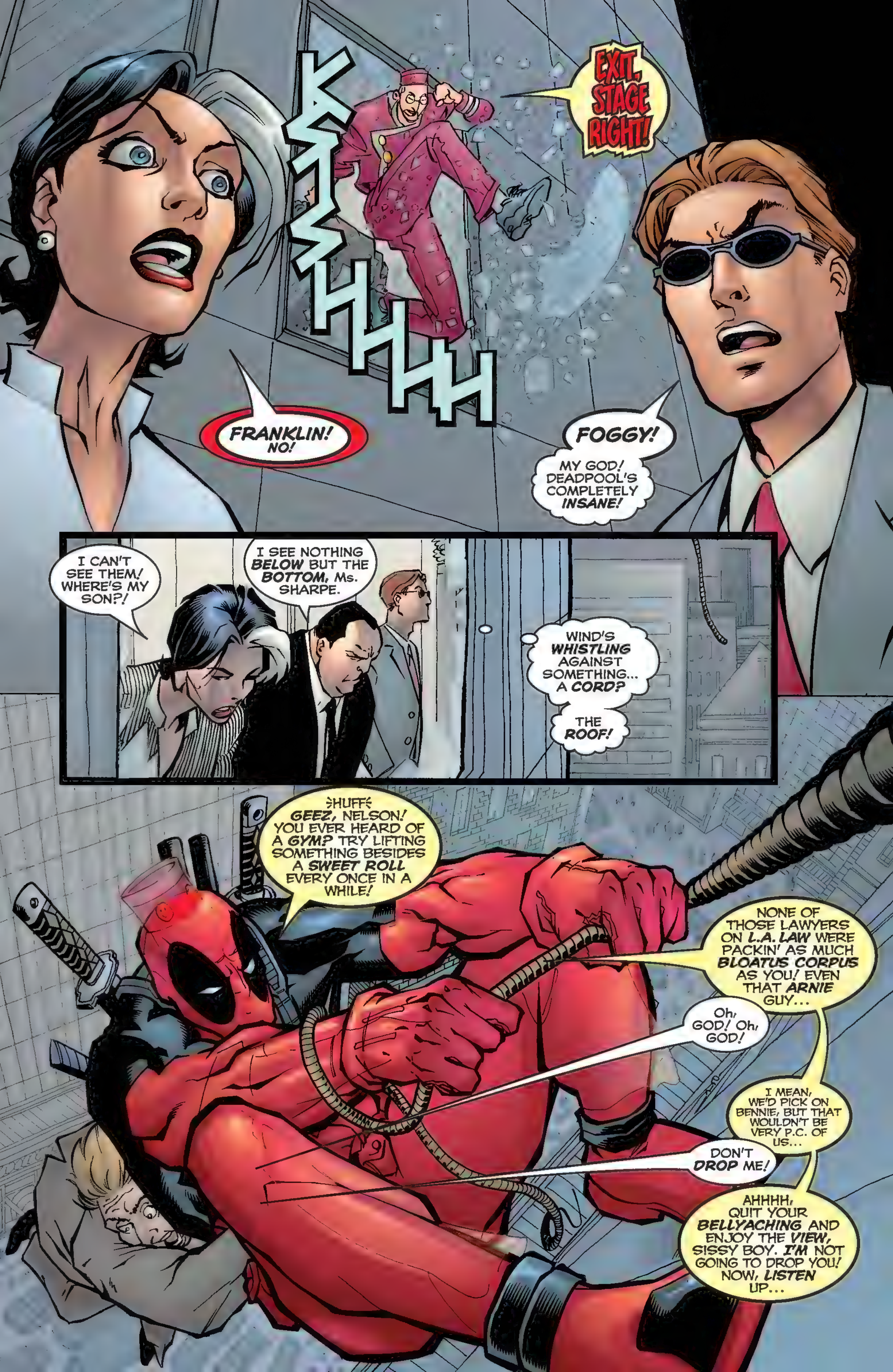

THE NEXT DAY...
...AT THE SMALL BUT PRESTIGIOUS LAW FIRM OF SHARPE, NELSON & MURDOCK...
YO! A LITTLE HELP HERE! ANYONE HERE KNOW A @#$%&* MOOK NAMED FOGGY NELSON?
...WHERE DIGNITY, DECORUM AND DEPORTMENT ARE THE WATCHWORDS OF EXCELLENCE...
SIR! YOU ARE TRESPASSING WHERE YOU DO NOT BELONG! I TOLD YOU --!
AN' I BLEW YOU OFF, SHORTROUND. I GOTTA DELIVER THESE 'LOONS IN PERSON, COMPRENDES?
NELSON?! C'MON! THESE THINGS AIN'T GETTING ANY LIGHTER!
WHO IS ABOUT TO FIND THEMSELVES ON UNEMPLOYMENT?!
GADZOOKS! DID IT JUST DROP FIFTEEN DEGREES IN HERE?!
WOMAN'S SO FRIGID NO WONDER SHE'S GOT AN ESKIMO FOR A SECRETARY.
AND WHAT... EXACTLY... ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
CALL ME CRAZY, TOOTS, BUT I THINK THAT THE DIRIGIBLES AN' THE SNAZZY GET-UP OUGHTA GIVE IT AWAY.
"TOOTS?" SUNNY -- ESCORT THIS MISCREANT FROM MY SIGHT -- -- AND DO YOUR BEST TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T REPRODUCE. EVER.
RIGHT AWAY, Ms. SHARPE. COME ALONG NOW, LITTLE MAN.
YOU AGAIN, NANOOK? YOU GOT BLUBBER IN YOUR EARS?
WHURRK!
THUDD
I TOLD YA TO KEEP YER MITTS OFFA ME!

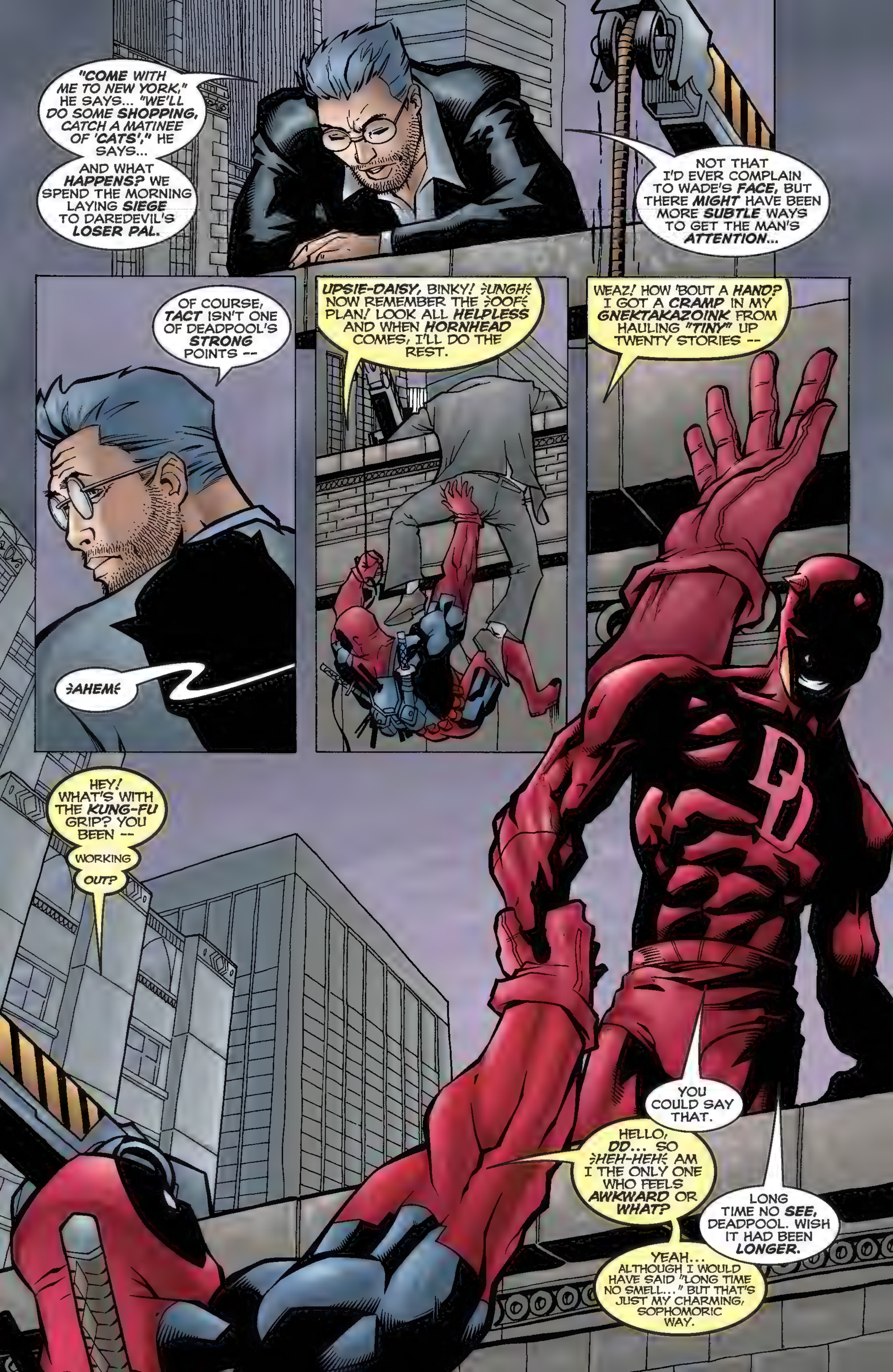

LOOK, SWEETCHEEKS... I GET SIX FIFTY AN HOUR TO SLING THIS INFLATABLE JOY. IT'S ALL I GOT, AN' I AIM T'KEEP THIS GIG --
NOW, YOU GONNA STOP BREAKIN' MY BALLOONS AND TELL ME WHERE NELSON IS, OR DO I HAVE TO GET ROUGH?
FOR A DELIVERY BOY, YOU'RE AWFULLY TENACIOUS.
THANKS. I'M UP FER A PROMOTION.
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S ALL THE YELLING ABOUT, ROSALIND --?
SUNNY?! YOU OKAY --?
FRANKLIN, CALL THE POLICE!
GRRRR
AH-HA! THE FOGSTER HIMSELF, I PRESUME! SUPER! HERE'S YOUR MESSAGE...
"ROSES ARE RED, WINDOWS ARE GLASS, TAKE ME TO DAREDEVIL OR I'LL GUT YOUR FAT --"
DAREDEVIL?! WHO ARE YOU? GET OUT OF HERE! DEUCE!
GRRRROWRR
CUTE POOCH. HE DO TRICKS?
SIT!
WHINE

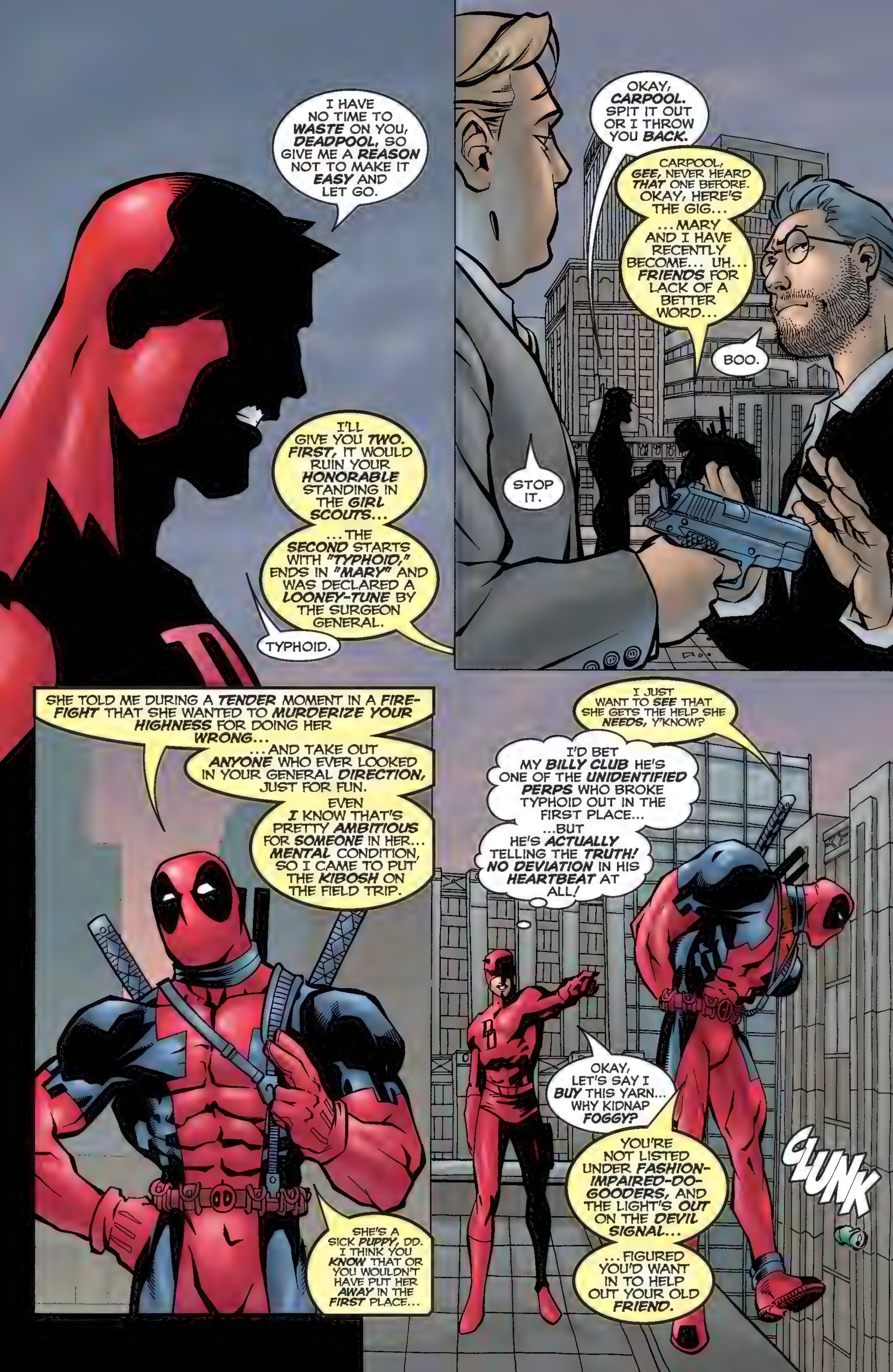

I'D HOPED TO SLIP INTO THE OFFICE AND LOOK UP THE NAME OF THAT **JUDGE** WHO PUT TYPHOID **AWAY.**
BASED ON THE **YELLING** AND SOUNDS OF A **SCUFFLE** I HEARD AS I CAME UP THE **ELEVATOR...**
...I HAVE A FEELING THIS IS GOING TO BE ANYTHING **BUT** A **QUICK** VISIT.
I'M PICKING UP FAINT TRACES OF **GUN OIL... PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES... LATEX?**

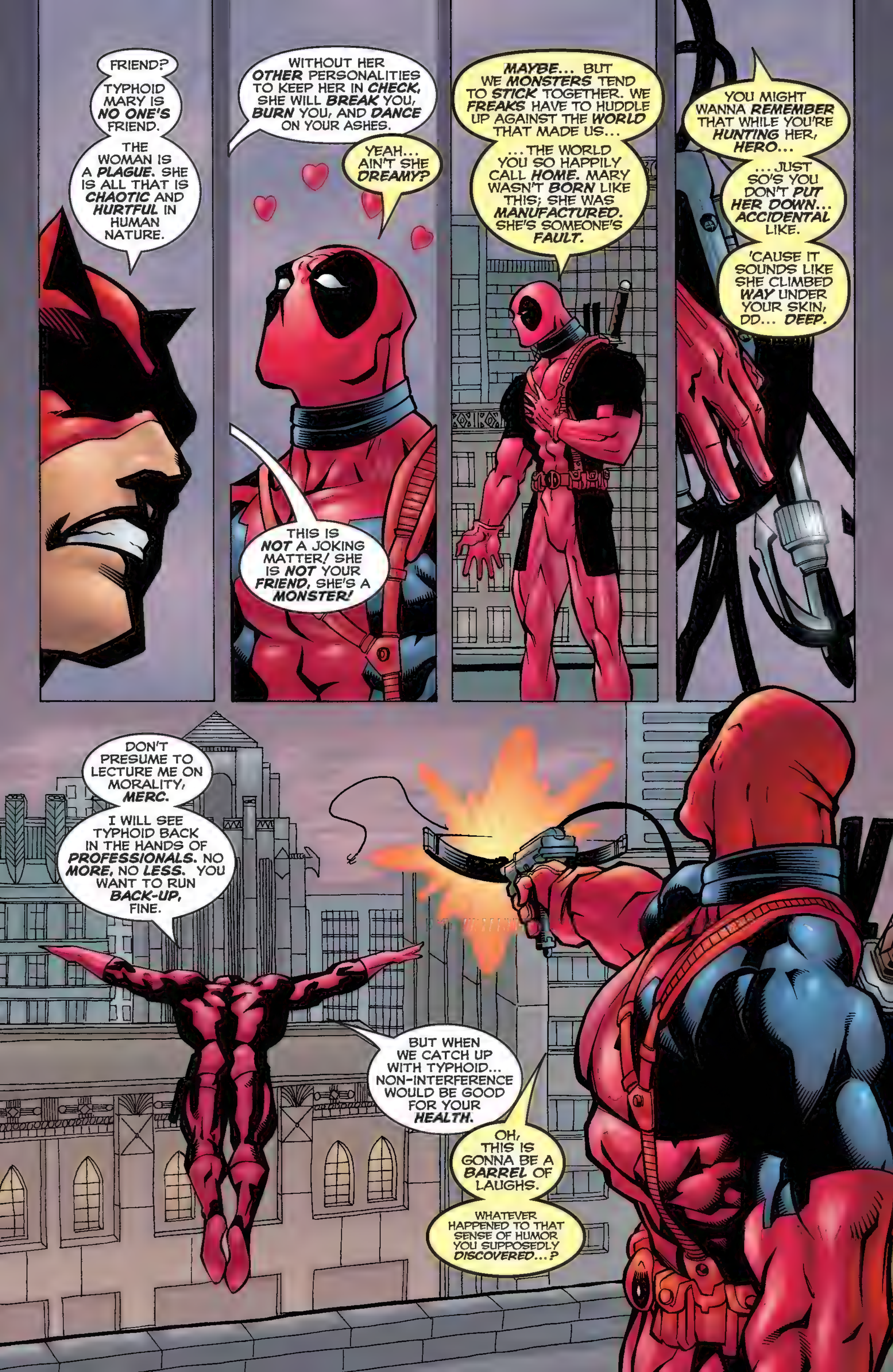

ARE THOSE **BALLOONS?**
Oh, NO...

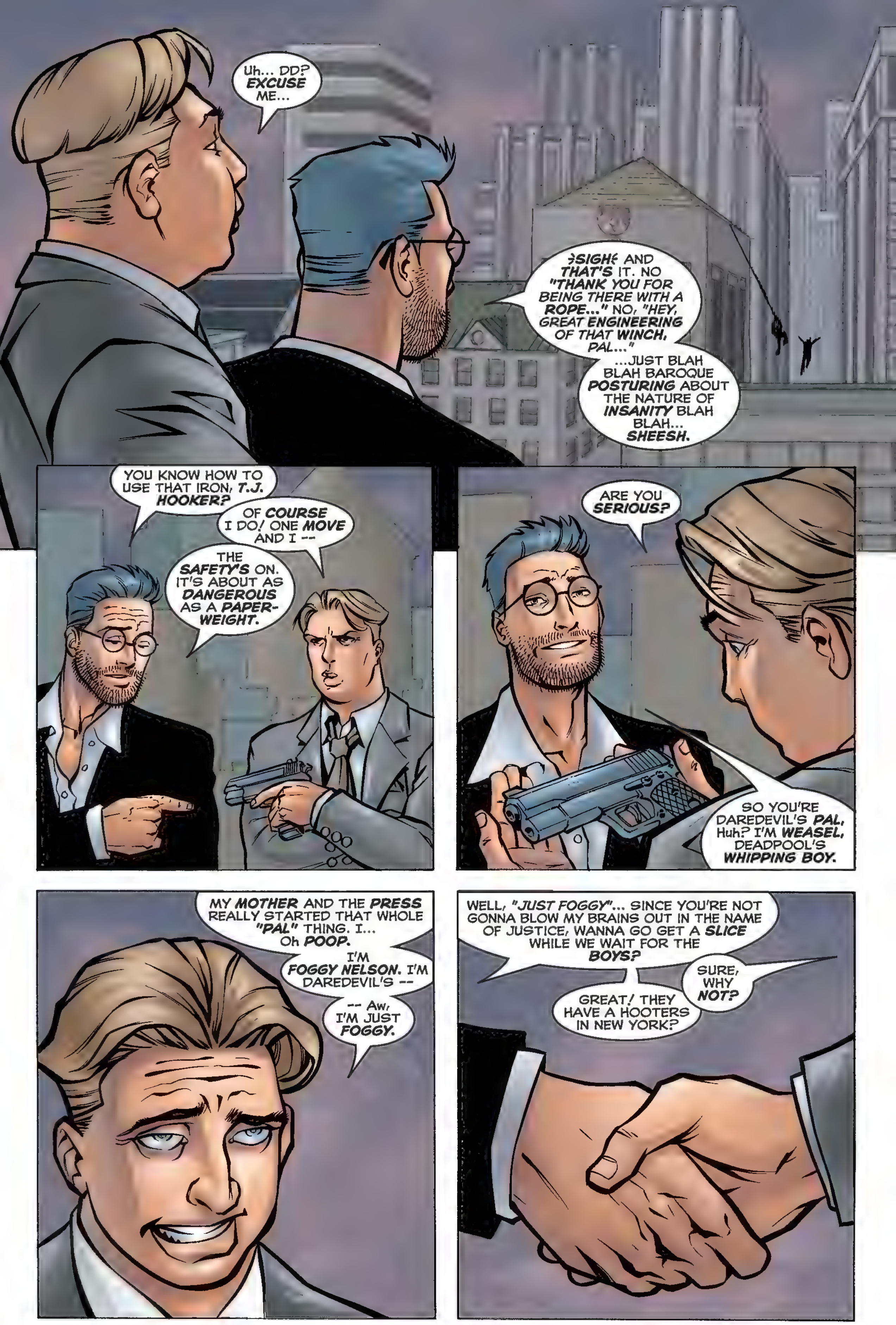

DEADPOOL! WHAT IS THAT DIRTY **MERCENARY** DOING -- HE'S GOT **FOGGY!**
LET'S GO **PORK-BOY.** I GOT A **HANKERIN'** TO CHAT WITH THE **REDMAN,** AND YOU'RE MY **TICKET** IN!
FOGGY? WHAT'S GOING --
WATCH WHERE **I'M** GOING, POINDEXTER! PROFESSIONAL **KIDNAPPING** IN PROGRESS!
HAVE TO PLAY UP THE HELPLESS **BLIND LAWYER** ACT UNTIL I CAN SLIP AWAY AND CHANGE. BETTER LET THEM GET TO THE **ELEVATOR** --
M-MATT?
I SENSE A SLIGHT MAGNETIC DISTORTION AROUND HIS BODY... **HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR.**
IN THE WORDS OF THE IMMORTAL **SNAGGLEPUSS...**

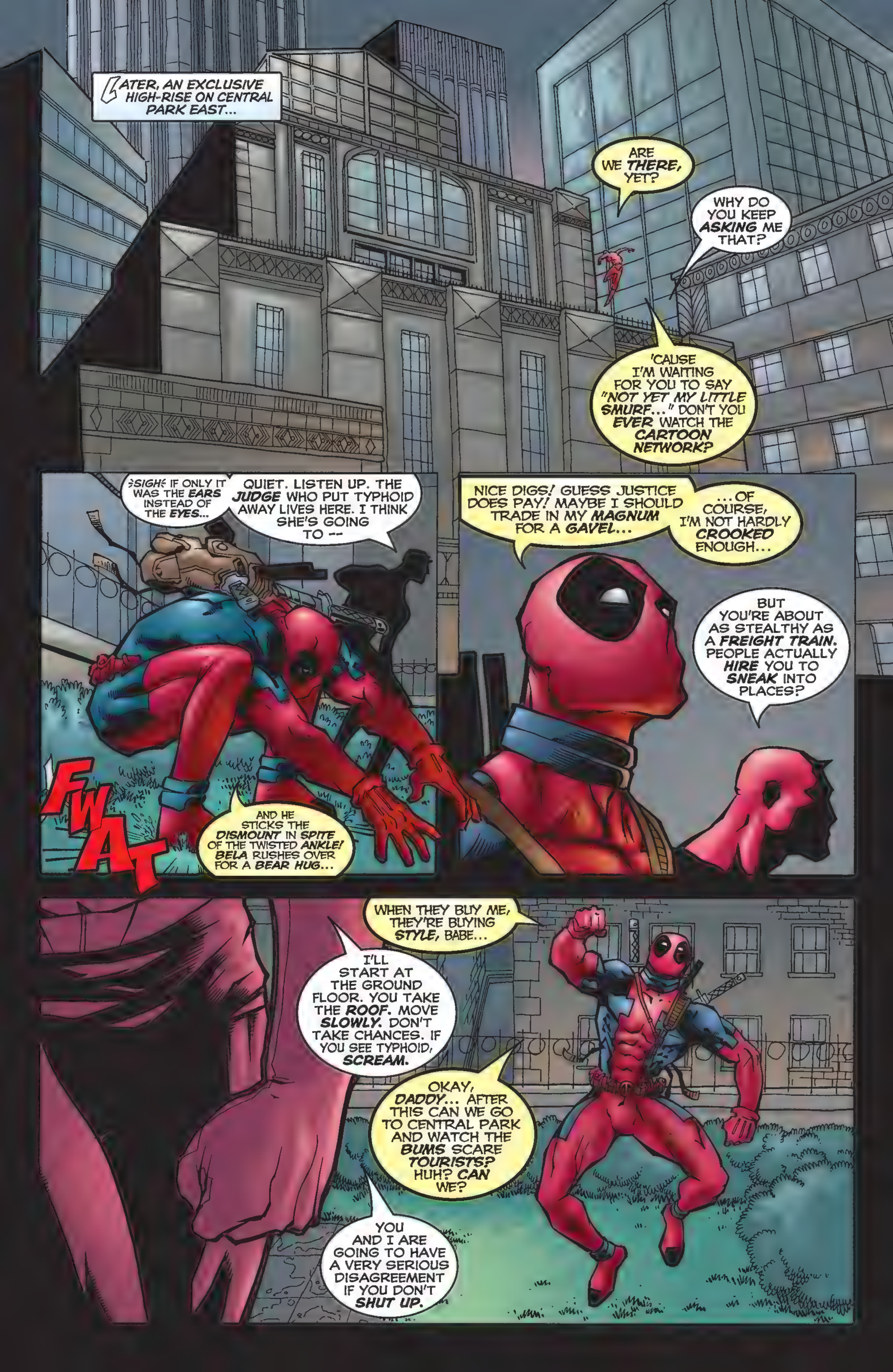

KSSHHHH
EXIT, STAGE RIGHT!
FRANKLIN! NO!
FOGGY!
MY GOD! DEADPOOL'S COMPLETELY *INSANE!*
I CAN'T SEE THEM! WHERE'S MY SON?!
I SEE NOTHING *BELOW* BUT THE *BOTTOM,* Ms. SHARPE.
WIND'S *WHISTLING* AGAINST SOMETHING... A *CORD?*
THE *ROOF!*
HUFF *GEEZ,* NELSON! YOU EVER HEARD OF A *GYM?* TRY LIFTING SOMETHING BESIDES A *SWEET ROLL* EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE!
NONE OF THOSE LAWYERS ON *L.A. LAW* WERE PACKIN' AS MUCH *BLOATUS CORPUS* AS YOU! EVEN THAT *ARNIE* GUY...
Oh, GOD! Oh, GOD!
I MEAN, WE'D PICK ON BENNIE, BUT THAT WOULDN'T BE VERY P.C. OF US...
DON'T *DROP* ME!
AHHHH, QUIT YOUR *BELLYACHING* AND ENJOY THE *VIEW,* SISSY BOY. *I'M* NOT GOING TO DROP YOU! NOW, *LISTEN* UP...

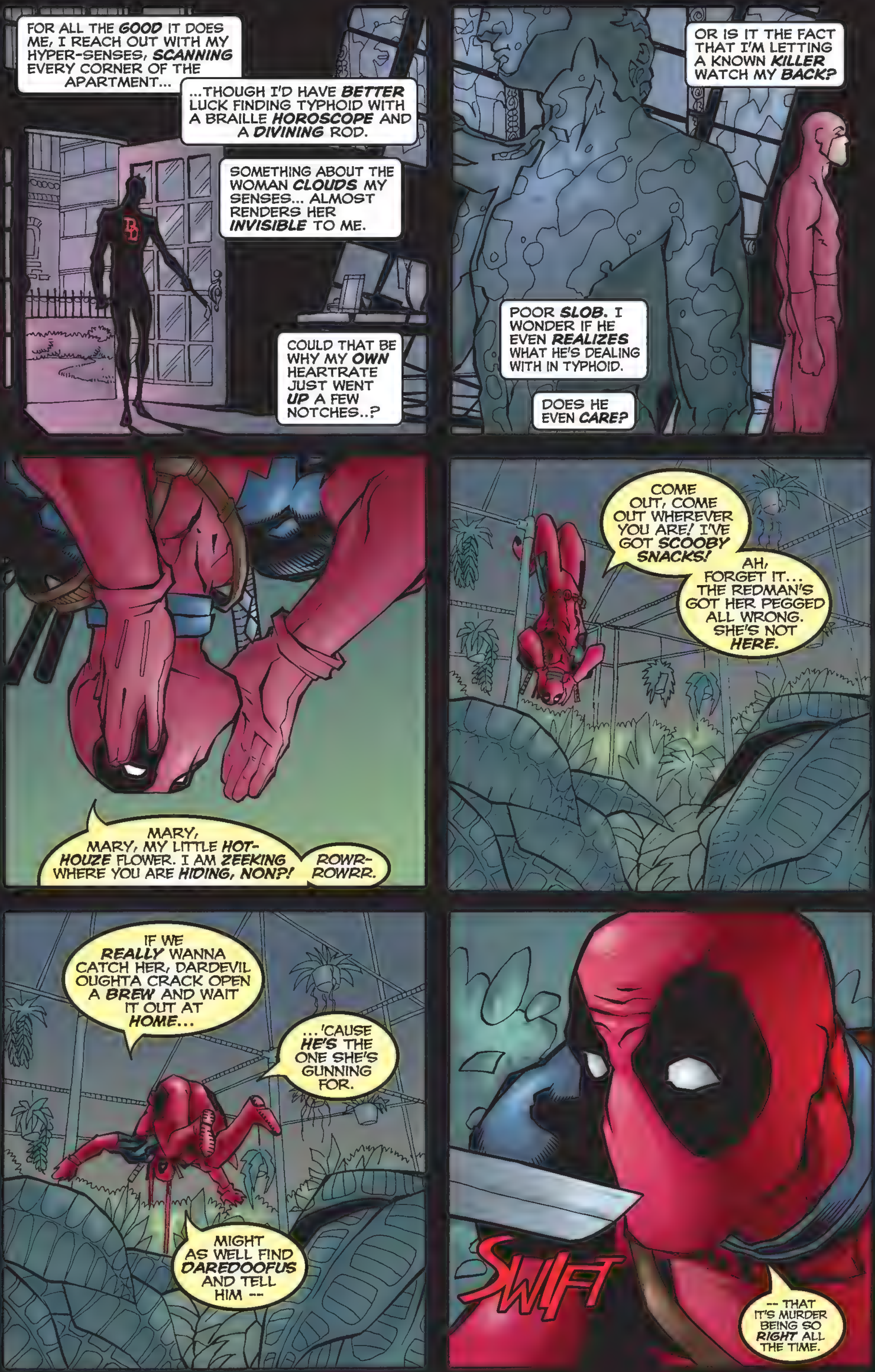

"COME WITH ME TO NEW YORK," HE SAYS... "WE'LL DO SOME SHOPPING, CATCH A MATINEE OF 'CATS'," HE SAYS...
AND WHAT HAPPENS? WE SPEND THE MORNING LAYING SIEGE TO DAREDEVIL'S LOSER PAL.
NOT THAT I'D EVER COMPLAIN TO WADE'S FACE, BUT THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE SUBTLE WAYS TO GET THE MAN'S ATTENTION...
OF COURSE, TACT ISN'T ONE OF DEADPOOL'S STRONG POINTS --
AHEM
UPSIE-DAISY, BINKY! UNGH NOW REMEMBER THE OOF PLAN! LOOK ALL HELPLESS AND WHEN HORNHEAD COMES, I'LL DO THE REST.
WEAZ! HOW 'BOUT A HAND? I GOT A CRAMP IN MY GNEKTAKAZOINK FROM HAULING "TINY" UP TWENTY STORIES --
HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE KUNG-FU GRIP? YOU BEEN --
WORKING
OUT?
YOU COULD SAY THAT.
HELLO, DD... SO HEH-HEH AM I THE ONLY ONE WHO FEELS AWKWARD OR WHAT?
LONG TIME NO SEE, DEADPOOL. WISH IT HAD BEEN LONGER.
YEAH... ALTHOUGH I WOULD HAVE SAID "LONG TIME NO SMELL..." BUT THAT'S JUST MY CHARMING, SOPHOMORIC WAY.

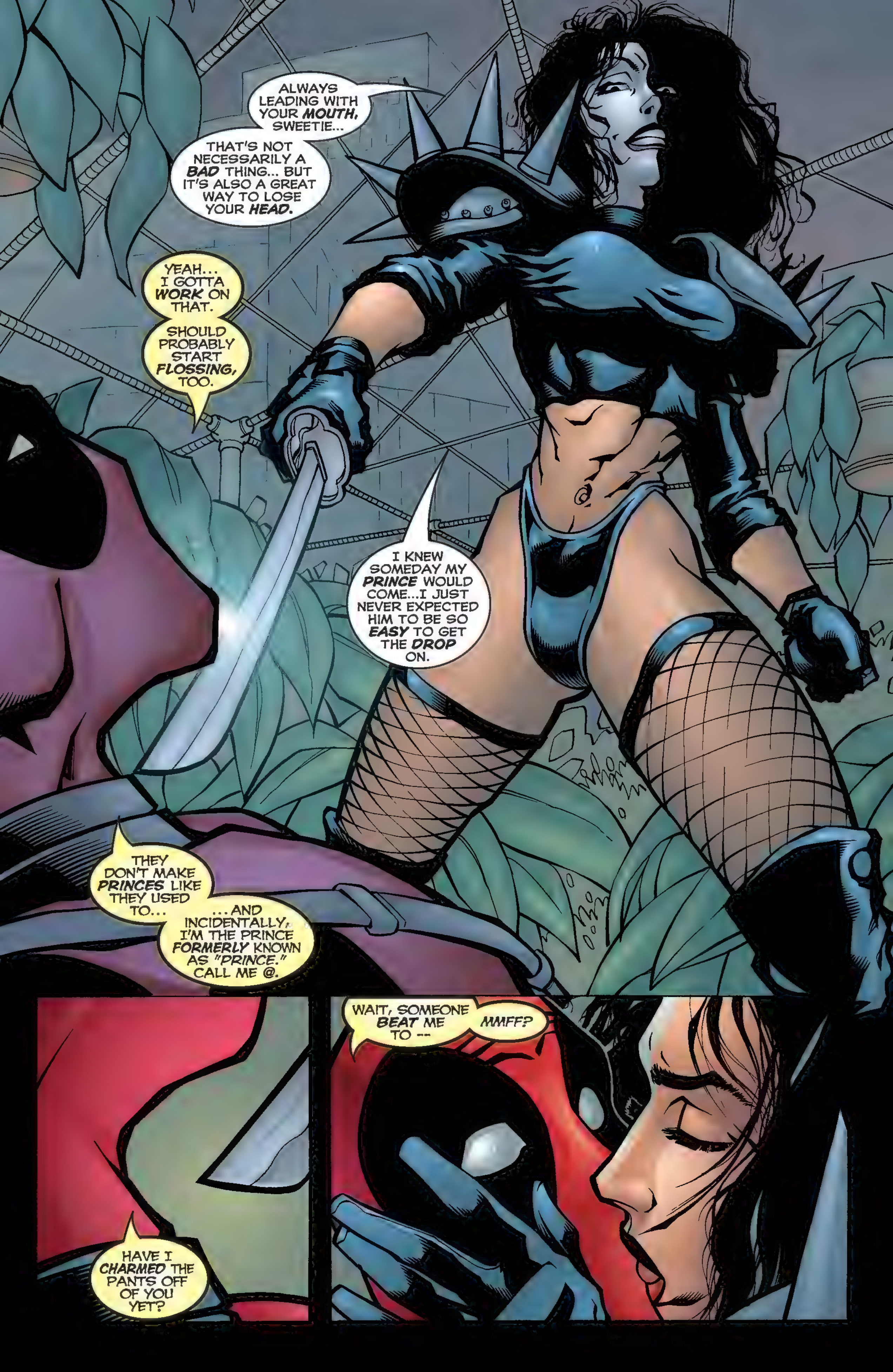

I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON YOU, DEADPOOL, SO GIVE ME A REASON NOT TO MAKE IT EASY AND LET GO.
I'LL GIVE YOU TWO. FIRST, IT WOULD RUIN YOUR HONORABLE STANDING IN THE GIRL SCOUTS...
...THE SECOND STARTS WITH "TYPHOID," ENDS IN "MARY" AND WAS DECLARED A LOONEY-TUNE BY THE SURGEON GENERAL.
TYPHOID.
OKAY, CARPOOL. SPIT IT OUT OR I THROW YOU BACK.
CARPOOL, GEE, NEVER HEARD THAT ONE BEFORE. OKAY, HERE'S THE GIG...
...MARY AND I HAVE RECENTLY BECOME... UH... FRIENDS FOR LACK OF A BETTER WORD...
BOO.
STOP IT.
SHE TOLD ME DURING A TENDER MOMENT IN A FIRE-FIGHT THAT SHE WANTED TO MURDERIZE YOUR HIGHNESS FOR DOING HER WRONG...
...AND TAKE OUT ANYONE WHO EVER LOOKED IN YOUR GENERAL DIRECTION, JUST FOR FUN.
EVEN I KNOW THAT'S PRETTY AMBITIOUS FOR SOMEONE IN HER... MENTAL CONDITION, SO I CAME TO PUT THE KIBOSH ON THE FIELD TRIP.
SHE'S A SICK PUPPY, DD. I THINK YOU KNOW THAT OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE PUT HER AWAY IN THE FIRST PLACE...
I JUST WANT TO SEE THAT SHE GETS THE HELP SHE NEEDS, Y'KNOW?
I'D BET MY BILLY CLUB HE'S ONE OF THE UNIDENTIFIED PERPS WHO BROKE TYPHOID OUT IN THE FIRST PLACE...
...BUT HE'S ACTUALLY TELLING THE TRUTH! NO DEVIATION IN HIS HEARTBEAT AT ALL!
OKAY, LET'S SAY I BUY THIS YARN... WHY KIDNAP FOGGY?
YOU'RE NOT LISTED UNDER FASHION-IMPAIRED-DO-GOODERS, AND THE LIGHT'S OUT ON THE DEVIL SIGNAL...
...FIGURED YOU'D WANT IN TO HELP OUT YOUR OLD FRIEND.
CLUNK

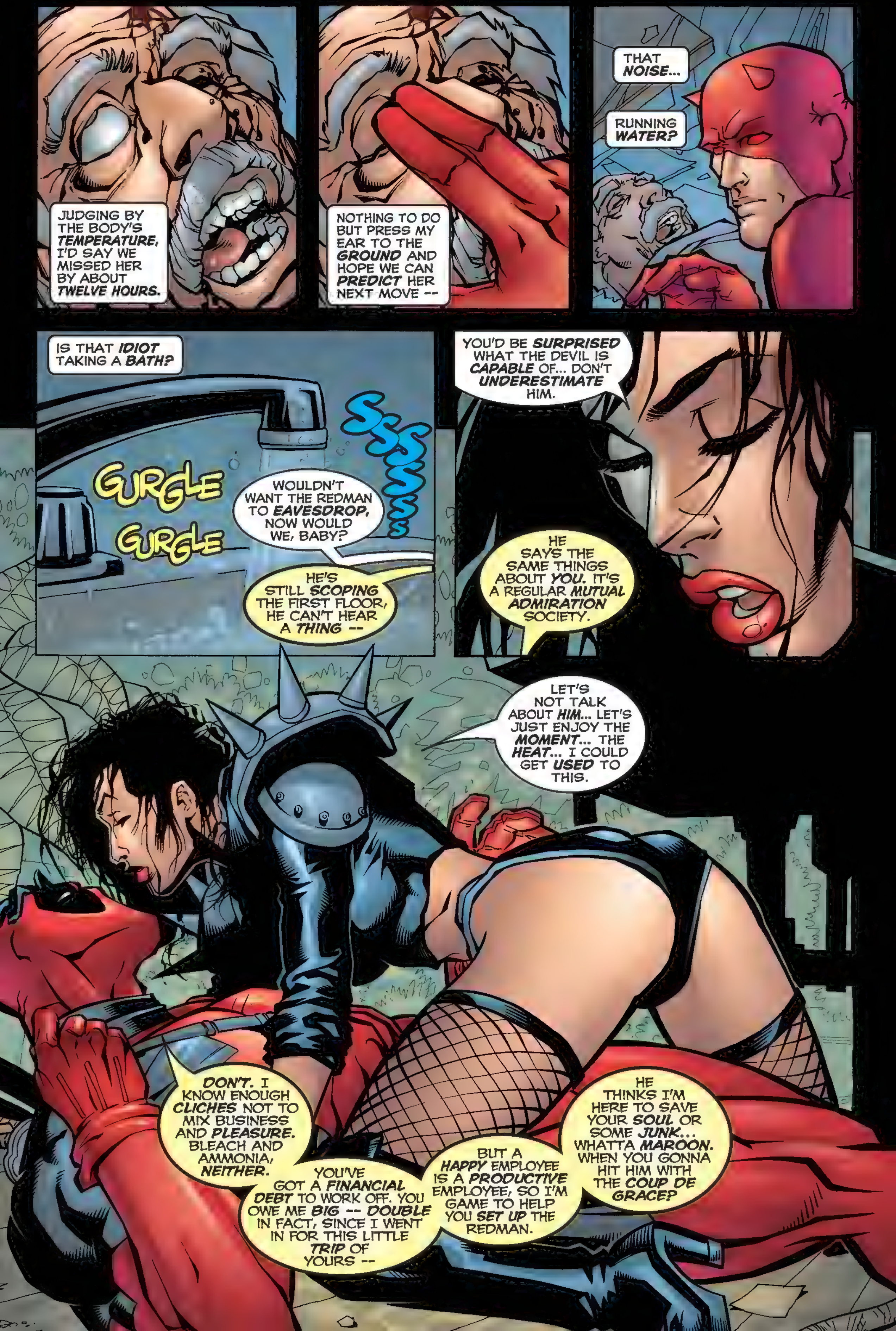

FRIEND? TYPHOID MARY IS NO ONE'S FRIEND.
THE WOMAN IS A PLAGUE. SHE IS ALL THAT IS CHAOTIC AND HURTFUL IN HUMAN NATURE.
WITHOUT HER OTHER PERSONALITIES TO KEEP HER IN CHECK, SHE WILL BREAK YOU, BURN YOU, AND DANCE ON YOUR ASHES.
YEAH... AIN'T SHE DREAMY?
THIS IS NOT A JOKING MATTER! SHE IS NOT YOUR FRIEND, SHE'S A MONSTER!
MAYBE... BUT WE MONSTERS TEND TO STICK TOGETHER. WE FREAKS HAVE TO HUDDLE UP AGAINST THE WORLD THAT MADE US...
...THE WORLD YOU SO HAPPILY CALL HOME. MARY WASN'T BORN LIKE THIS; SHE WAS MANUFACTURED. SHE'S SOMEONE'S FAULT.
YOU MIGHT WANNA REMEMBER THAT WHILE YOU'RE HUNTING HER, HERO...
...JUST SO'S YOU DON'T PUT HER DOWN... ACCIDENTAL LIKE.
'CAUSE IT SOUNDS LIKE SHE CLIMBED WAY UNDER YOUR SKIN, DD... DEEP.
DON'T PRESUME TO LECTURE ME ON MORALITY, MERC.
I WILL SEE TYPHOID BACK IN THE HANDS OF PROFESSIONALS. NO MORE, NO LESS. YOU WANT TO RUN BACK-UP, FINE.
BUT WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH TYPHOID... NON-INTERFERENCE WOULD BE GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH.
OH, THIS IS GONNA BE A BARREL OF LAUGHS.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT SENSE OF HUMOR YOU SUPPOSEDLY DISCOVERED...?

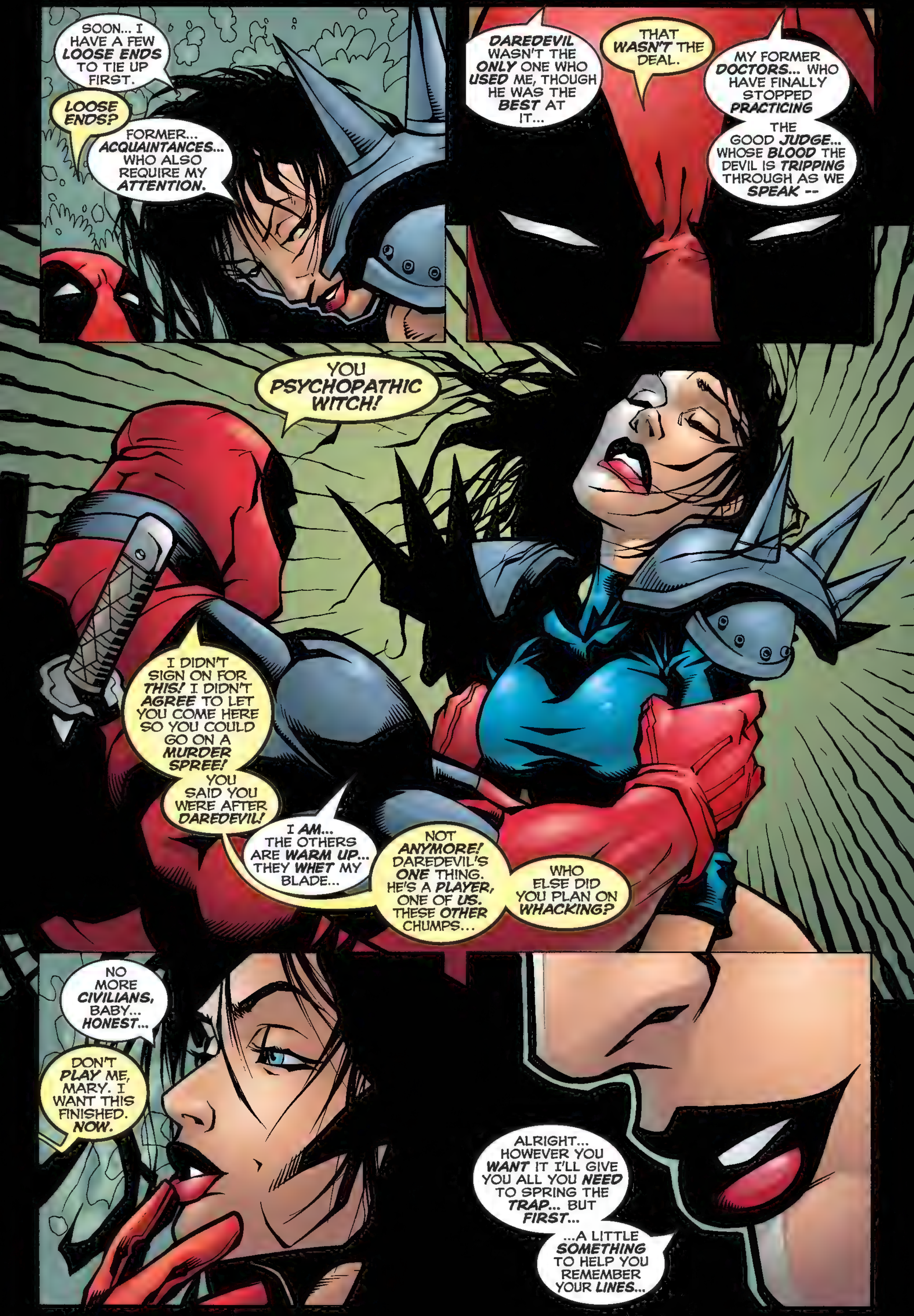

Uh... DD? EXCUSE ME...
>SIGH< AND THAT'S IT. NO "THANK YOU FOR BEING THERE WITH A ROPE..." NO, "HEY, GREAT ENGINEERING OF THAT WINCH, PAL..."
...JUST BLAH BLAH BAROQUE POSTURING ABOUT THE NATURE OF INSANITY BLAH BLAH... SHEESH.
YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT IRON, T.J. HOOKER?
OF COURSE I DO! ONE MOVE AND I --
THE SAFETY'S ON. IT'S ABOUT AS DANGEROUS AS A PAPERWEIGHT.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
SO YOU'RE DAREDEVIL'S PAL, Huh? I'M WEASEL, DEADPOOL'S WHIPPING BOY.
MY MOTHER AND THE PRESS REALLY STARTED THAT WHOLE "PAL" THING. I... Oh POOP.
I'M FOGGY NELSON. I'M DAREDEVIL'S --
-- Aw, I'M JUST FOGGY.
WELL, "JUST FOGGY"... SINCE YOU'RE NOT GONNA BLOW MY BRAINS OUT IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, WANNA GO GET A SLICE WHILE WE WAIT FOR THE BOYS?
SURE, WHY NOT?
GREAT! THEY HAVE A HOOTERS IN NEW YORK?

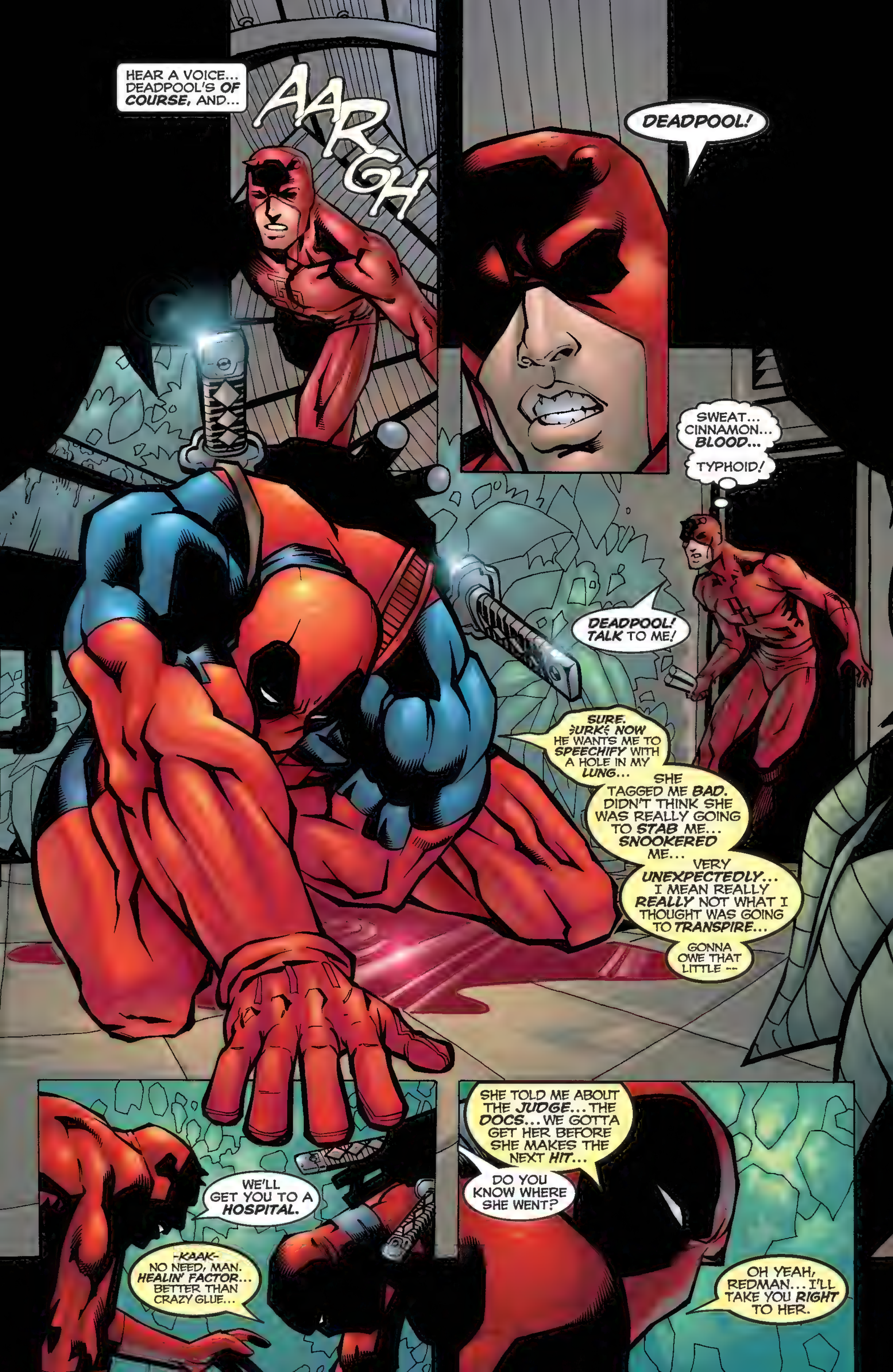

LATER, AN EXCLUSIVE HIGH-RISE ON CENTRAL PARK EAST...
ARE WE *THERE,* YET?
WHY DO YOU KEEP *ASKING* ME THAT?
'CAUSE I'M WAITING FOR YOU TO SAY *"NOT YET MY LITTLE SMURF..."* DON'T YOU *EVER* WATCH THE *CARTOON NETWORK?*
›SIGH‹ IF ONLY IT WAS THE *EARS* INSTEAD OF THE *EYES...*
QUIET. LISTEN UP. THE *JUDGE* WHO PUT TYPHOID AWAY LIVES HERE. I THINK SHE'S GOING TO --
FWAT
AND HE STICKS THE *DISMOUNT* IN *SPITE* OF THE TWISTED *ANKLE! BELA* RUSHES OVER FOR A *BEAR HUG...*
NICE DIGS! GUESS JUSTICE DOES PAY! MAYBE I SHOULD TRADE IN MY *MAGNUM* FOR A *GAVEL...*
...OF COURSE, I'M NOT HARDLY *CROOKED* ENOUGH...
BUT YOU'RE ABOUT AS STEALTHY AS A *FREIGHT TRAIN.* PEOPLE ACTUALLY *HIRE* YOU TO *SNEAK* INTO PLACES?
WHEN THEY BUY ME, THEY'RE BUYING *STYLE,* BABE...
I'LL START AT THE GROUND FLOOR. YOU TAKE THE *ROOF.* MOVE *SLOWLY.* DON'T TAKE CHANCES. IF YOU SEE TYPHOID, *SCREAM.*
OKAY, *DADDY...* AFTER THIS CAN WE GO TO CENTRAL PARK AND WATCH THE *BUMS* SCARE *TOURISTS?* HUH? *CAN* WE?
YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A VERY SERIOUS DISAGREEMENT IF YOU DON'T *SHUT UP.*


FOR ALL THE **GOOD** IT DOES ME, I REACH OUT WITH MY HYPER-SENSES, **SCANNING** EVERY CORNER OF THE APARTMENT...
...THOUGH I'D HAVE **BETTER** LUCK FINDING TYPHOID WITH A BRAILLE **HOROSCOPE** AND A **DIVINING** ROD.
SOMETHING ABOUT THE WOMAN **CLOUDS** MY SENSES... ALMOST RENDERS HER **INVISIBLE** TO ME.
COULD THAT BE WHY MY **OWN** HEARTRATE JUST WENT **UP** A FEW NOTCHES..?
OR IS IT THE FACT THAT I'M LETTING A KNOWN **KILLER** WATCH MY **BACK?**
POOR **SLOB.** I WONDER IF HE EVEN **REALIZES** WHAT HE'S DEALING WITH IN TYPHOID.
DOES HE EVEN **CARE?**
MARY, MARY, MY LITTLE **HOT-HOUZE** FLOWER. I AM **ZEEKING** WHERE YOU ARE **HIDING, NON?!**
ROWR-ROWRR.
COME OUT, COME OUT WHEREVER YOU ARE! I'VE GOT **SCOOBY SNACKS!**
AH, FORGET IT... THE REDMAN'S GOT HER PEGGED ALL WRONG. SHE'S NOT **HERE.**
IF WE **REALLY** WANNA CATCH HER, DARDEVIL OUGHTA CRACK OPEN A **BREW** AND WAIT IT OUT AT **HOME...**
...'CAUSE **HE'S** THE ONE SHE'S GUNNING FOR.
MIGHT AS WELL FIND **DAREDOOFUS** AND TELL HIM --
SWIFT
-- THAT IT'S MURDER BEING SO **RIGHT** ALL THE TIME.


ALWAYS LEADING WITH YOUR ***MOUTH,*** SWEETIE...
THAT'S NOT NECESSARILY A ***BAD*** THING... BUT IT'S ALSO A GREAT WAY TO LOSE YOUR ***HEAD.***
YEAH... I GOTTA ***WORK*** ON THAT.
SHOULD PROBABLY START ***FLOSSING,*** TOO.
I KNEW SOMEDAY MY ***PRINCE*** WOULD COME...I JUST NEVER EXPECTED HIM TO BE SO ***EASY*** TO GET THE ***DROP*** ON.
THEY DON'T MAKE ***PRINCES*** LIKE THEY USED TO...
...AND INCIDENTALLY, I'M THE PRINCE ***FORMERLY*** KNOWN AS "PRINCE." CALL ME @.
HAVE I ***CHARMED*** THE PANTS OFF OF YOU YET?
WAIT, SOMEONE ***BEAT*** ME TO --
MMFF?


JUDGING BY THE BODY'S **TEMPERATURE**, I'D SAY WE MISSED HER BY ABOUT **TWELVE HOURS.**
NOTHING TO DO BUT PRESS MY EAR TO THE **GROUND** AND HOPE WE CAN **PREDICT** HER NEXT MOVE --
THAT **NOISE...**
RUNNING **WATER?**
IS THAT **IDIOT** TAKING A **BATH?**
GURGLE
GURGLE
SSSSSSS
WOULDN'T WANT THE REDMAN TO **EAVESDROP**, NOW WOULD WE, BABY?
HE'S STILL **SCOPING** THE FIRST FLOOR, HE CAN'T HEAR A **THING** --
YOU'D BE **SURPRISED** WHAT THE DEVIL IS **CAPABLE** OF... DON'T **UNDERESTIMATE** HIM.
HE SAYS THE SAME THINGS ABOUT **YOU.** IT'S A REGULAR **MUTUAL ADMIRATION** SOCIETY.
LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT **HIM...** LET'S JUST ENJOY THE **MOMENT...** THE **HEAT...** I COULD GET **USED** TO THIS.
DON'T. I KNOW ENOUGH **CLICHES** NOT TO MIX BUSINESS AND **PLEASURE.** BLEACH AND AMMONIA, **NEITHER.**
YOU'VE GOT A **FINANCIAL DEBT** TO WORK OFF. YOU OWE ME **BIG -- DOUBLE** IN FACT, SINCE I WENT IN FOR THIS LITTLE **TRIP** OF YOURS --
BUT A **HAPPY** EMPLOYEE IS A **PRODUCTIVE** EMPLOYEE, SO I'M GAME TO HELP YOU **SET UP** THE REDMAN.
HE THINKS I'M HERE TO SAVE YOUR **SOUL** OR SOME **JUNK...** WHATTA **MAROON.** WHEN YOU GONNA HIT HIM WITH THE **COUP DE GRACE?**

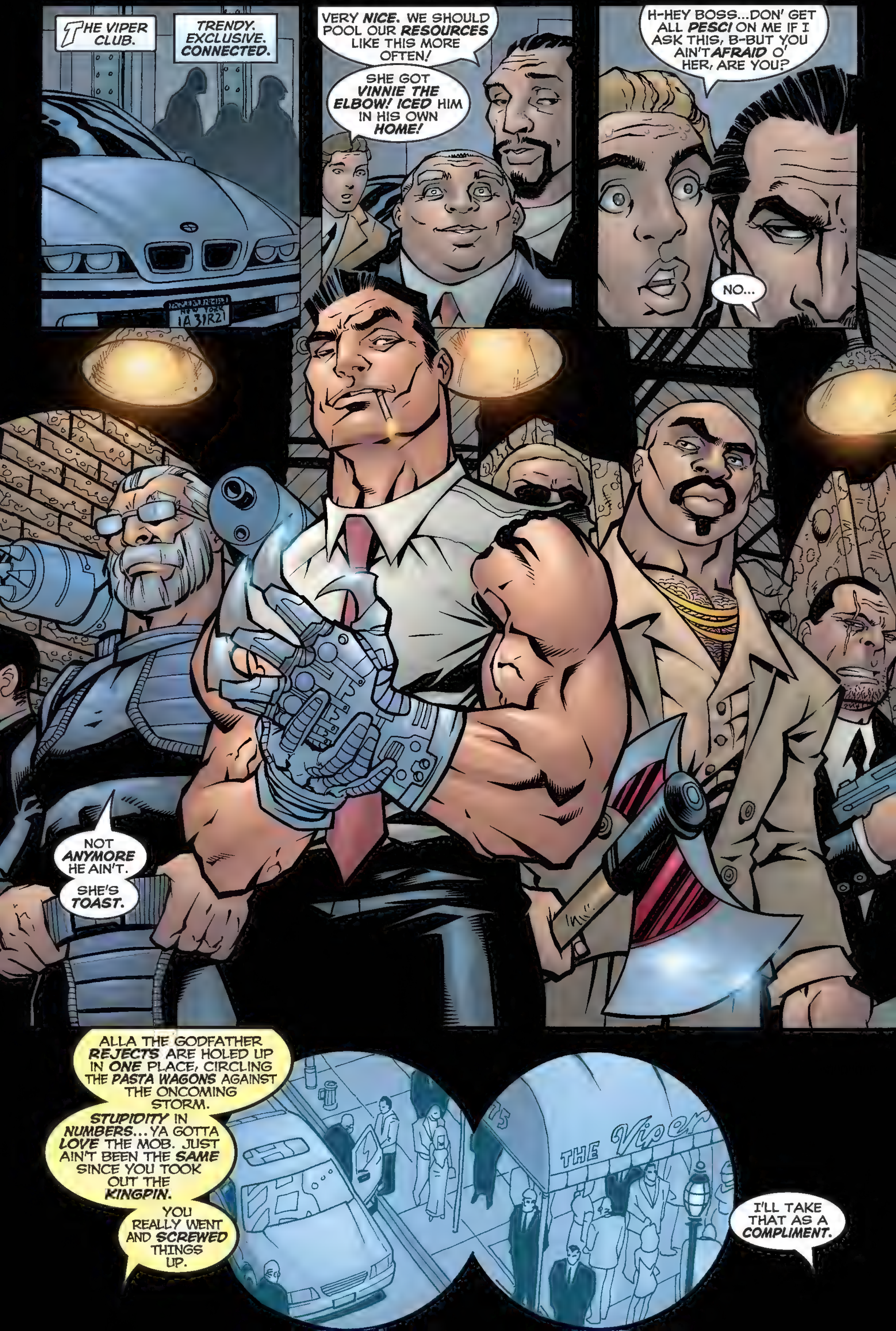

SOON... I HAVE A FEW LOOSE ENDS TO TIE UP FIRST.
LOOSE ENDS?
FORMER... ACQUAINTANCES... WHO ALSO REQUIRE MY ATTENTION.
DAREDEVIL WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO USED ME, THOUGH HE WAS THE BEST AT IT...
THAT WASN'T THE DEAL.
MY FORMER DOCTORS... WHO HAVE FINALLY STOPPED PRACTICING
THE GOOD JUDGE... WHOSE BLOOD THE DEVIL IS TRIPPING THROUGH AS WE SPEAK --
YOU PSYCHOPATHIC WITCH!
I DIDN'T SIGN ON FOR THIS! I DIDN'T AGREE TO LET YOU COME HERE SO YOU COULD GO ON A MURDER SPREE!
YOU SAID YOU WERE AFTER DAREDEVIL!
I AM... THE OTHERS ARE WARM UP... THEY WHET MY BLADE...
NOT ANYMORE! DAREDEVIL'S ONE THING. HE'S A PLAYER, ONE OF US. THESE OTHER CHUMPS...
WHO ELSE DID YOU PLAN ON WHACKING?
NO MORE CIVILIANS, BABY... HONEST...
DON'T PLAY ME, MARY. I WANT THIS FINISHED. NOW.
ALRIGHT... HOWEVER YOU WANT IT I'LL GIVE YOU ALL YOU NEED TO SPRING THE TRAP... BUT FIRST...
...A LITTLE SOMETHING TO HELP YOU REMEMBER YOUR LINES...

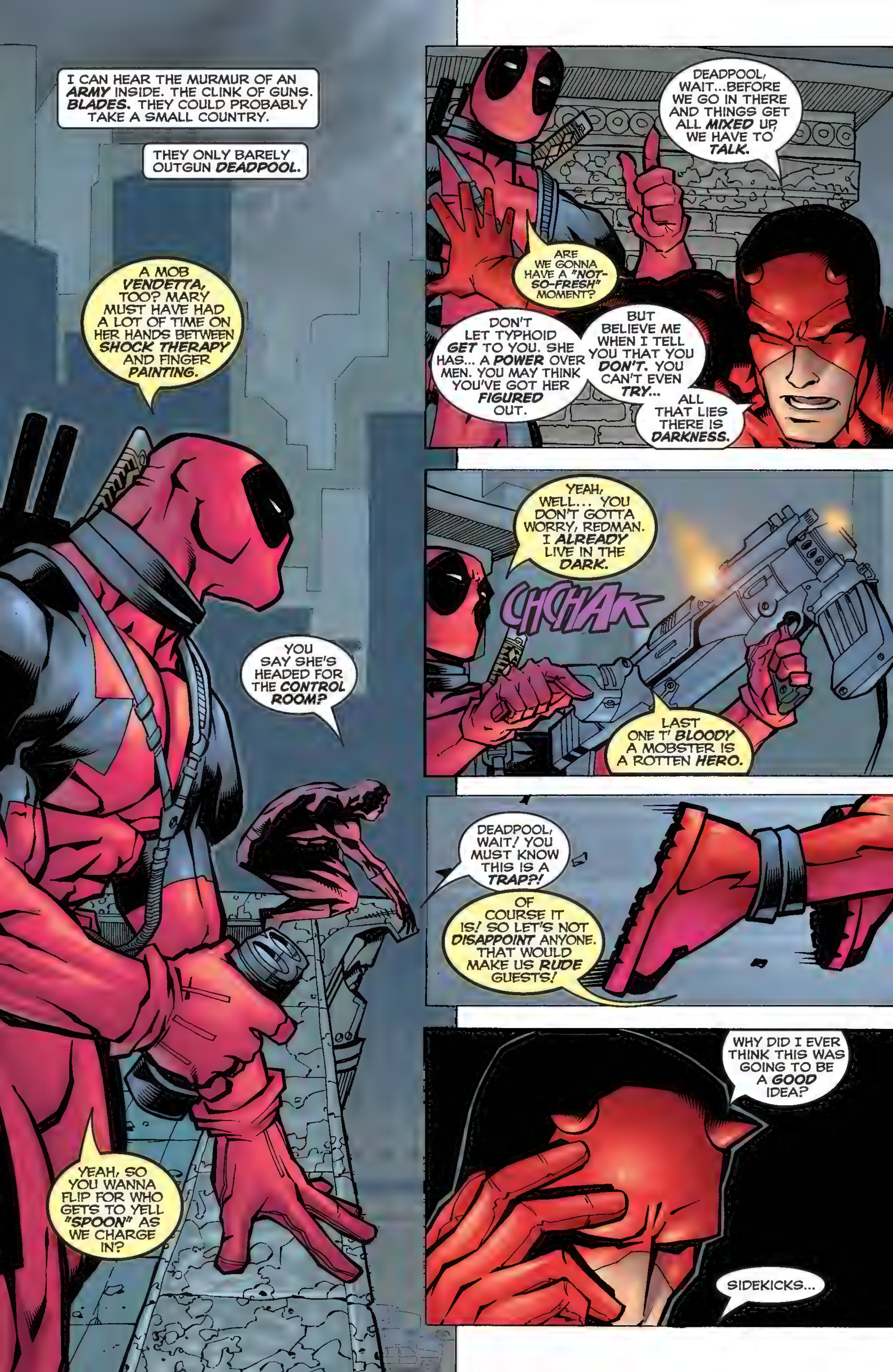

HEAR A VOICE... DEADPOOL'S *OF COURSE*, AND...
AARGH
DEADPOOL!
SWEAT... CINNAMON... *BLOOD*...
TYPHOID!
DEADPOOL! TALK TO ME!
SURE. ≷URK≷ *NOW* HE WANTS ME TO *SPEECHIFY* WITH A HOLE IN MY *LUNG*...
SHE TAGGED ME *BAD.* DIDN'T THINK SHE WAS REALLY GOING TO *STAB* ME... *SNOOKERED* ME...
VERY *UNEXPECTEDLY*... I MEAN REALLY *REALLY* NOT WHAT I THOUGHT WAS GOING TO *TRANSPIRE*...
GONNA OWE THAT LITTLE --
WE'LL GET YOU TO A *HOSPITAL.*
-KAAK- NO NEED, MAN. *HEALIN' FACTOR*... BETTER THAN CRAZY GLUE...
SHE TOLD ME ABOUT THE *JUDGE*... THE *DOCS*... WE GOTTA GET HER BEFORE SHE MAKES THE NEXT *HIT*...
DO YOU KNOW WHERE SHE WENT?
OH YEAH, REDMAN... I'LL TAKE YOU *RIGHT* TO HER.

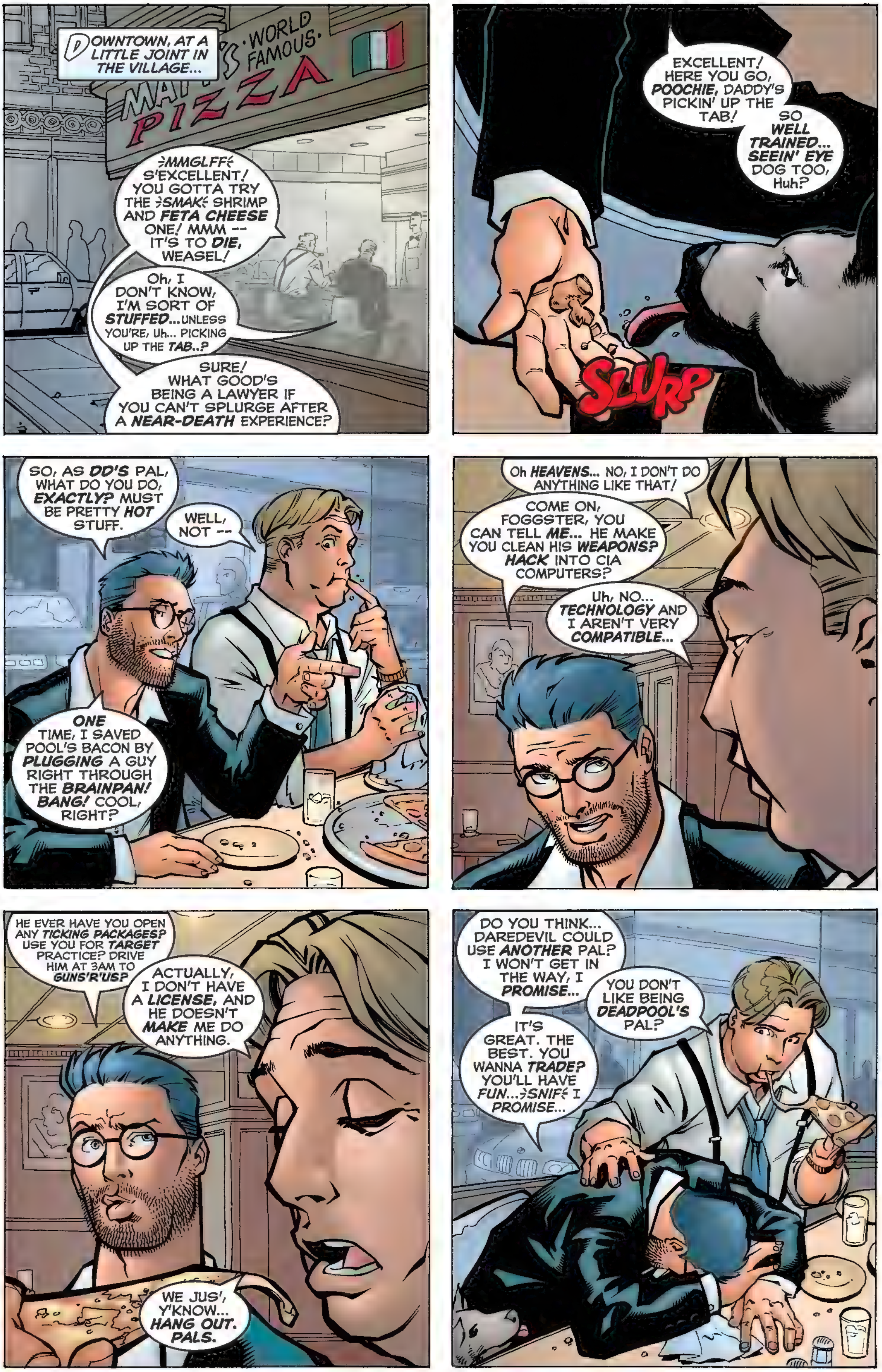
"Healing is a Matter of Time,
But Sometimes it is a Matter
of Opportunity."

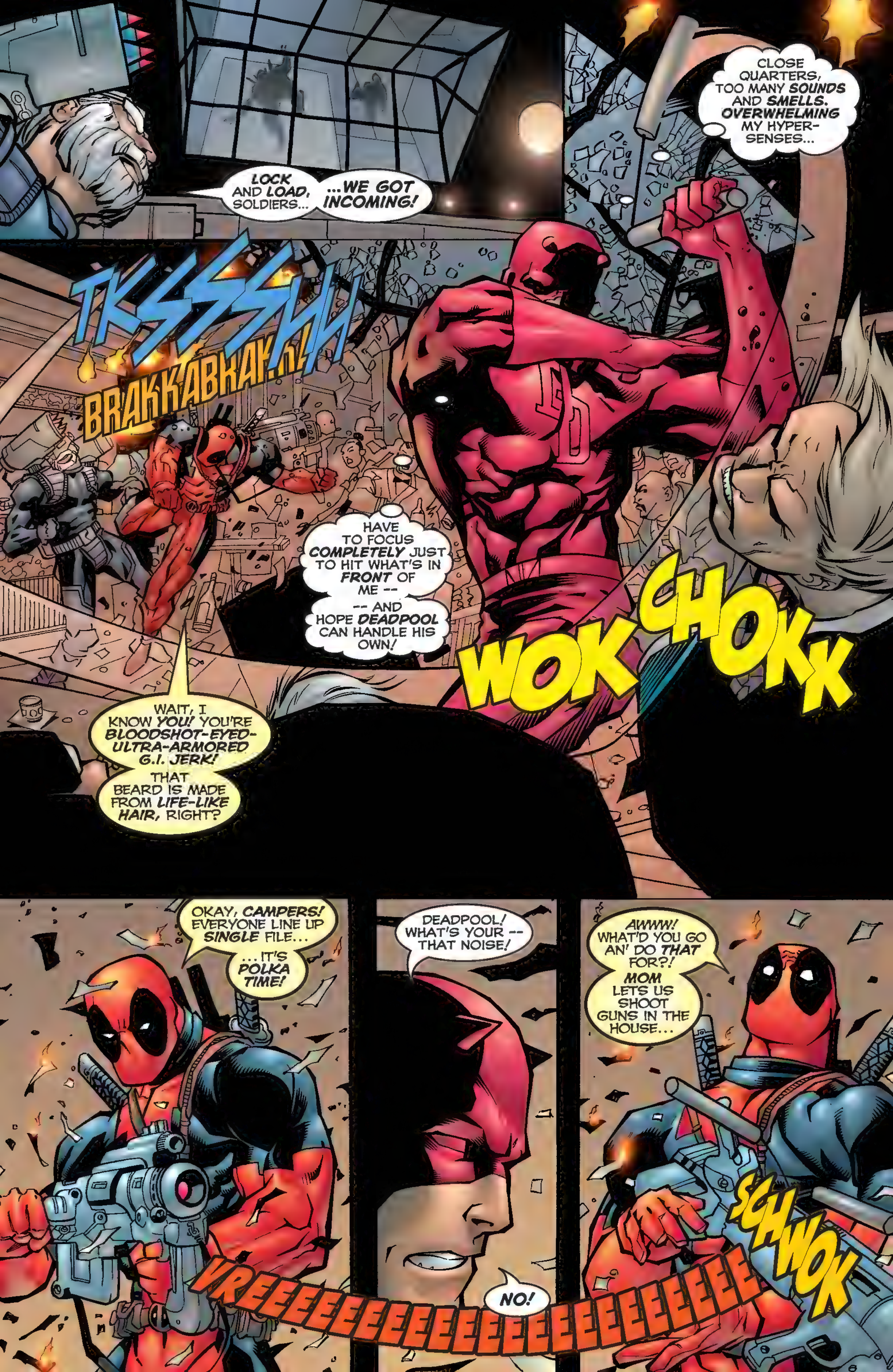
Hippocrates

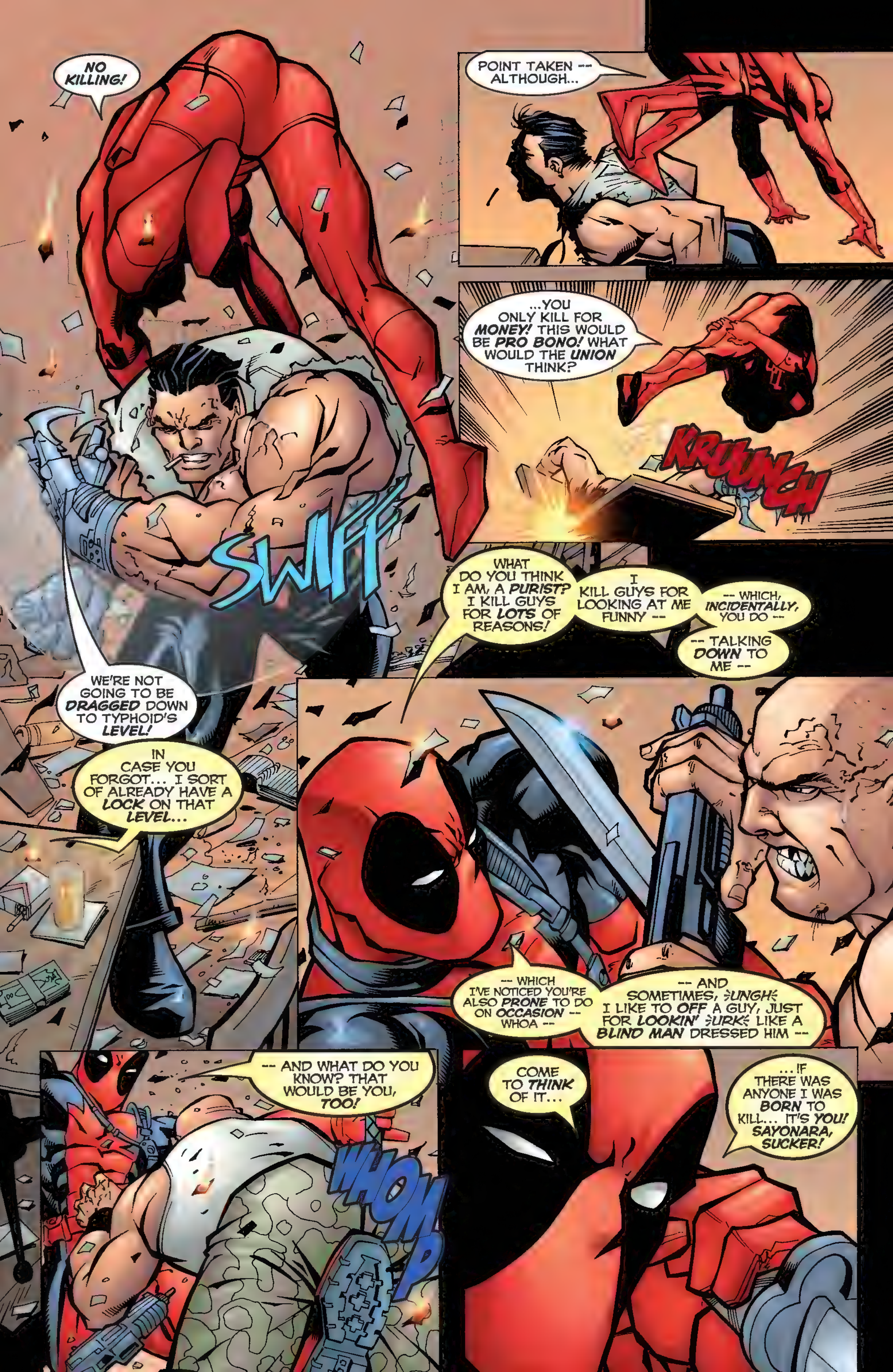
CHAPTER 2

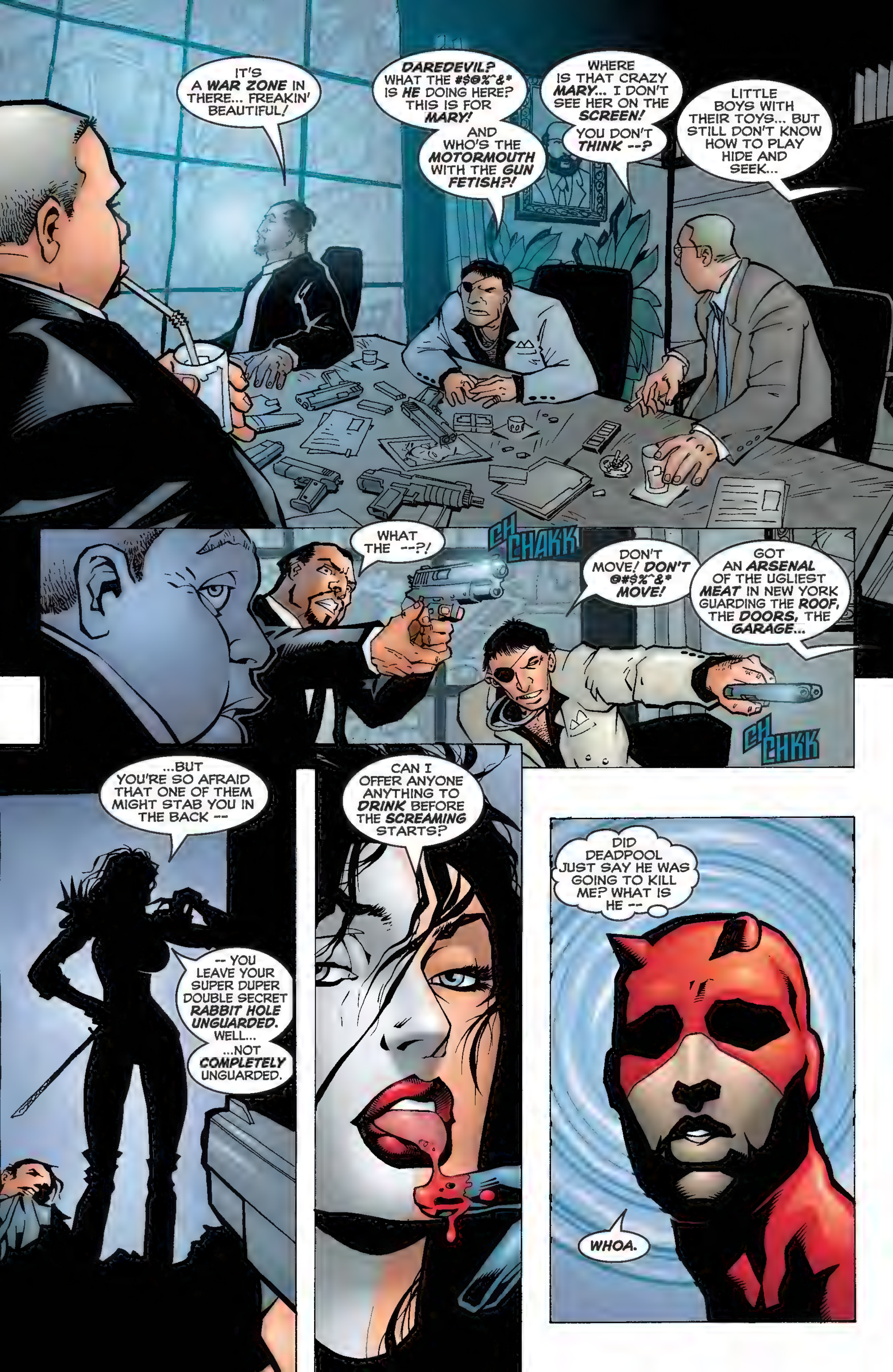

THE VIPER CLUB.
TRENDY. EXCLUSIVE. CONNECTED.
VERY NICE. WE SHOULD POOL OUR RESOURCES LIKE THIS MORE OFTEN!
SHE GOT VINNIE THE ELBOW! ICED HIM IN HIS OWN HOME!
H-HEY BOSS...DON' GET ALL PESCI ON ME IF I ASK THIS, B-BUT YOU AIN'T AFRAID O' HER, ARE YOU?
NO...
NOT ANYMORE HE AIN'T.
SHE'S TOAST.
ALLA THE GODFATHER REJECTS ARE HOLED UP IN ONE PLACE, CIRCLING THE PASTA WAGONS AGAINST THE ONCOMING STORM.
STUPIDITY IN NUMBERS... YA GOTTA LOVE THE MOB. JUST AIN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE YOU TOOK OUT THE KINGPIN.
YOU REALLY WENT AND SCREWED THINGS UP.
THE Viper
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT.

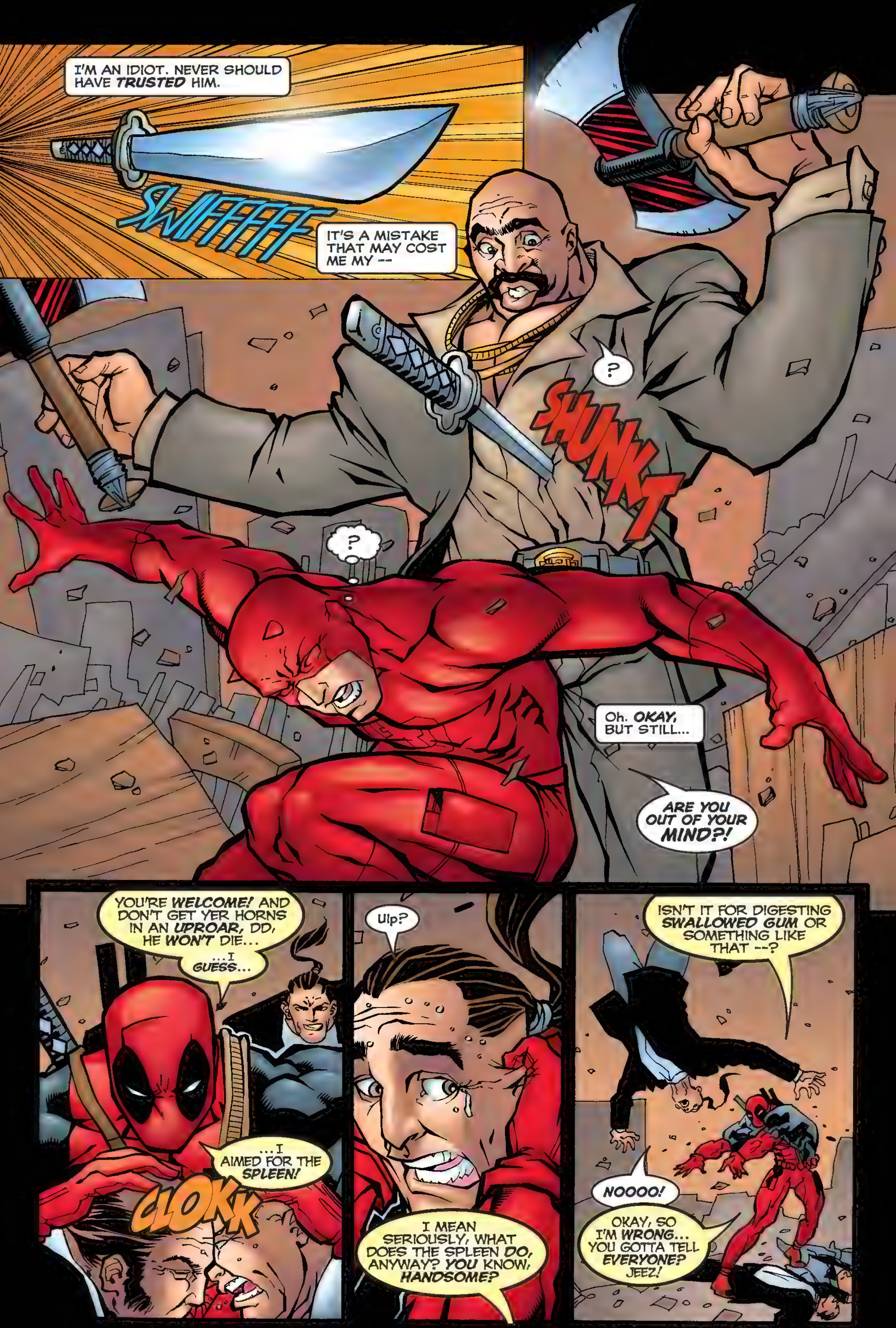

I CAN HEAR THE MURMUR OF AN ***ARMY*** INSIDE. THE CLINK OF GUNS. ***BLADES.*** THEY COULD PROBABLY TAKE A SMALL COUNTRY.
THEY ONLY BARELY OUTGUN ***DEADPOOL.***
A MOB ***VENDETTA,*** TOO? MARY MUST HAVE HAD A LOT OF TIME ON HER HANDS BETWEEN ***SHOCK THERAPY*** AND FINGER ***PAINTING.***
YOU SAY SHE'S HEADED FOR THE ***CONTROL ROOM?***
YEAH, SO YOU WANNA FLIP FOR WHO GETS TO YELL ***"SPOON"*** AS WE CHARGE IN?
DEADPOOL, WAIT...BEFORE WE GO IN THERE AND THINGS GET ALL ***MIXED*** UP, WE HAVE TO ***TALK.***
ARE WE GONNA HAVE A ***"NOT-SO-FRESH"*** MOMENT?
DON'T LET TYPHOID ***GET*** TO YOU. SHE HAS... A ***POWER*** OVER MEN. YOU MAY THINK YOU'VE GOT HER ***FIGURED*** OUT.
BUT BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT YOU ***DON'T.*** YOU CAN'T EVEN ***TRY...***
ALL THAT LIES THERE IS ***DARKNESS.***
YEAH, WELL... YOU DON'T GOTTA WORRY, REDMAN. I ***ALREADY*** LIVE IN THE ***DARK.***
CHCHAK
LAST ONE T' ***BLOODY*** A MOBSTER IS A ROTTEN ***HERO.***
DEADPOOL, WAIT! YOU MUST KNOW THIS IS A ***TRAP?!***
OF COURSE IT IS! SO LET'S NOT ***DISAPPOINT*** ANYONE. THAT WOULD MAKE US ***RUDE*** GUESTS!
WHY DID I EVER THINK THIS WAS GOING TO BE A ***GOOD*** IDEA?
SIDEKICKS...

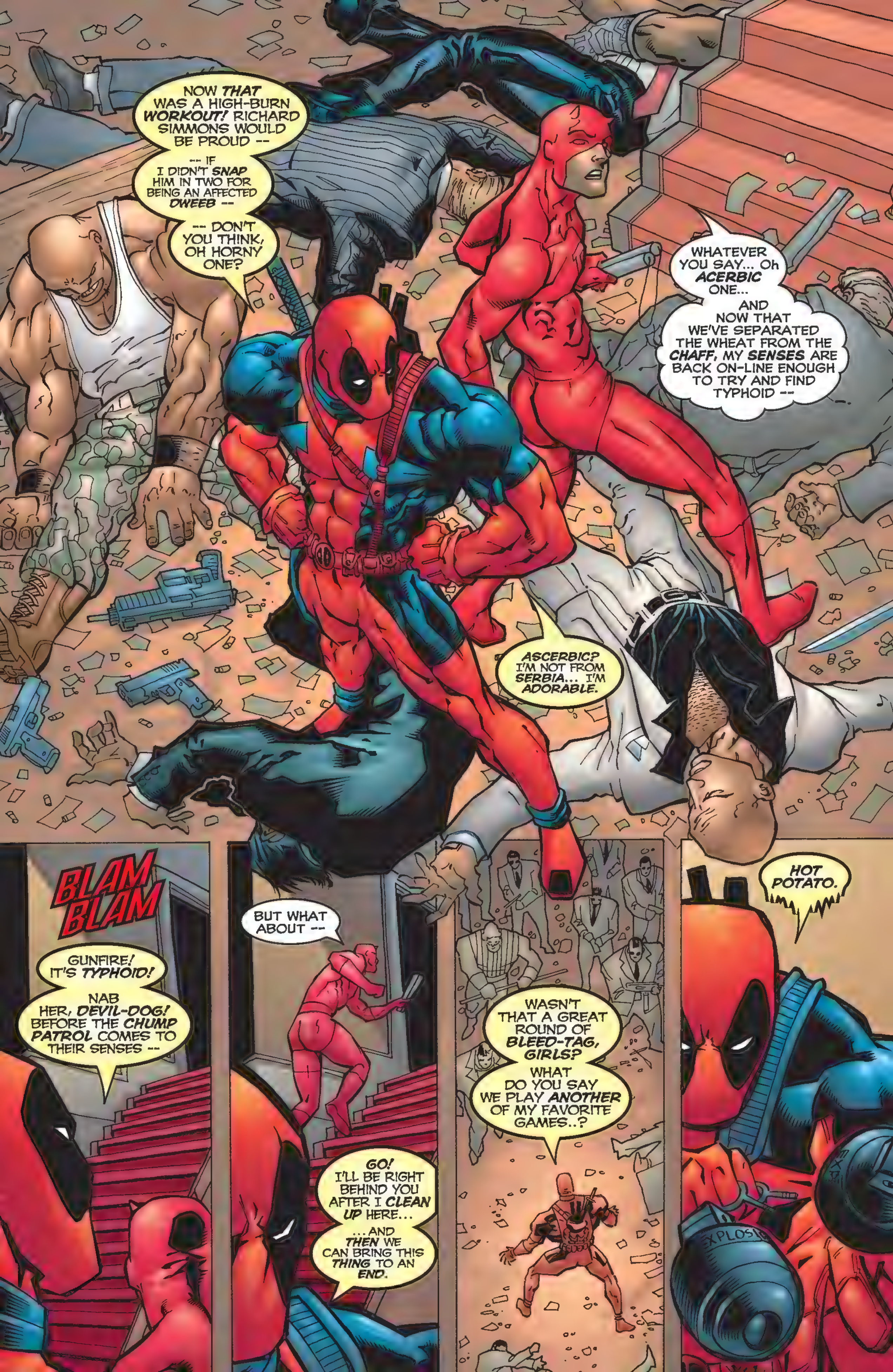

DOWNTOWN, AT A LITTLE JOINT IN THE VILLAGE...
MATT'S ·WORLD FAMOUS· PIZZA
>MMGLFF< S'EXCELLENT! YOU GOTTA TRY THE >SMAK< SHRIMP AND FETA CHEESE ONE! MMM -- IT'S TO DIE, WEASEL!
Oh, I DON'T KNOW, I'M SORT OF STUFFED...UNLESS YOU'RE, Uh... PICKING UP THE TAB..?
SURE! WHAT GOOD'S BEING A LAWYER IF YOU CAN'T SPLURGE AFTER A NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE?
EXCELLENT! HERE YOU GO, POOCHIE, DADDY'S PICKIN' UP THE TAB!
SO WELL TRAINED... SEEIN' EYE DOG TOO, Huh?
SLURP
SO, AS DD'S PAL, WHAT DO YOU DO, EXACTLY? MUST BE PRETTY HOT STUFF.
WELL, NOT --
ONE TIME, I SAVED POOL'S BACON BY PLUGGING A GUY RIGHT THROUGH THE BRAINPAN! BANG! COOL, RIGHT?
Oh HEAVENS... NO, I DON'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
COME ON, FOGGSTER, YOU CAN TELL ME... HE MAKE YOU CLEAN HIS WEAPONS? HACK INTO CIA COMPUTERS?
Uh, NO... TECHNOLOGY AND I AREN'T VERY COMPATIBLE...
HE EVER HAVE YOU OPEN ANY TICKING PACKAGES? USE YOU FOR TARGET PRACTICE? DRIVE HIM AT 3AM TO GUNS'R'US?
ACTUALLY, I DON'T HAVE A LICENSE, AND HE DOESN'T MAKE ME DO ANYTHING.
WE JUS', Y'KNOW... HANG OUT. PALS.
DO YOU THINK... DAREDEVIL COULD USE ANOTHER PAL? I WON'T GET IN THE WAY, I PROMISE...
YOU DON'T LIKE BEING DEADPOOL'S PAL?
IT'S GREAT. THE BEST. YOU WANNA TRADE? YOU'LL HAVE FUN... >SNIF< I PROMISE...

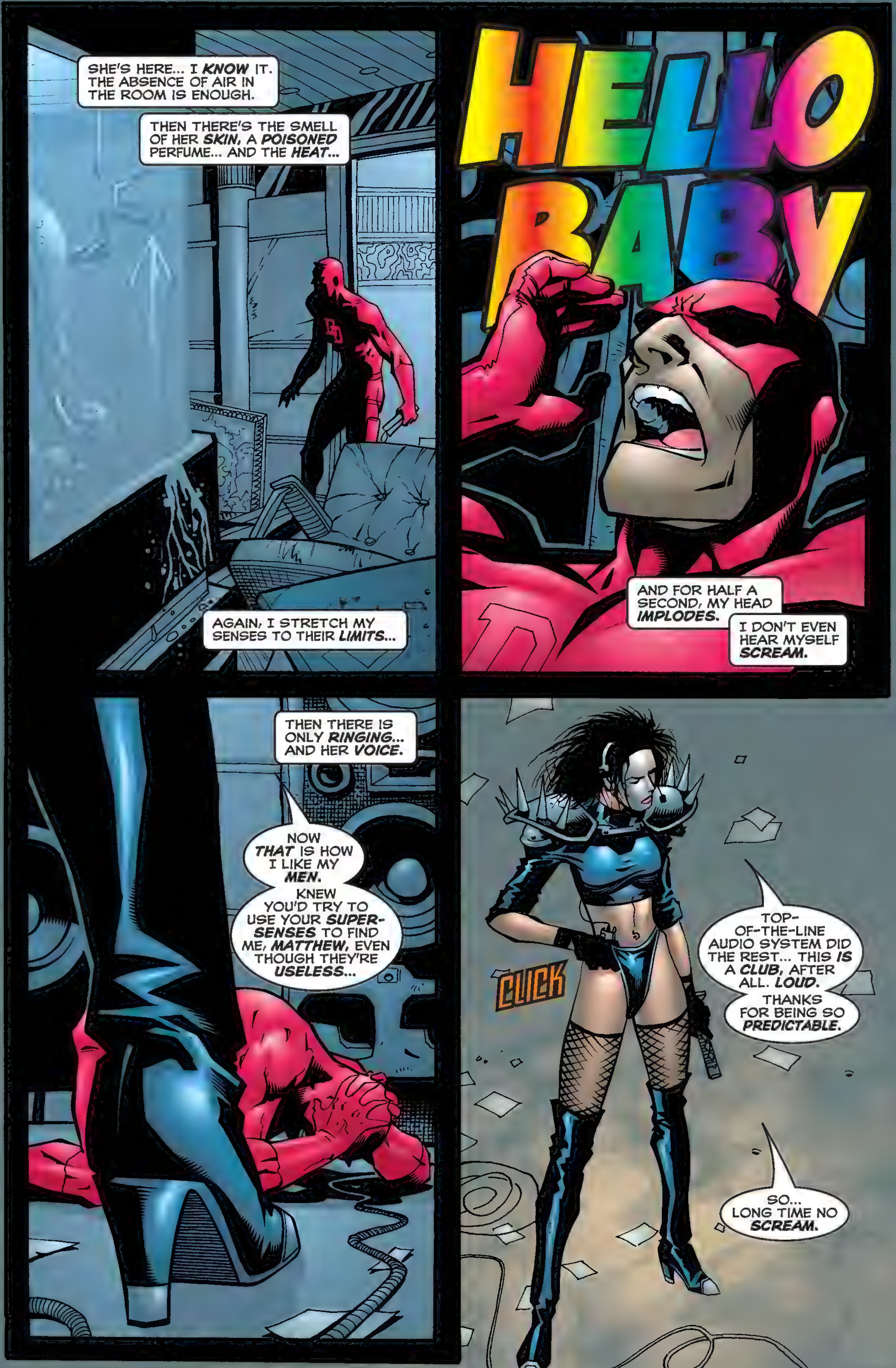

LOCK AND LOAD, SOLDIERS...
...WE GOT INCOMING!
CLOSE QUARTERS, TOO MANY SOUNDS AND SMELLS. OVERWHELMING MY HYPER-SENSES...
TKSSSHH
BRAKKABRAKK!!
HAVE TO FOCUS COMPLETELY JUST TO HIT WHAT'S IN FRONT OF ME --
-- AND HOPE DEADPOOL CAN HANDLE HIS OWN!
WOK
CHOKK
WAIT, I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE BLOODSHOT-EYED-ULTRA-ARMORED G.I. JERK!
THAT BEARD IS MADE FROM LIFE-LIKE HAIR, RIGHT?
OKAY, CAMPERS! EVERYONE LINE UP SINGLE FILE...
...IT'S POLKA TIME!
DEADPOOL! WHAT'S YOUR -- THAT NOISE!
NO!
AWWW! WHAT'D YOU GO AN' DO THAT FOR?!
MOM LETS US SHOOT GUNS IN THE HOUSE...
VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SCHWOK

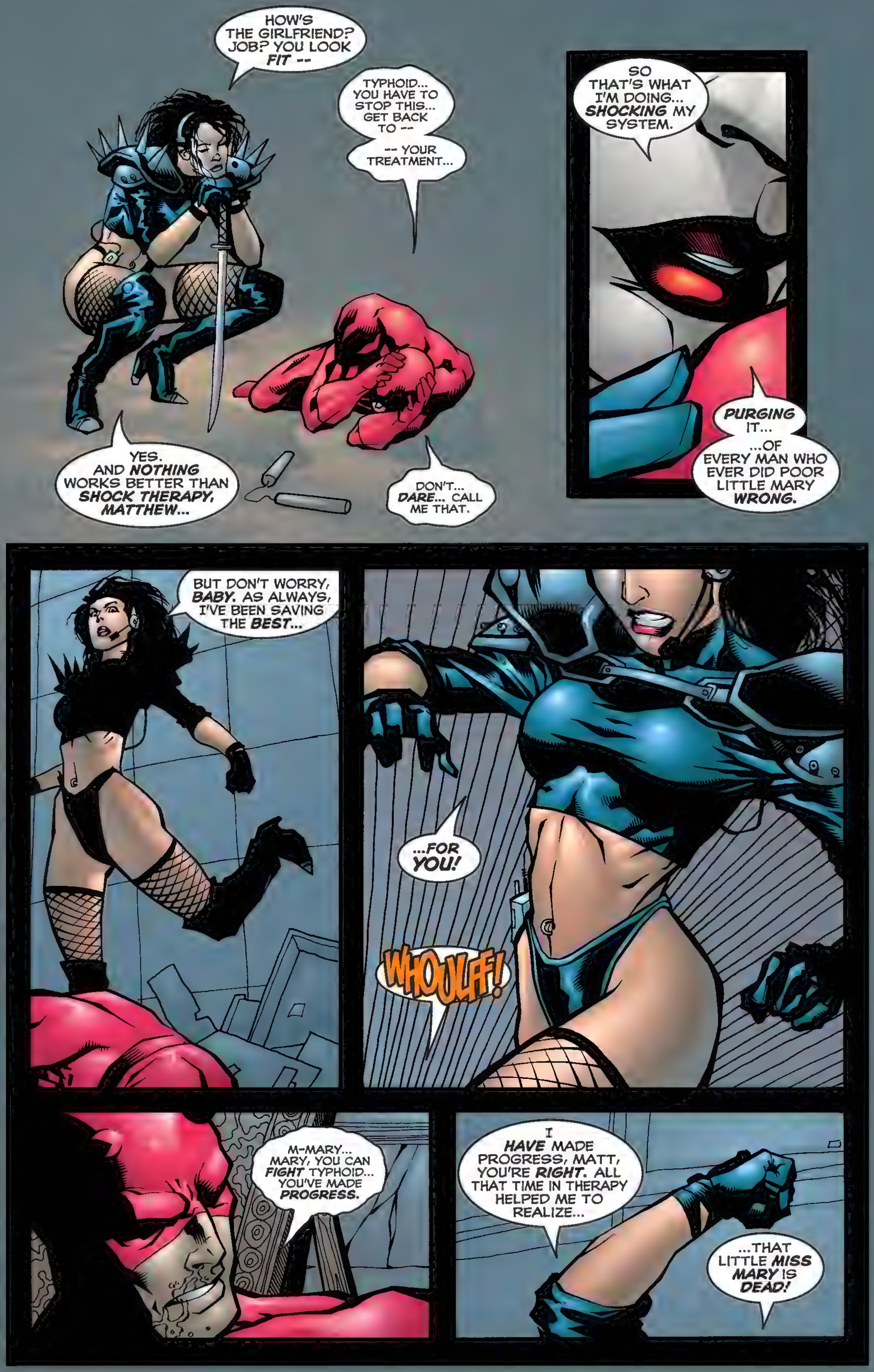

NO KILLING!
SWIFF
POINT TAKEN -- ALTHOUGH...
...YOU ONLY KILL FOR MONEY! THIS WOULD BE PRO BONO! WHAT WOULD THE UNION THINK?
KRUUNCH
WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE DRAGGED DOWN TO TYPHOID'S LEVEL!
IN CASE YOU FORGOT... I SORT OF ALREADY HAVE A LOCK ON THAT LEVEL...
WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A PURIST? I KILL GUYS FOR LOTS OF REASONS!
I KILL GUYS FOR LOOKING AT ME FUNNY --
-- WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, YOU DO --
-- TALKING DOWN TO ME --
-- WHICH I'VE NOTICED YOU'RE ALSO PRONE TO DO ON OCCASION -- WHOA --
-- AND SOMETIMES, ≷UNGH≶ I LIKE TO OFF A GUY, JUST FOR LOOKIN' ≷URK≶ LIKE A BLIND MAN DRESSED HIM --
-- AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THAT WOULD BE YOU, TOO!
WHOMP
COME TO THINK OF IT...
...IF THERE WAS ANYONE I WAS BORN TO KILL... IT'S YOU! SAYONARA, SUCKER!

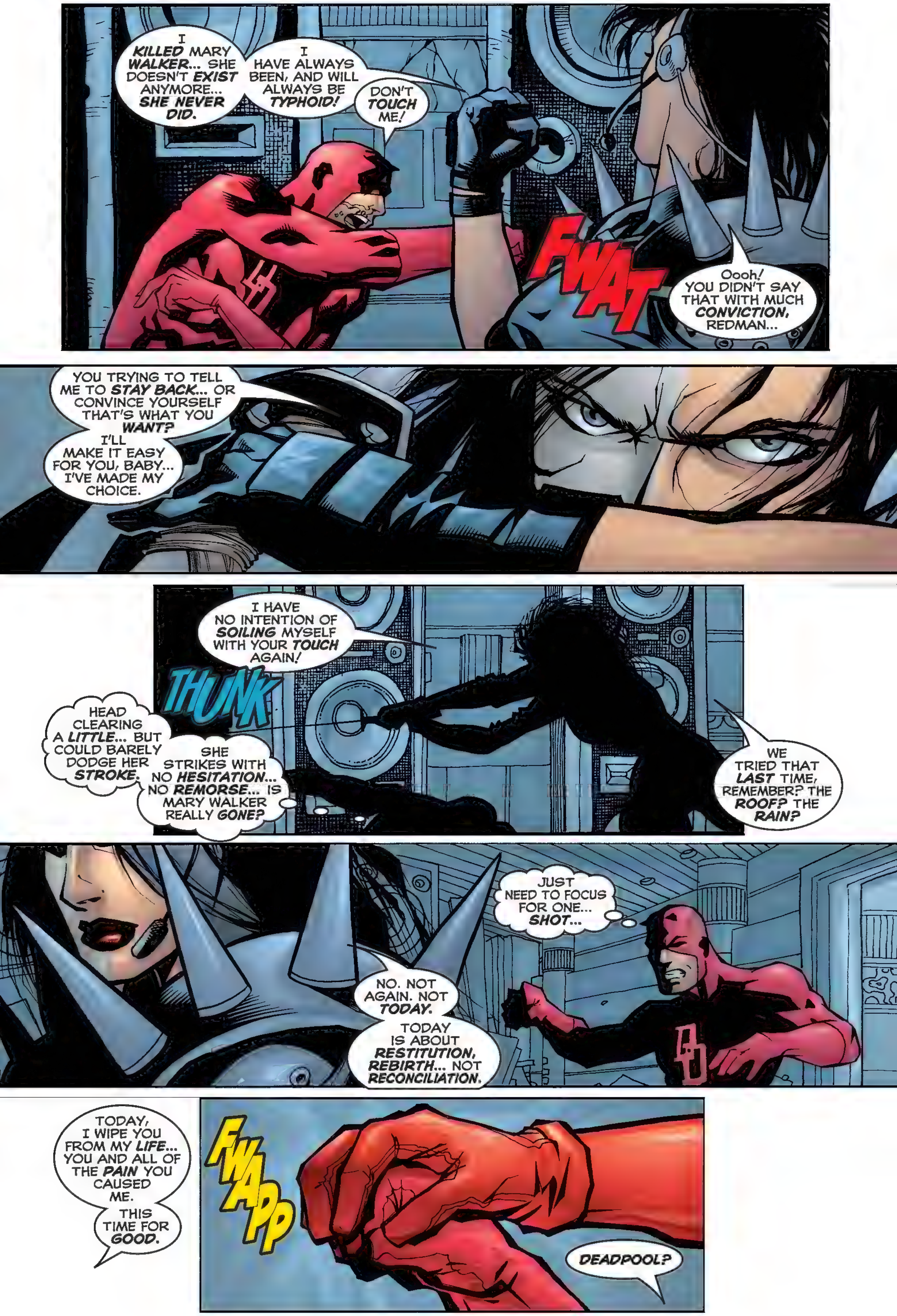

IT'S A WAR ZONE IN THERE... FREAKIN' BEAUTIFUL!
DAREDEVIL? WHAT THE #$@%^&* IS HE DOING HERE? THIS IS FOR MARY!
AND WHO'S THE MOTORMOUTH WITH THE GUN FETISH?!
WHERE IS THAT CRAZY MARY... I DON'T SEE HER ON THE SCREEN!
YOU DON'T THINK --?
LITTLE BOYS WITH THEIR TOYS... BUT STILL DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY HIDE AND SEEK...
WHAT THE --?!
CH CHAKK
DON'T MOVE! DON'T @#$%^&* MOVE!
GOT AN ARSENAL OF THE UGLIEST MEAT IN NEW YORK GUARDING THE ROOF, THE DOORS, THE GARAGE...
CH CHKK
...BUT YOU'RE SO AFRAID THAT ONE OF THEM MIGHT STAB YOU IN THE BACK --
-- YOU LEAVE YOUR SUPER DUPER DOUBLE SECRET RABBIT HOLE UNGUARDED. WELL... ...NOT COMPLETELY UNGUARDED.
CAN I OFFER ANYONE ANYTHING TO DRINK BEFORE THE SCREAMING STARTS?
DID DEADPOOL JUST SAY HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME? WHAT IS HE --
WHOA.

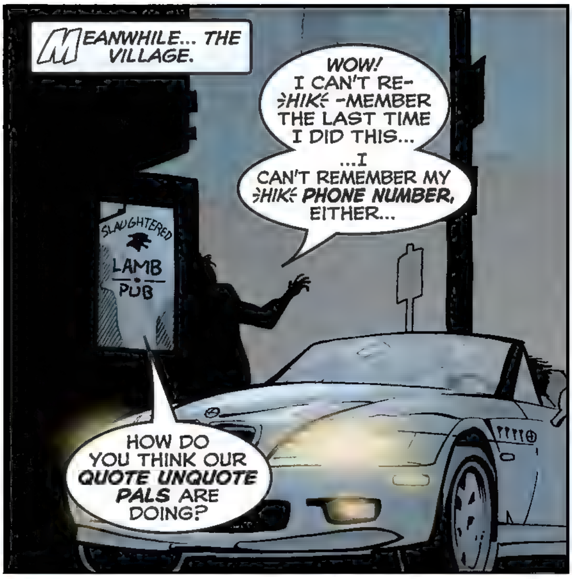

I'M AN IDIOT. NEVER SHOULD HAVE *TRUSTED* HIM.
SWIFFFFF
IT'S A MISTAKE THAT MAY COST ME MY --
?
SHUNKT
?
Oh. *OKAY,* BUT STILL...
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!
YOU'RE *WELCOME!* AND DON'T GET YER HORNS IN AN *UPROAR,* DD, HE *WON'T* DIE...
...I *GUESS...*
...I AIMED FOR THE *SPLEEN!*
CLOKK
Ulp?
I MEAN SERIOUSLY, WHAT DOES THE SPLEEN *DO,* ANYWAY? *YOU* KNOW, *HANDSOME?*
ISN'T IT FOR DIGESTING *SWALLOWED GUM* OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT --?
NOOOO!
OKAY, SO I'M *WRONG...* YOU GOTTA TELL *EVERYONE?* JEEZ!

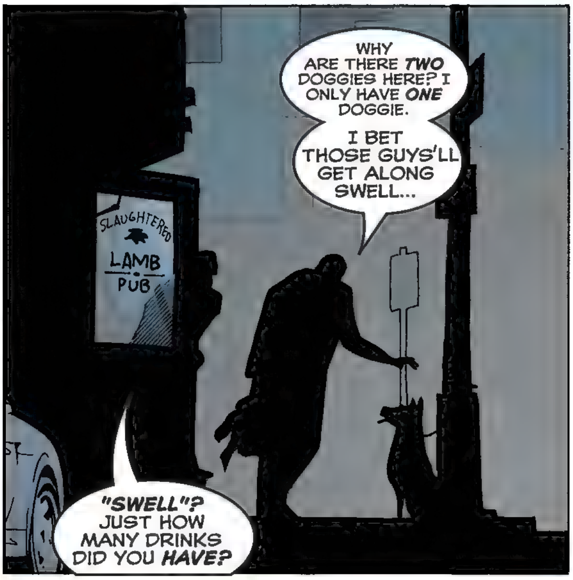

NOW THAT WAS A HIGH-BURN WORKOUT! RICHARD SIMMONS WOULD BE PROUD --
-- IF I DIDN'T SNAP HIM IN TWO FOR BEING AN AFFECTED DWEEB --
-- DON'T YOU THINK, OH HORNY ONE?
WHATEVER YOU SAY... Oh ACERBIC ONE...
AND NOW THAT WE'VE SEPARATED THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF, MY SENSES ARE BACK ON-LINE ENOUGH TO TRY AND FIND TYPHOID --
ASCERBIC? I'M NOT FROM SERBIA... I'M ADORABLE.
BLAM BLAM
GUNFIRE! IT'S TYPHOID!
NAB HER, DEVIL-DOG! BEFORE THE CHUMP PATROL COMES TO THEIR SENSES --
BUT WHAT ABOUT --
GO! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU AFTER I CLEAN UP HERE...
...AND THEN WE CAN BRING THIS THING TO AN END.
WASN'T THAT A GREAT ROUND OF BLEED-TAG, GIRLS?
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE PLAY ANOTHER OF MY FAVORITE GAMES..?
HOT POTATO.

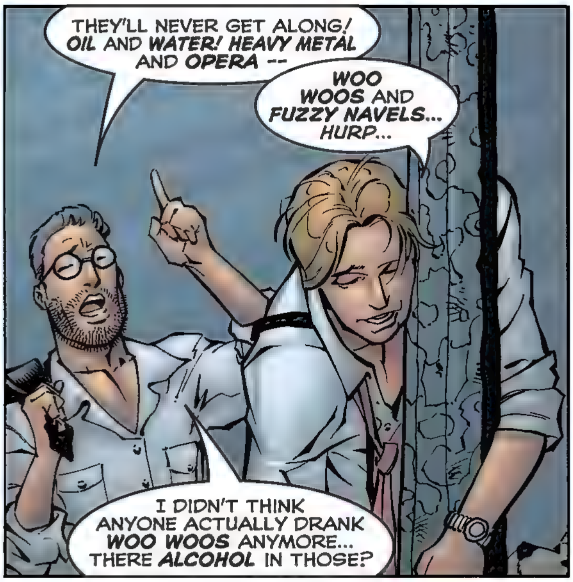

SHE'S HERE... I *KNOW* IT. THE ABSENCE OF AIR IN THE ROOM IS ENOUGH.
THEN THERE'S THE SMELL OF HER *SKIN*, A *POISONED* PERFUME... AND THE *HEAT*...
AGAIN, I STRETCH MY SENSES TO THEIR *LIMITS*...
HELLO BABY.
AND FOR HALF A SECOND, MY HEAD *IMPLODES*.
I DON'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF *SCREAM*.
THEN THERE IS ONLY *RINGING*... AND HER *VOICE*.
NOW *THAT* IS HOW I LIKE MY *MEN*.
KNEW YOU'D TRY TO USE YOUR *SUPER-SENSES* TO FIND ME, *MATTHEW*, EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE *USELESS*...
CLICK
TOP-OF-THE-LINE AUDIO SYSTEM DID THE REST... THIS *IS* A *CLUB*, AFTER ALL. *LOUD*.
THANKS FOR BEING SO *PREDICTABLE*.
SO... LONG TIME NO *SCREAM*.

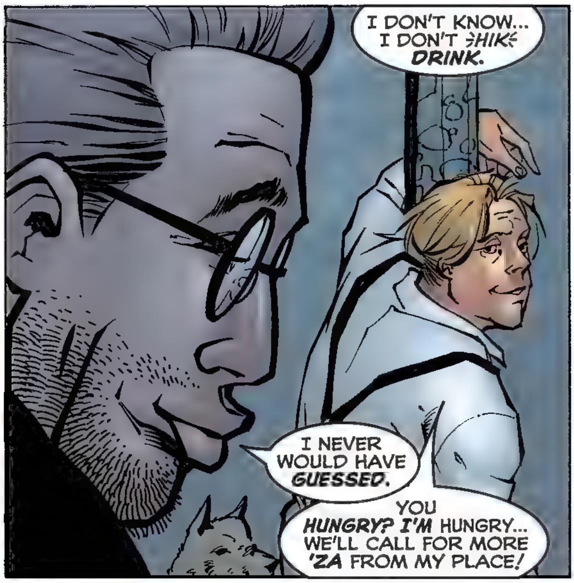

HOW'S THE GIRLFRIEND? JOB? YOU LOOK FIT --
TYPHOID... YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS... GET BACK TO --
-- YOUR TREATMENT...
YES. AND NOTHING WORKS BETTER THAN SHOCK THERAPY, MATTHEW...
DON'T... DARE... CALL ME THAT.
SO THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING... SHOCKING MY SYSTEM.
PURGING IT...
...OF EVERY MAN WHO EVER DID POOR LITTLE MARY WRONG.
BUT DON'T WORRY, BABY. AS ALWAYS, I'VE BEEN SAVING THE BEST...
...FOR YOU!
WHOULFF!
M-MARY... MARY, YOU CAN FIGHT TYPHOID... YOU'VE MADE PROGRESS.
I HAVE MADE PROGRESS, MATT, YOU'RE RIGHT. ALL THAT TIME IN THERAPY HELPED ME TO REALIZE...
...THAT LITTLE MISS MARY IS DEAD!

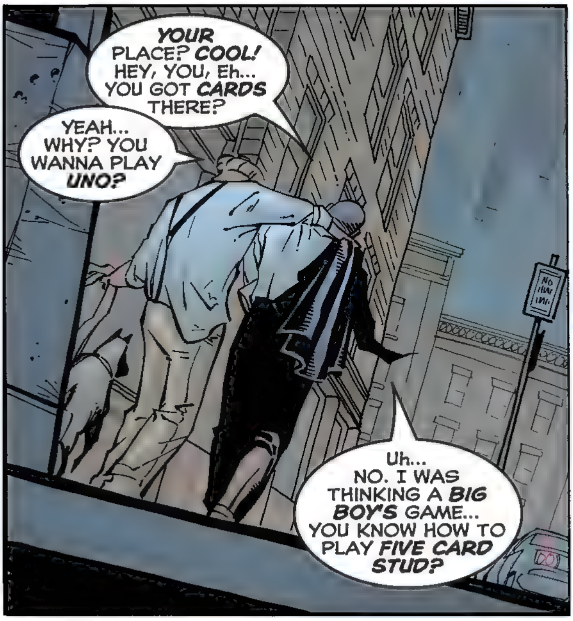

I KILLED MARY WALKER... SHE DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE... SHE NEVER DID.
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, AND WILL ALWAYS BE TYPHOID!
DON'T TOUCH ME!
FWAT
Oooh! YOU DIDN'T SAY THAT WITH MUCH CONVICTION, REDMAN...
YOU TRYING TO TELL ME TO STAY BACK... OR CONVINCE YOURSELF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT?
I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU, BABY... I'VE MADE MY CHOICE.
I HAVE NO INTENTION OF SOILING MYSELF WITH YOUR TOUCH AGAIN!
THUNK
HEAD CLEARING A LITTLE... BUT COULD BARELY DODGE HER STROKE.
SHE STRIKES WITH NO HESITATION... NO REMORSE... IS MARY WALKER REALLY GONE?
WE TRIED THAT LAST TIME, REMEMBER? THE ROOF? THE RAIN?
JUST NEED TO FOCUS FOR ONE... SHOT...
NO. NOT AGAIN. NOT TODAY.
TODAY IS ABOUT RESTITUTION, REBIRTH... NOT RECONCILIATION.
TODAY, I WIPE YOU FROM MY LIFE... YOU AND ALL OF THE PAIN YOU CAUSED ME.
THIS TIME FOR GOOD.
FWAPP
DEADPOOL?

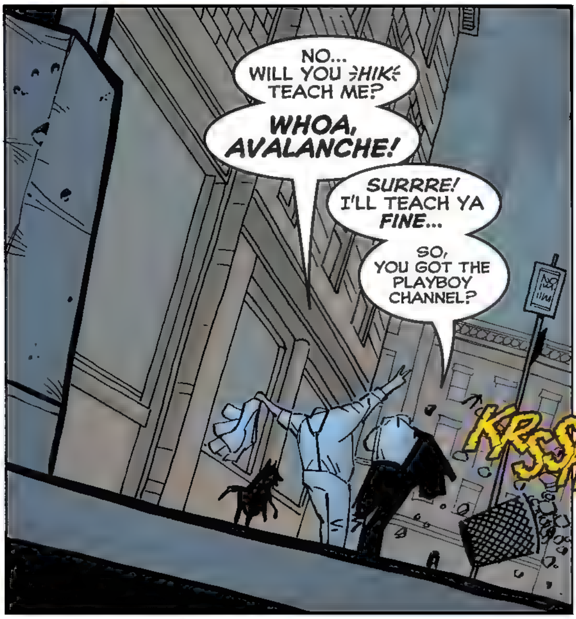

MEANWHILE... THE VILLAGE.
WOW! I CAN'T RE- *HIK* -MEMBER THE LAST TIME I DID THIS...
...I CAN'T REMEMBER MY *HIK* PHONE NUMBER, EITHER...
SLAUGHTERED LAMB PUB
HOW DO YOU THINK OUR QUOTE UNQUOTE PALS ARE DOING?

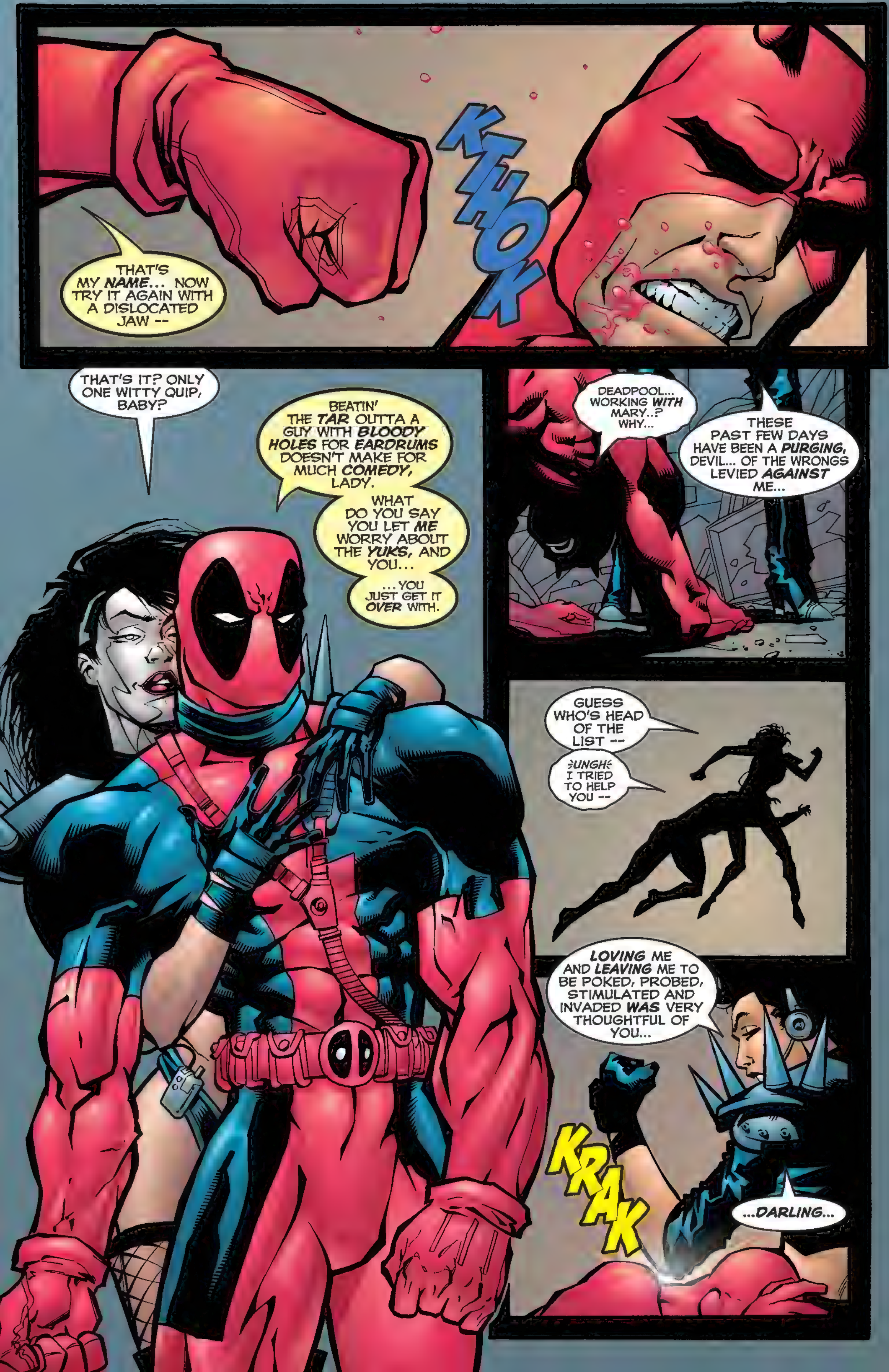

WHY ARE THERE TWO DOGGIES HERE? I ONLY HAVE ONE DOGGIE.
I BET THOSE GUYS'LL GET ALONG SWELL...
SLAUGHTERED LAMB PUB
"SWELL"? JUST HOW MANY DRINKS DID YOU HAVE?

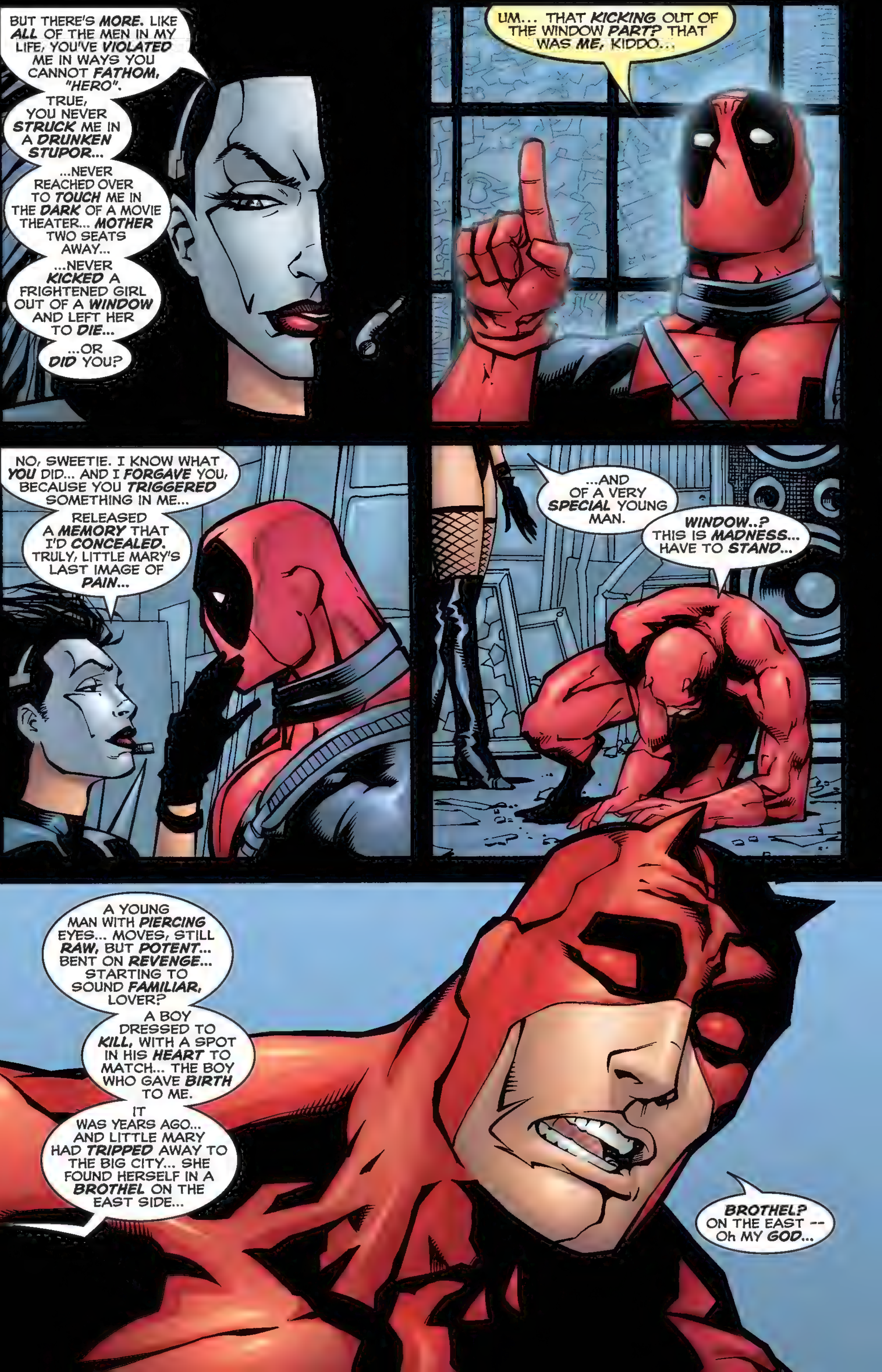

THEY'LL NEVER GET ALONG! OIL AND WATER! HEAVY METAL AND OPERA --
WOO WOOS AND FUZZY NAVELS... HURP...
I DIDN'T THINK ANYONE ACTUALLY DRANK WOO WOOS ANYMORE... THERE ALCOHOL IN THOSE?

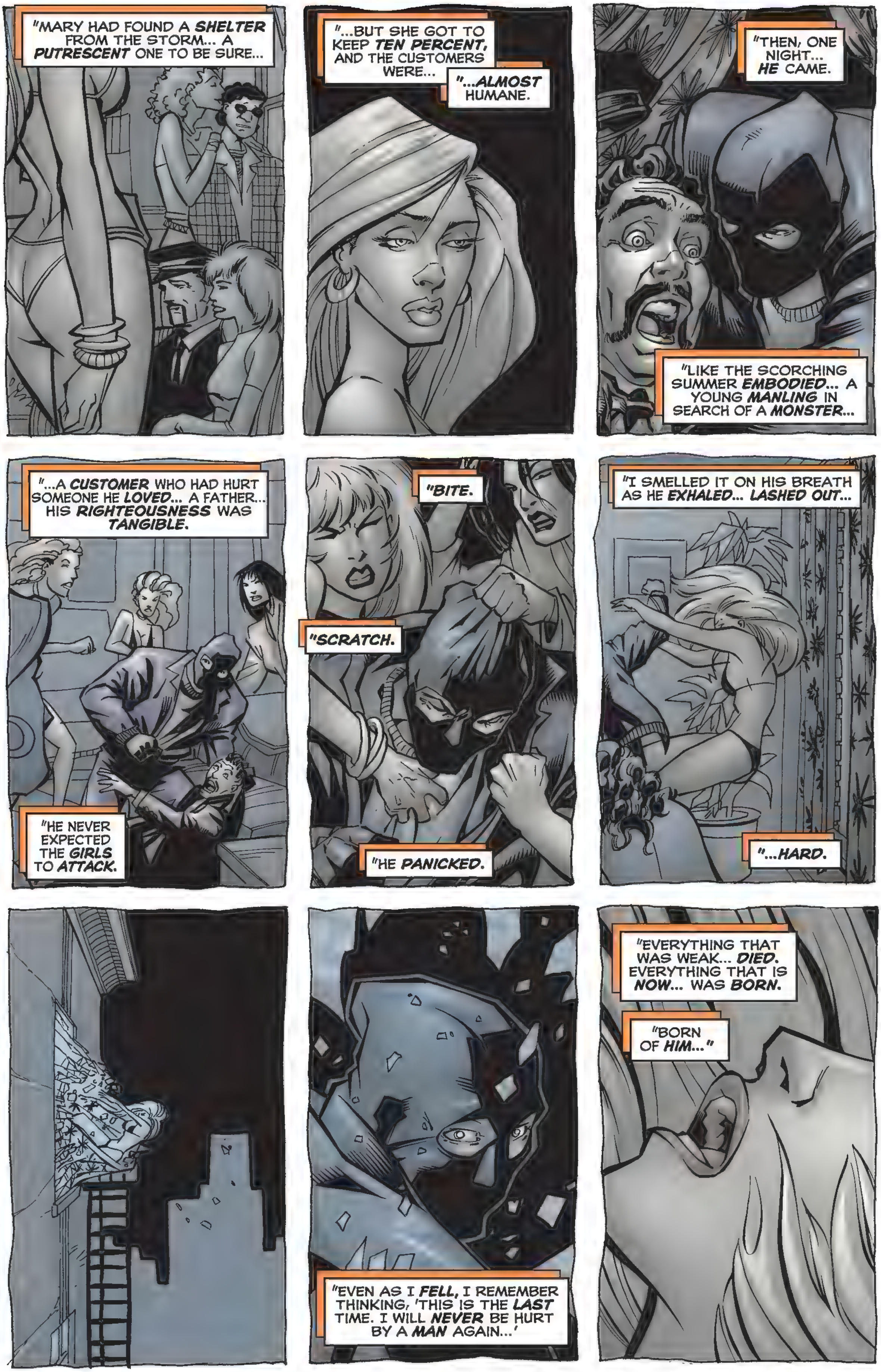

I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T *HIK* DRINK.
I NEVER WOULD HAVE GUESSED.
YOU HUNGRY? I'M HUNGRY... WE'LL CALL FOR MORE 'ZA FROM MY PLACE!

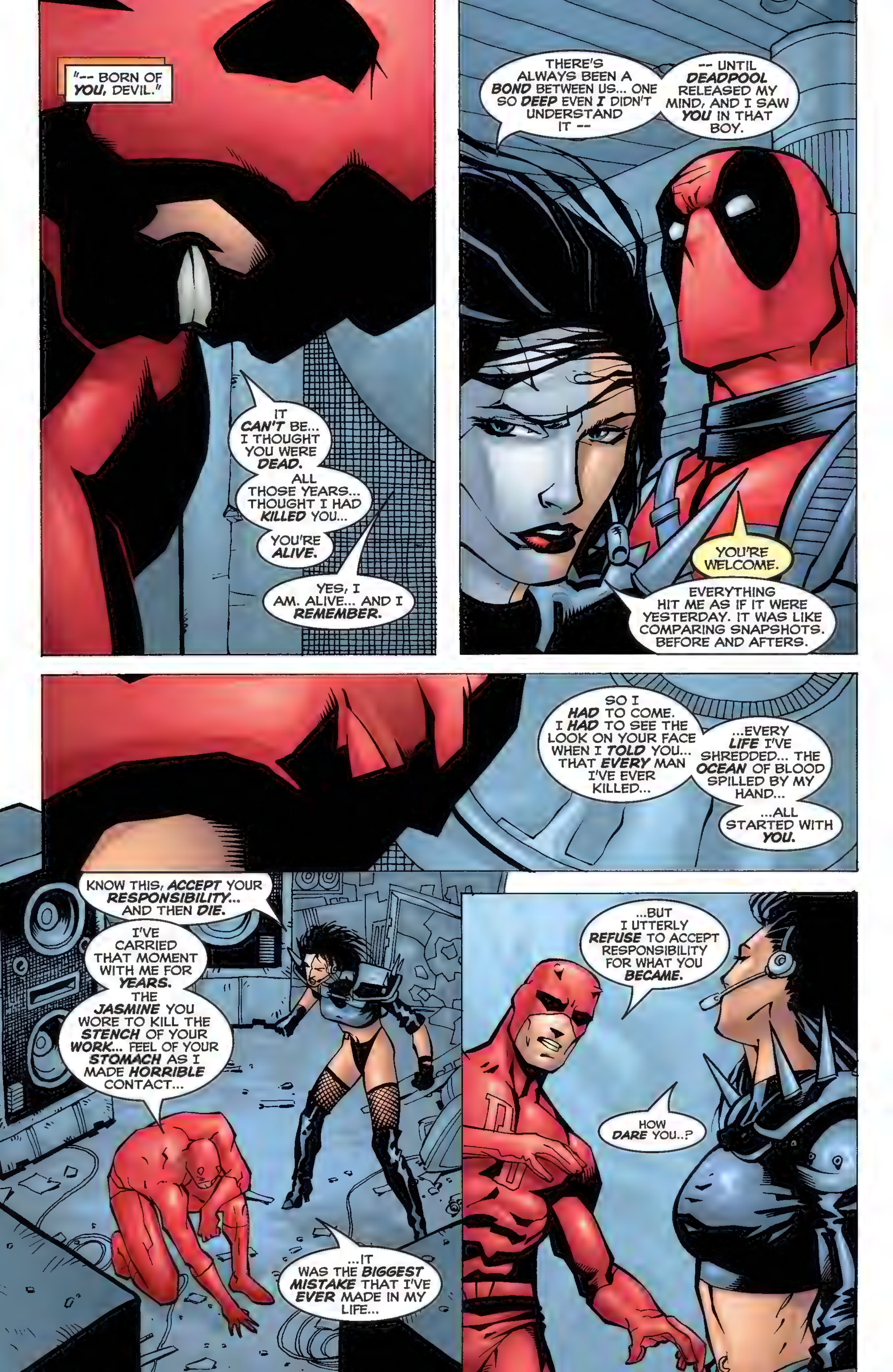

YOUR PLACE? COOL! HEY, YOU, Eh... YOU GOT CARDS THERE?
YEAH... WHY? YOU WANNA PLAY UNO?
Uh... NO. I WAS THINKING A BIG BOY'S GAME... YOU KNOW HOW TO PLAY FIVE CARD STUD?

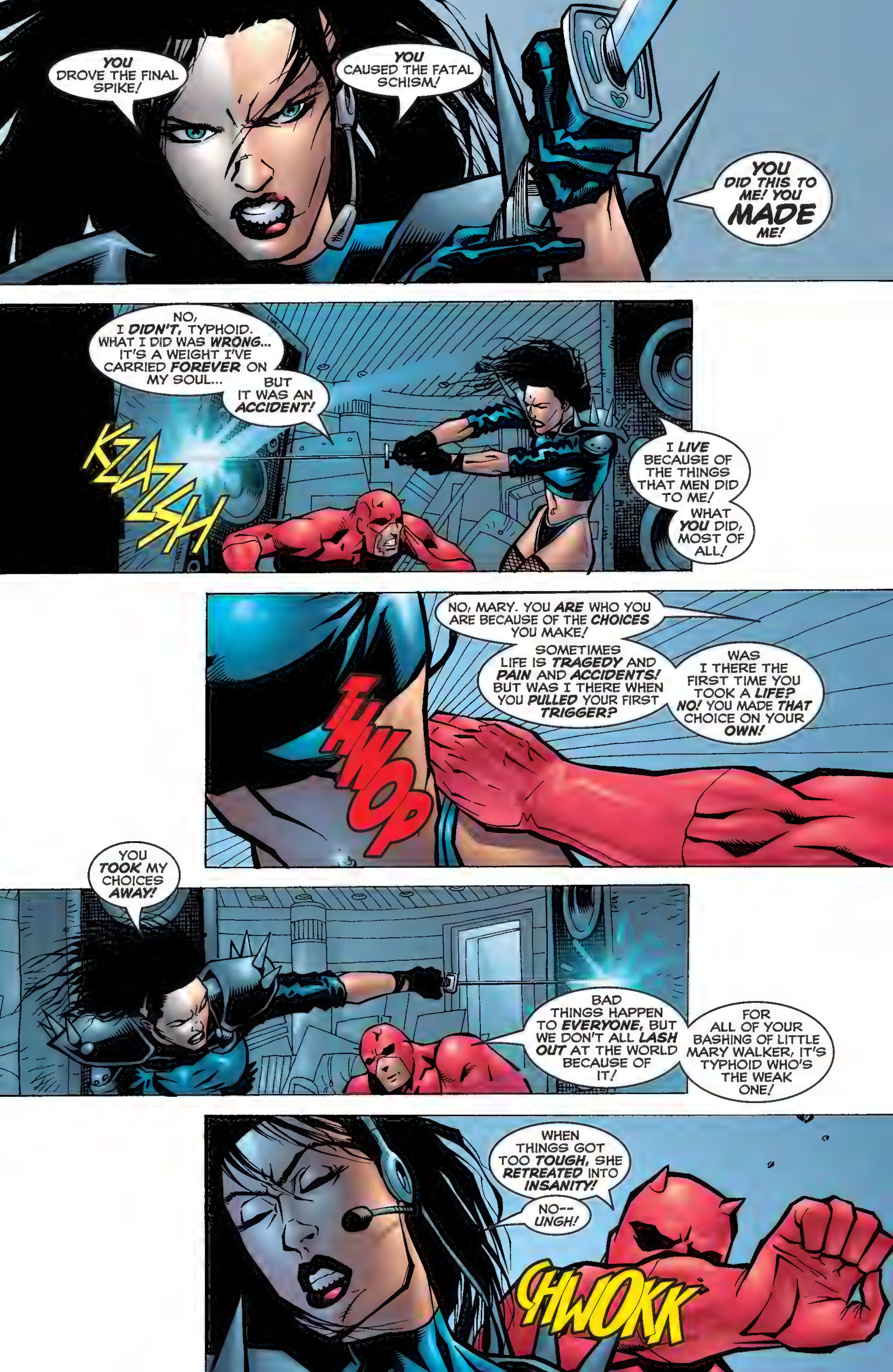

NO... WILL YOU *HIK* TEACH ME?
WHOA, AVALANCHE!
SURRRE! I'LL TEACH YA FINE...
SO, YOU GOT THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL?
KRSSH

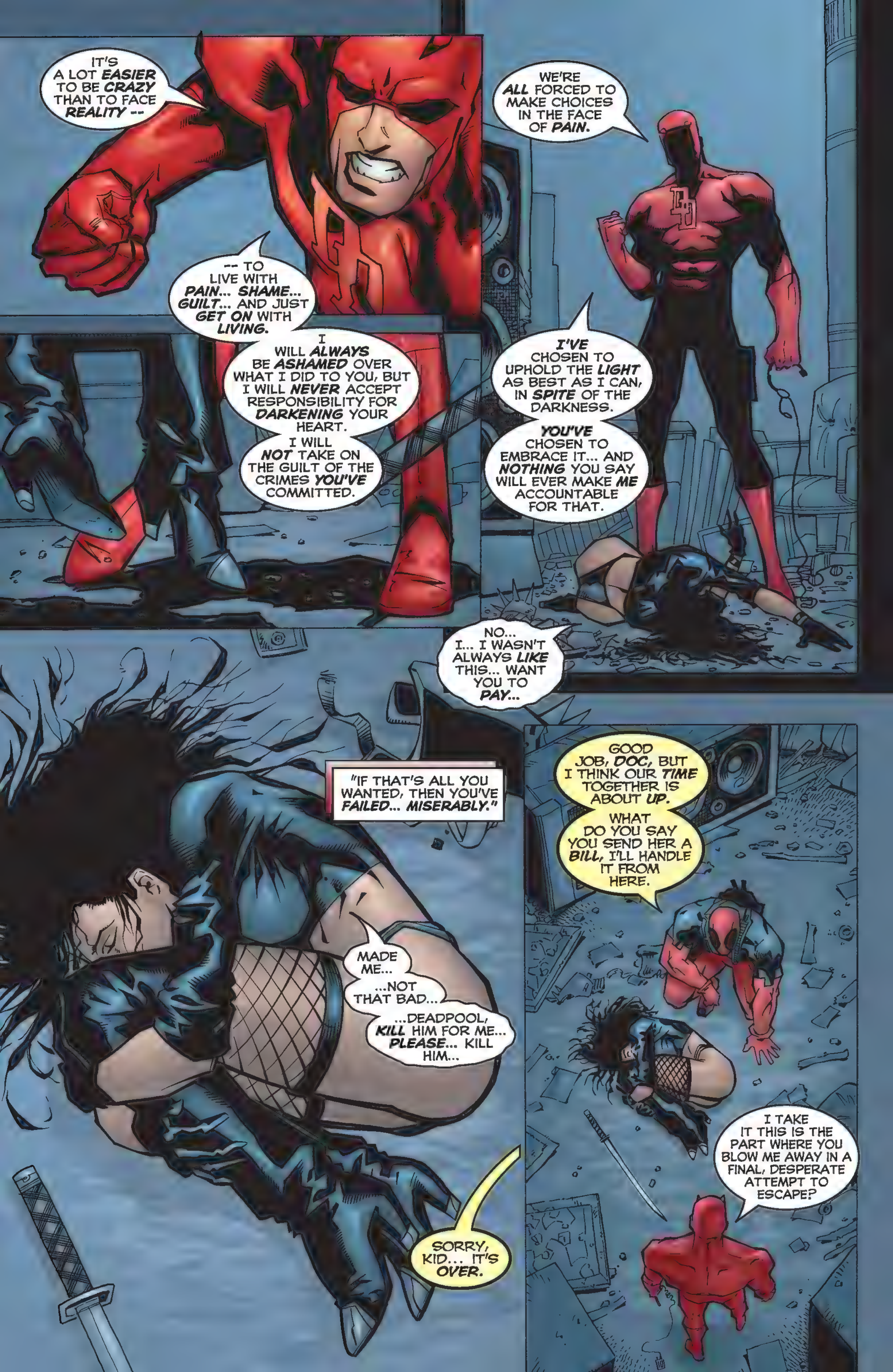

THAT'S MY NAME... NOW TRY IT AGAIN WITH A DISLOCATED JAW --
KTHOK
THAT'S IT? ONLY ONE WITTY QUIP, BABY?
BEATIN' THE TAR OUTTA A GUY WITH BLOODY HOLES FOR EARDRUMS DOESN'T MAKE FOR MUCH COMEDY, LADY.
WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU LET ME WORRY ABOUT THE YUKS, AND YOU...
...YOU JUST GET IT OVER WITH.
DEADPOOL... WORKING WITH MARY..? WHY...
THESE PAST FEW DAYS HAVE BEEN A PURGING, DEVIL... OF THE WRONGS LEVIED AGAINST ME...
GUESS WHO'S HEAD OF THE LIST --
UNGH I TRIED TO HELP YOU --
LOVING ME AND LEAVING ME TO BE POKED, PROBED, STIMULATED AND INVADED WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU...
KRAK
...DARLING...

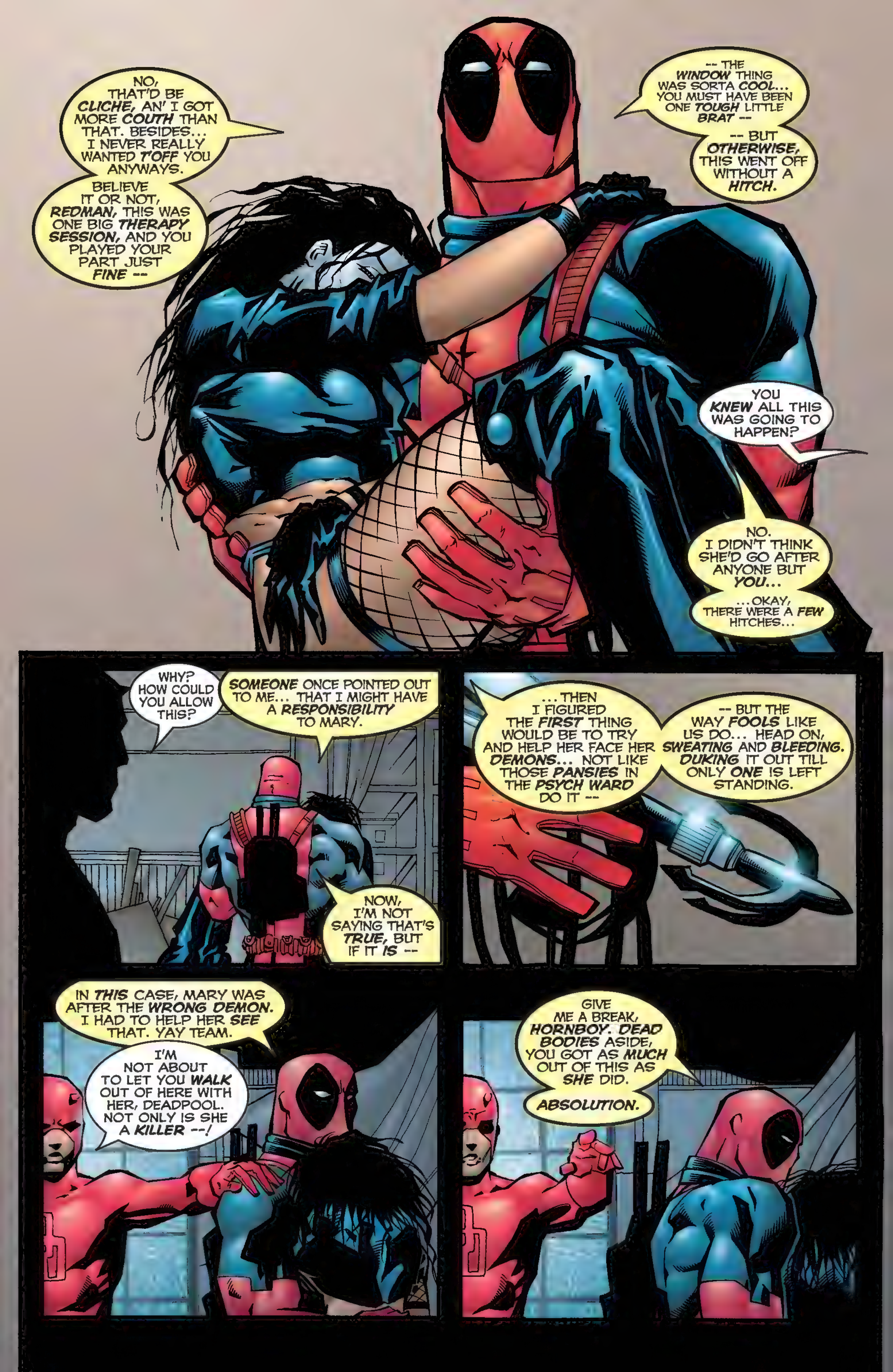

BUT THERE'S **MORE.** LIKE **ALL** OF THE MEN IN MY LIFE, YOU'VE **VIOLATED** ME IN WAYS YOU CANNOT **FATHOM,** "**HERO**".
TRUE, YOU NEVER **STRUCK** ME IN A **DRUNKEN STUPOR**...
...NEVER REACHED OVER TO **TOUCH** ME IN THE **DARK** OF A MOVIE THEATER... **MOTHER** TWO SEATS AWAY...
...NEVER **KICKED** A FRIGHTENED GIRL OUT OF A **WINDOW** AND LEFT HER TO **DIE**...
...OR **DID** YOU?
UM... THAT **KICKING** OUT OF THE WINDOW **PART?** THAT WAS **ME,** KIDDO...
NO, SWEETIE. I KNOW WHAT **YOU** DID... AND I **FORGAVE** YOU, BECAUSE YOU **TRIGGERED** SOMETHING IN ME...
RELEASED A **MEMORY** THAT I'D **CONCEALED.** TRULY, LITTLE MARY'S LAST IMAGE OF **PAIN**...
...AND OF A VERY **SPECIAL** YOUNG MAN.
WINDOW..? THIS IS **MADNESS**... HAVE TO **STAND**...
A YOUNG MAN WITH **PIERCING** EYES... MOVES, STILL **RAW,** BUT **POTENT**... BENT ON **REVENGE**... STARTING TO SOUND **FAMILIAR,** LOVER?
A BOY DRESSED TO **KILL,** WITH A SPOT IN HIS **HEART** TO MATCH... THE BOY WHO GAVE **BIRTH** TO ME.
IT WAS YEARS AGO... AND LITTLE MARY HAD **TRIPPED** AWAY TO THE BIG CITY... SHE FOUND HERSELF IN A **BROTHEL** ON THE EAST SIDE...
BROTHEL? ON THE EAST -- Oh MY **GOD**...

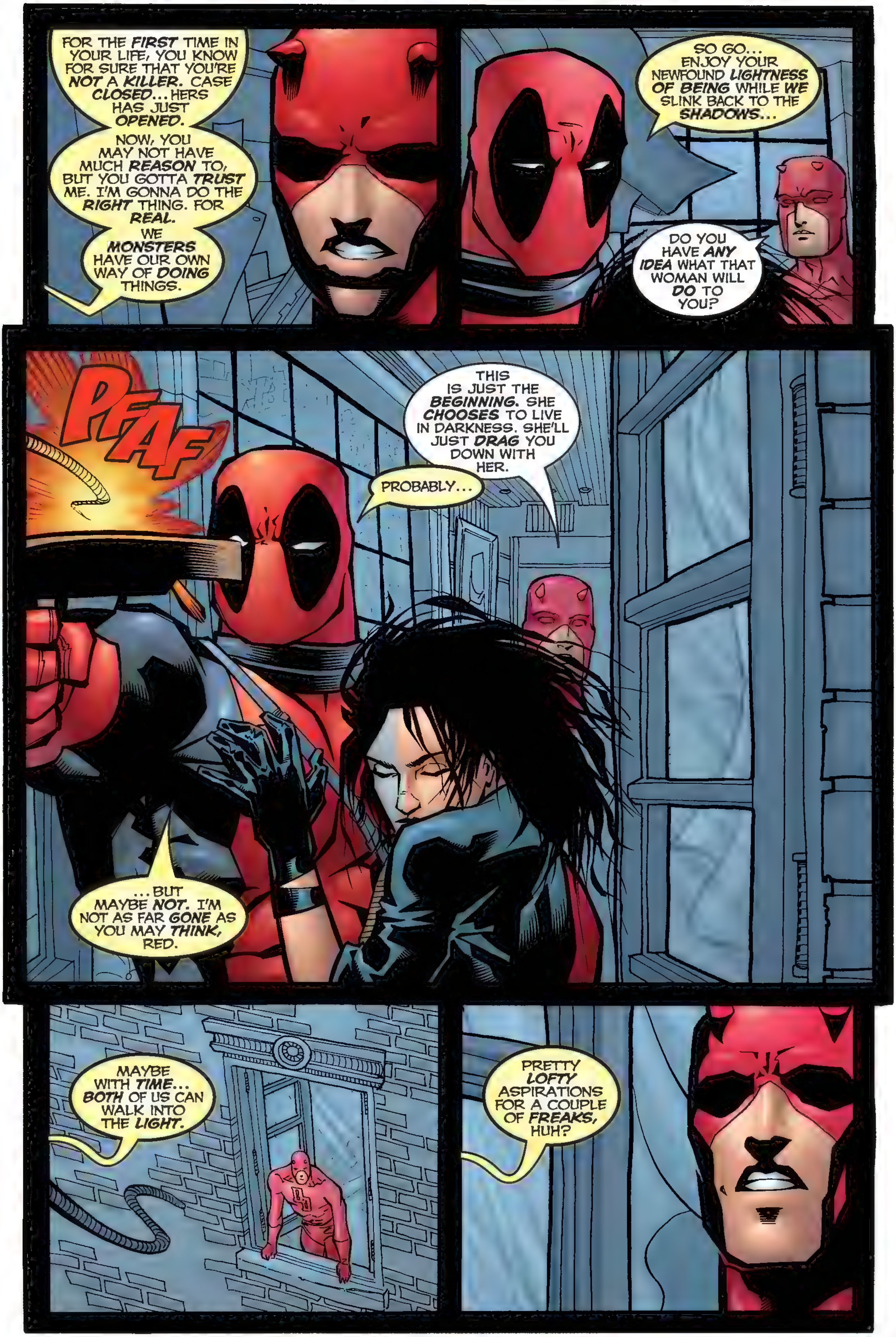

"MARY HAD FOUND A **SHELTER** FROM THE STORM... A **PUTRESCENT** ONE TO BE SURE...
"...BUT SHE GOT TO KEEP **TEN PERCENT,** AND THE CUSTOMERS WERE...
"...**ALMOST** HUMANE.
"THEN, ONE NIGHT... **HE** CAME.
"LIKE THE SCORCHING SUMMER **EMBODIED**... A YOUNG **MANLING** IN SEARCH OF A **MONSTER**...
"...A **CUSTOMER** WHO HAD HURT SOMEONE HE **LOVED**... A FATHER... HIS **RIGHTEOUSNESS** WAS **TANGIBLE.**
"HE NEVER EXPECTED THE **GIRLS** TO **ATTACK.**
"**BITE.**
"**SCRATCH.**
"HE **PANICKED.**
"I SMELLED IT ON HIS BREATH AS HE **EXHALED**... **LASHED OUT**...
"...**HARD.**
"EVEN AS I **FELL,** I REMEMBER THINKING, 'THIS IS THE **LAST** TIME. I WILL **NEVER** BE HURT BY A **MAN** AGAIN...'
"EVERYTHING THAT WAS WEAK... **DIED.** EVERYTHING THAT IS **NOW**... WAS **BORN.**
"BORN OF **HIM**..."

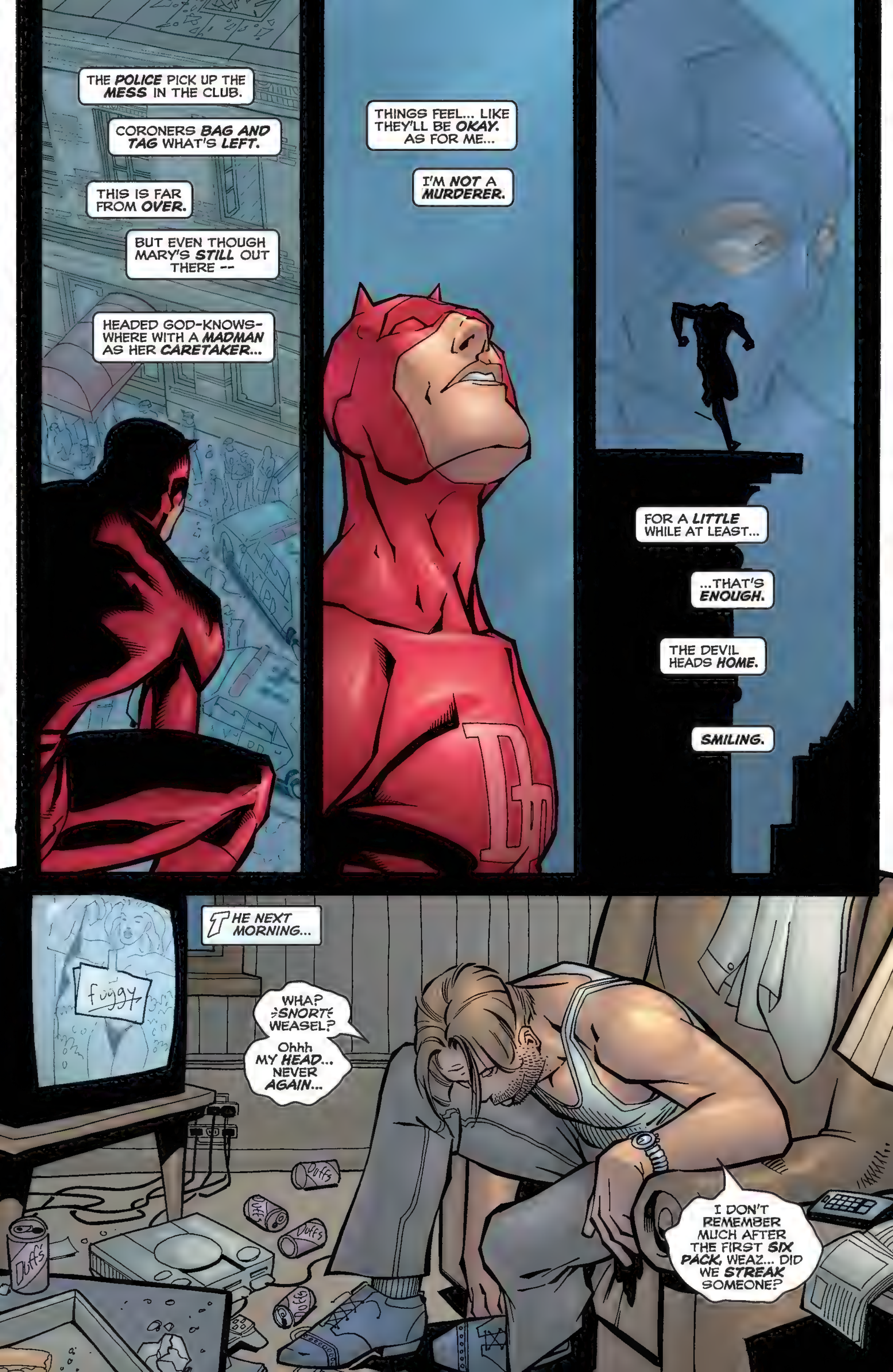

"-- BORN OF YOU, DEVIL."
IT CAN'T BE... I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
ALL THOSE YEARS... THOUGHT I HAD KILLED YOU...
YOU'RE ALIVE.
YES, I AM. ALIVE... AND I REMEMBER.
THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A BOND BETWEEN US... ONE SO DEEP EVEN I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT --
-- UNTIL DEADPOOL RELEASED MY MIND, AND I SAW YOU IN THAT BOY.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
EVERYTHING HIT ME AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY. IT WAS LIKE COMPARING SNAPSHOTS. BEFORE AND AFTERS.
SO I HAD TO COME. I HAD TO SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE WHEN I TOLD YOU... THAT EVERY MAN I'VE EVER KILLED...
...EVERY LIFE I'VE SHREDDED... THE OCEAN OF BLOOD SPILLED BY MY HAND...
...ALL STARTED WITH YOU.
KNOW THIS, ACCEPT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY... AND THEN DIE.
I'VE CARRIED THAT MOMENT WITH ME FOR YEARS.
THE JASMINE YOU WORE TO KILL THE STENCH OF YOUR WORK... FEEL OF YOUR STOMACH AS I MADE HORRIBLE CONTACT...
...IT WAS THE BIGGEST MISTAKE THAT I'VE EVER MADE IN MY LIFE...
...BUT I UTTERLY REFUSE TO ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT YOU BECAME.
HOW DARE YOU..?

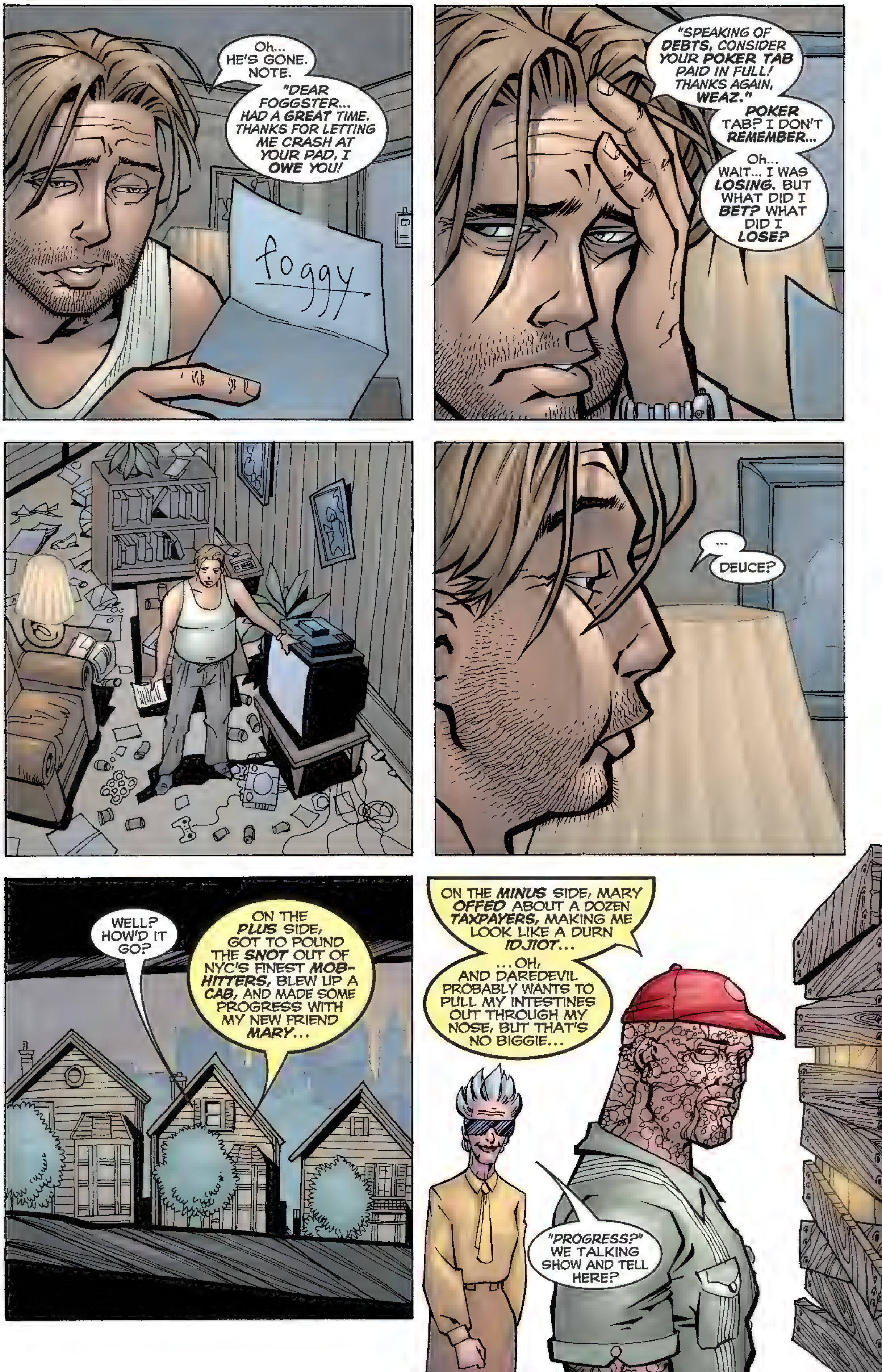

YOU DROVE THE FINAL SPIKE!
YOU CAUSED THE FATAL SCHISM!
YOU DID THIS TO ME! YOU MADE ME!
NO, I DIDN'T, TYPHOID. WHAT I DID WAS WRONG... IT'S A WEIGHT I'VE CARRIED FOREVER ON MY SOUL...
BUT IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!
KZAZSH
I LIVE BECAUSE OF THE THINGS THAT MEN DID TO ME!
WHAT YOU DID, MOST OF ALL!
NO, MARY. YOU ARE WHO YOU ARE BECAUSE OF THE CHOICES YOU MAKE!
SOMETIMES LIFE IS TRAGEDY AND PAIN AND ACCIDENTS! BUT WAS I THERE WHEN YOU PULLED YOUR FIRST TRIGGER?
WAS I THERE THE FIRST TIME YOU TOOK A LIFE? NO! YOU MADE THAT CHOICE ON YOUR OWN!
THWOP
YOU TOOK MY CHOICES AWAY!
BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO EVERYONE, BUT WE DON'T ALL LASH OUT AT THE WORLD BECAUSE OF IT!
FOR ALL OF YOUR BASHING OF LITTLE MARY WALKER, IT'S TYPHOID WHO'S THE WEAK ONE!
WHEN THINGS GOT TOO TOUGH, SHE RETREATED INTO INSANITY!
NO-- UNGH!
CHWOKK

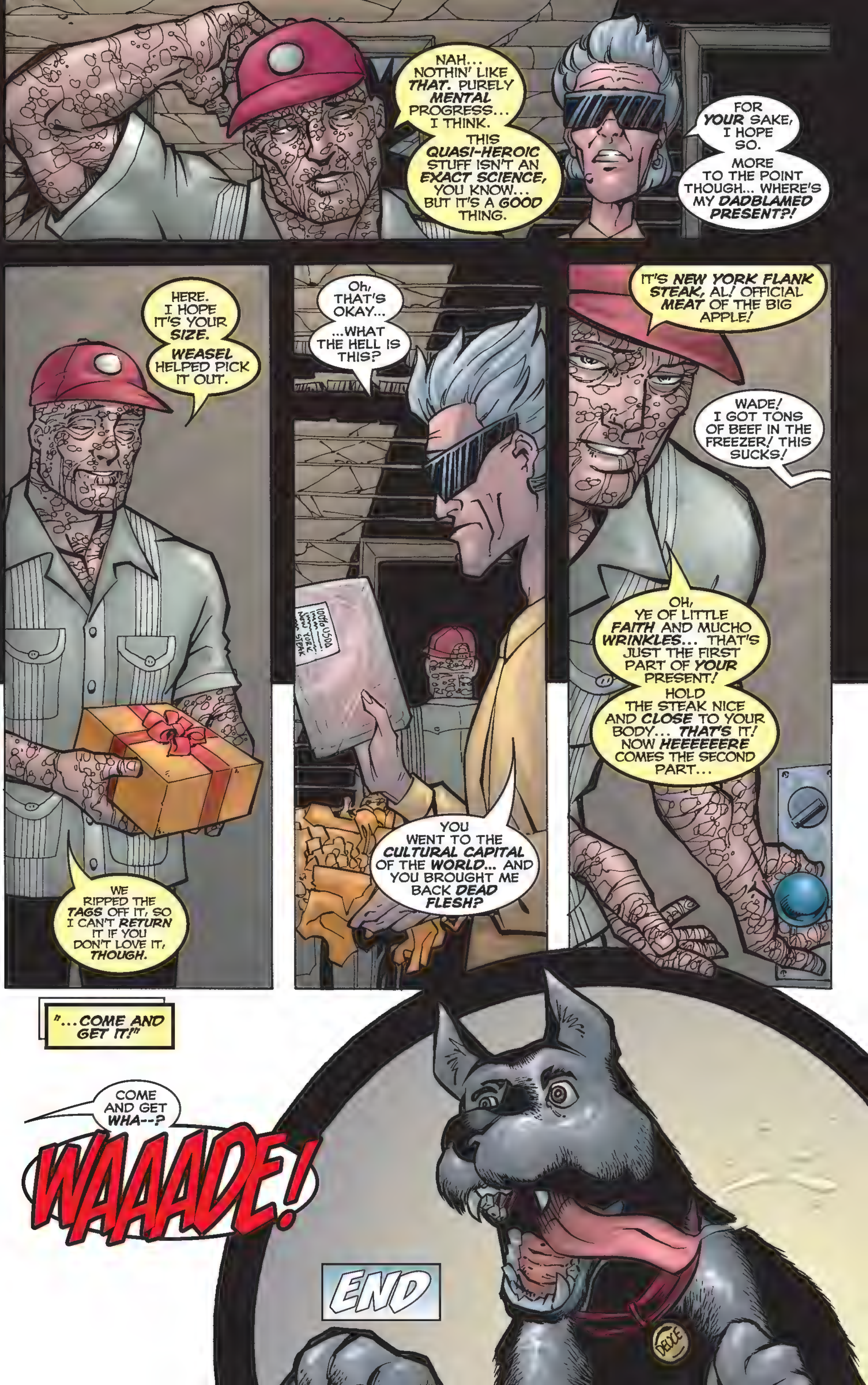

IT'S A LOT **EASIER** TO BE **CRAZY** THAN TO FACE **REALITY** --
-- TO LIVE WITH **PAIN... SHAME... GUILT...** AND JUST **GET ON** WITH **LIVING.**
I WILL **ALWAYS** BE **ASHAMED** OVER WHAT I DID TO YOU, BUT I WILL **NEVER** ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR **DARKENING** YOUR HEART.
I WILL **NOT** TAKE ON THE GUILT OF THE CRIMES **YOU'VE** COMMITTED.
WE'RE **ALL** FORCED TO MAKE CHOICES IN THE FACE OF **PAIN.**
I'VE CHOSEN TO UPHOLD THE **LIGHT** AS BEST AS I CAN, IN **SPITE** OF THE DARKNESS.
YOU'VE CHOSEN TO EMBRACE IT... AND **NOTHING** YOU SAY WILL EVER MAKE **ME** ACCOUNTABLE FOR THAT.
NO... I... I WASN'T ALWAYS **LIKE** THIS... WANT YOU TO **PAY...**
"IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANTED, THEN YOU'VE **FAILED... MISERABLY."**
MADE ME...
...NOT THAT BAD...
...DEADPOOL, **KILL** HIM FOR ME... **PLEASE...** KILL HIM...
SORRY, KID... IT'S **OVER.**
GOOD JOB, **DOC,** BUT I THINK OUR **TIME** TOGETHER IS ABOUT **UP.**
WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU SEND HER A **BILL,** I'LL HANDLE IT FROM HERE.
I TAKE IT THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU BLOW ME AWAY IN A FINAL, DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE?


NO, THAT'D BE CLICHE, AN' I GOT MORE COUTH THAN THAT. BESIDES... I NEVER REALLY WANTED T'OFF YOU ANYWAYS.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, REDMAN, THIS WAS ONE BIG THERAPY SESSION, AND YOU PLAYED YOUR PART JUST FINE --
-- THE WINDOW THING WAS SORTA COOL... YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ONE TOUGH LITTLE BRAT --
-- BUT OTHERWISE, THIS WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH.
YOU KNEW ALL THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN?
NO. I DIDN'T THINK SHE'D GO AFTER ANYONE BUT YOU...
...OKAY, THERE WERE A FEW HITCHES...
WHY? HOW COULD YOU ALLOW THIS?
SOMEONE ONCE POINTED OUT TO ME... THAT I MIGHT HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO MARY.
NOW, I'M NOT SAYING THAT'S TRUE, BUT IF IT IS --
...THEN I FIGURED THE FIRST THING WOULD BE TO TRY AND HELP HER FACE HER DEMONS... NOT LIKE THOSE PANSIES IN THE PSYCH WARD DO IT --
-- BUT THE WAY FOOLS LIKE US DO... HEAD ON, SWEATING AND BLEEDING. DUKING IT OUT TILL ONLY ONE IS LEFT STANDING.
IN THIS CASE, MARY WAS AFTER THE WRONG DEMON. I HAD TO HELP HER SEE THAT. YAY TEAM.
I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET YOU WALK OUT OF HERE WITH HER, DEADPOOL. NOT ONLY IS SHE A KILLER --!
GIVE ME A BREAK, HORNBOY. DEAD BODIES ASIDE, YOU GOT AS MUCH OUT OF THIS AS SHE DID.
ABSOLUTION.


FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE, YOU KNOW FOR SURE THAT YOU'RE NOT A KILLER. CASE CLOSED... HERS HAS JUST OPENED.
NOW, YOU MAY NOT HAVE MUCH REASON TO, BUT YOU GOTTA TRUST ME. I'M GONNA DO THE RIGHT THING. FOR REAL.
WE MONSTERS HAVE OUR OWN WAY OF DOING THINGS.
SO GO... ENJOY YOUR NEWFOUND LIGHTNESS OF BEING WHILE WE SLINK BACK TO THE SHADOWS...
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THAT WOMAN WILL DO TO YOU?
PFAF
THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING. SHE CHOOSES TO LIVE IN DARKNESS. SHE'LL JUST DRAG YOU DOWN WITH HER.
PROBABLY...
...BUT MAYBE NOT. I'M NOT AS FAR GONE AS YOU MAY THINK, RED.
MAYBE WITH TIME... BOTH OF US CAN WALK INTO THE LIGHT.
PRETTY LOFTY ASPIRATIONS FOR A COUPLE OF FREAKS, HUH?


THE POLICE PICK UP THE MESS IN THE CLUB.
CORONERS BAG AND TAG WHAT'S LEFT.
THIS IS FAR FROM OVER.
BUT EVEN THOUGH MARY'S STILL OUT THERE --
HEADED GOD-KNOWS-WHERE WITH A MADMAN AS HER CARETAKER...
THINGS FEEL... LIKE THEY'LL BE OKAY. AS FOR ME...
I'M NOT A MURDERER.
FOR A LITTLE WHILE AT LEAST...
...THAT'S ENOUGH.
THE DEVIL HEADS HOME.
SMILING.
THE NEXT MORNING...
fuggy
WHA? SNORT WEASEL?
Ohhh MY HEAD... NEVER AGAIN...
I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH AFTER THE FIRST SIX PACK, WEAZ... DID WE STREAK SOMEONE?
Duff's


Oh... HE'S GONE. NOTE.
"DEAR FOGGSTER... HAD A GREAT TIME. THANKS FOR LETTING ME CRASH AT YOUR PAD, I OWE YOU!
foggy
"SPEAKING OF DEBTS, CONSIDER YOUR POKER TAB PAID IN FULL! THANKS AGAIN, WEAZ."
POKER TAB? I DON'T REMEMBER...
Oh... WAIT... I WAS LOSING. BUT WHAT DID I BET? WHAT DID I LOSE?
... DEUCE?
WELL? HOW'D IT GO?
ON THE PLUS SIDE, GOT TO POUND THE SNOT OUT OF NYC'S FINEST MOB-HITTERS, BLEW UP A CAB, AND MADE SOME PROGRESS WITH MY NEW FRIEND MARY...
ON THE MINUS SIDE, MARY OFFED ABOUT A DOZEN TAXPAYERS, MAKING ME LOOK LIKE A DURN IDJIOT...
...OH, AND DAREDEVIL PROBABLY WANTS TO PULL MY INTESTINES OUT THROUGH MY NOSE, BUT THAT'S NO BIGGIE...
"PROGRESS?" WE TALKING SHOW AND TELL HERE?


NAH... NOTHIN' LIKE THAT. PURELY MENTAL PROGRESS... I THINK.
THIS QUASI-HEROIC STUFF ISN'T AN EXACT SCIENCE, YOU KNOW... BUT IT'S A GOOD THING.
FOR YOUR SAKE, I HOPE SO.
MORE TO THE POINT THOUGH... WHERE'S MY DADBLAMED PRESENT?!
HERE. I HOPE IT'S YOUR SIZE.
WEASEL HELPED PICK IT OUT.
WE RIPPED THE TAGS OFF IT, SO I CAN'T RETURN IT IF YOU DON'T LOVE IT, THOUGH.
Oh, THAT'S OKAY...
...WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
100% USDA NEW YORK STEAK
YOU WENT TO THE CULTURAL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD... AND YOU BROUGHT ME BACK DEAD FLESH?
IT'S NEW YORK FLANK STEAK, AL! OFFICIAL MEAT OF THE BIG APPLE!
WADE! I GOT TONS OF BEEF IN THE FREEZER! THIS SUCKS!
OH, YE OF LITTLE FAITH AND MUCHO WRINKLES... THAT'S JUST THE FIRST PART OF YOUR PRESENT!
HOLD THE STEAK NICE AND CLOSE TO YOUR BODY... THAT'S IT! NOW HEEEEEERE COMES THE SECOND PART...
"...COME AND GET IT!"
COME AND GET WHA--?
WAAADE!
END
DEDCE

STAN LEE
PRESENTED:

JOE KELLY
WRITER
BERNARD CHANG
PENCILER
JON HOLDREDGE
INKER

WHOMSOEVER FIGHTS MONSTERS...

RICHARD STARKINGS
& COMICRAFT
LETTERS!
LIQUID!
COLORS
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SKI.

To Learn the Full Story of Matt Murdock's first meeting with Mary Walker, check out DAREDEVIL: MAN WITHOUT FEAR

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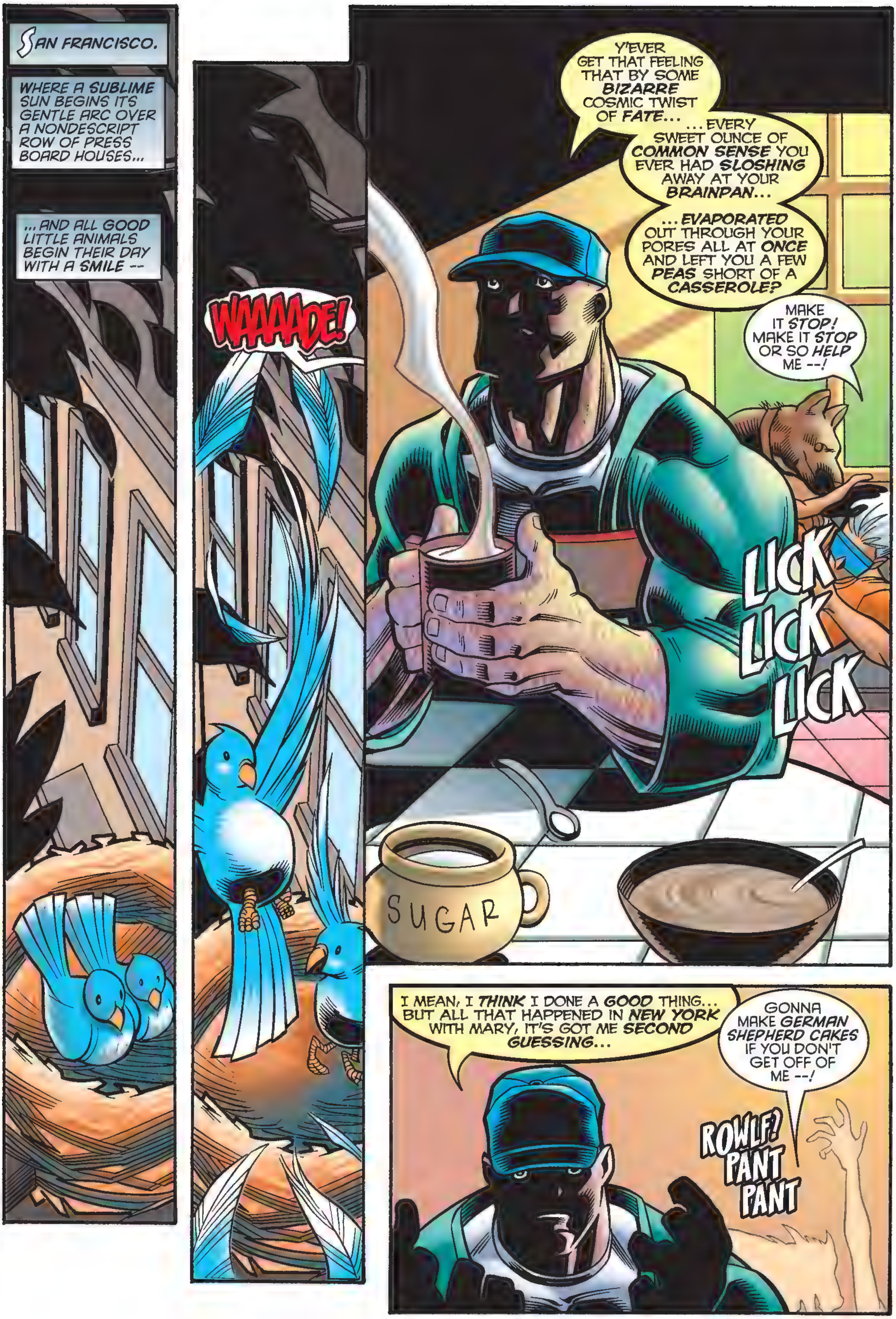
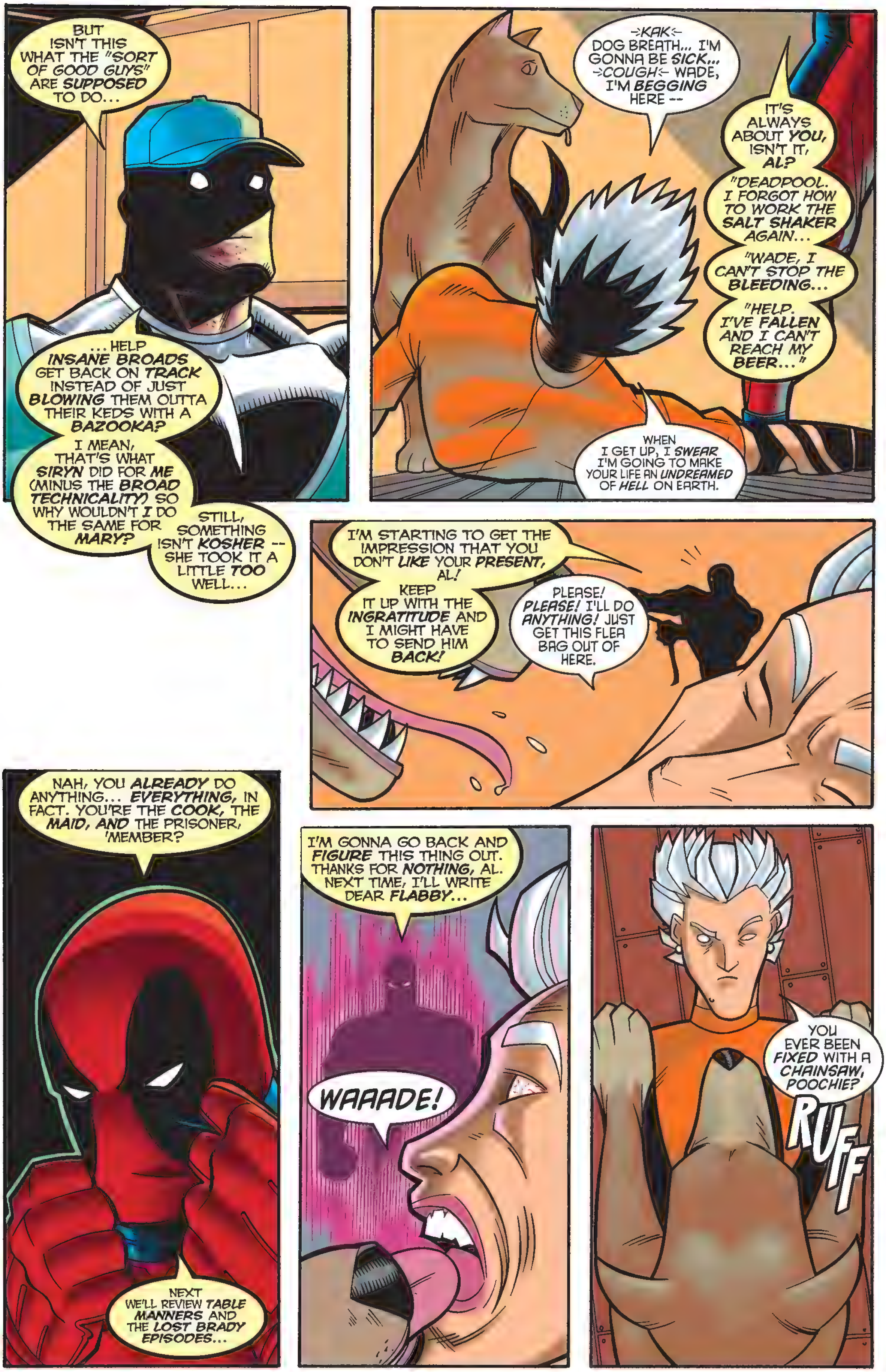
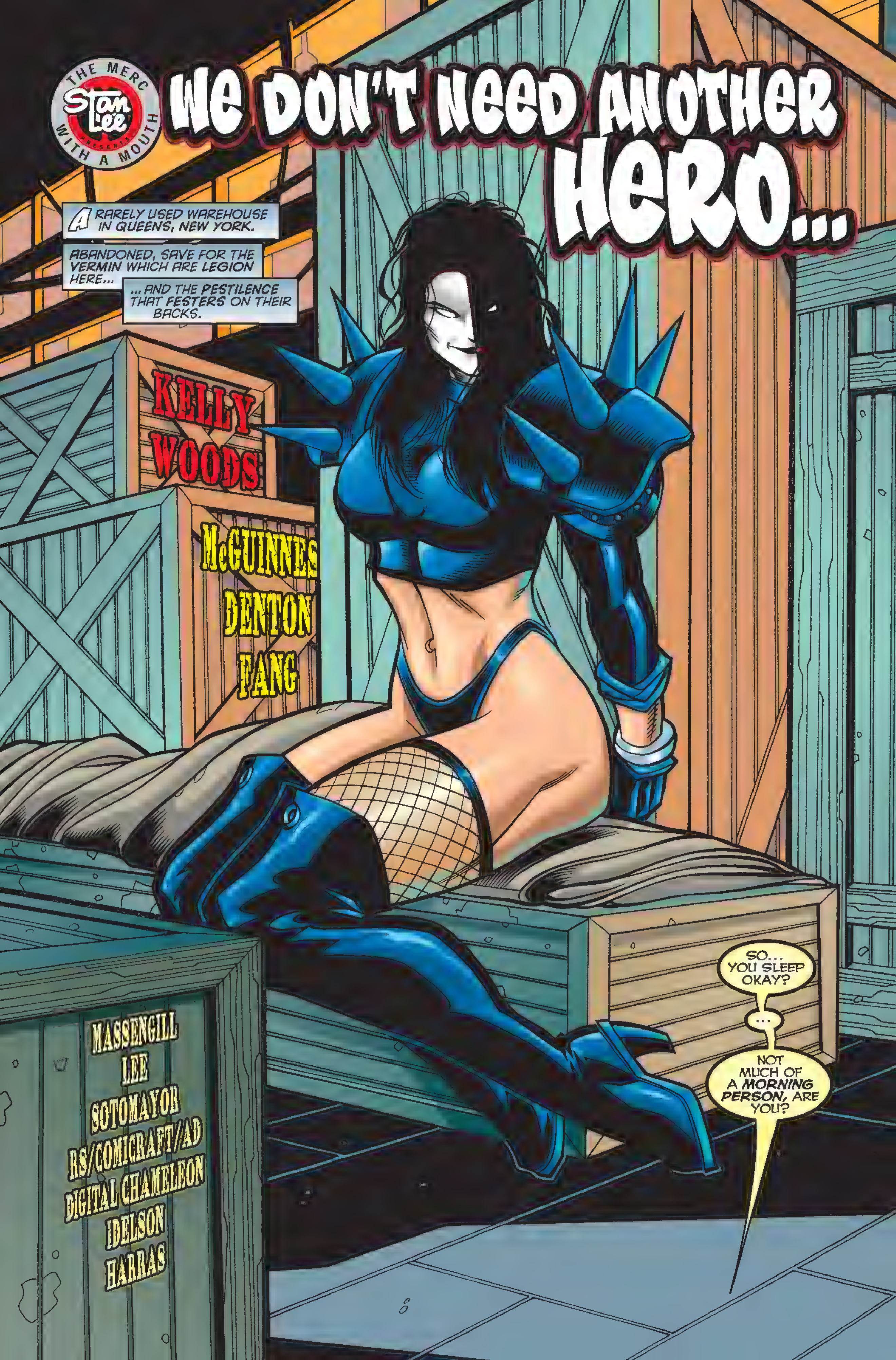
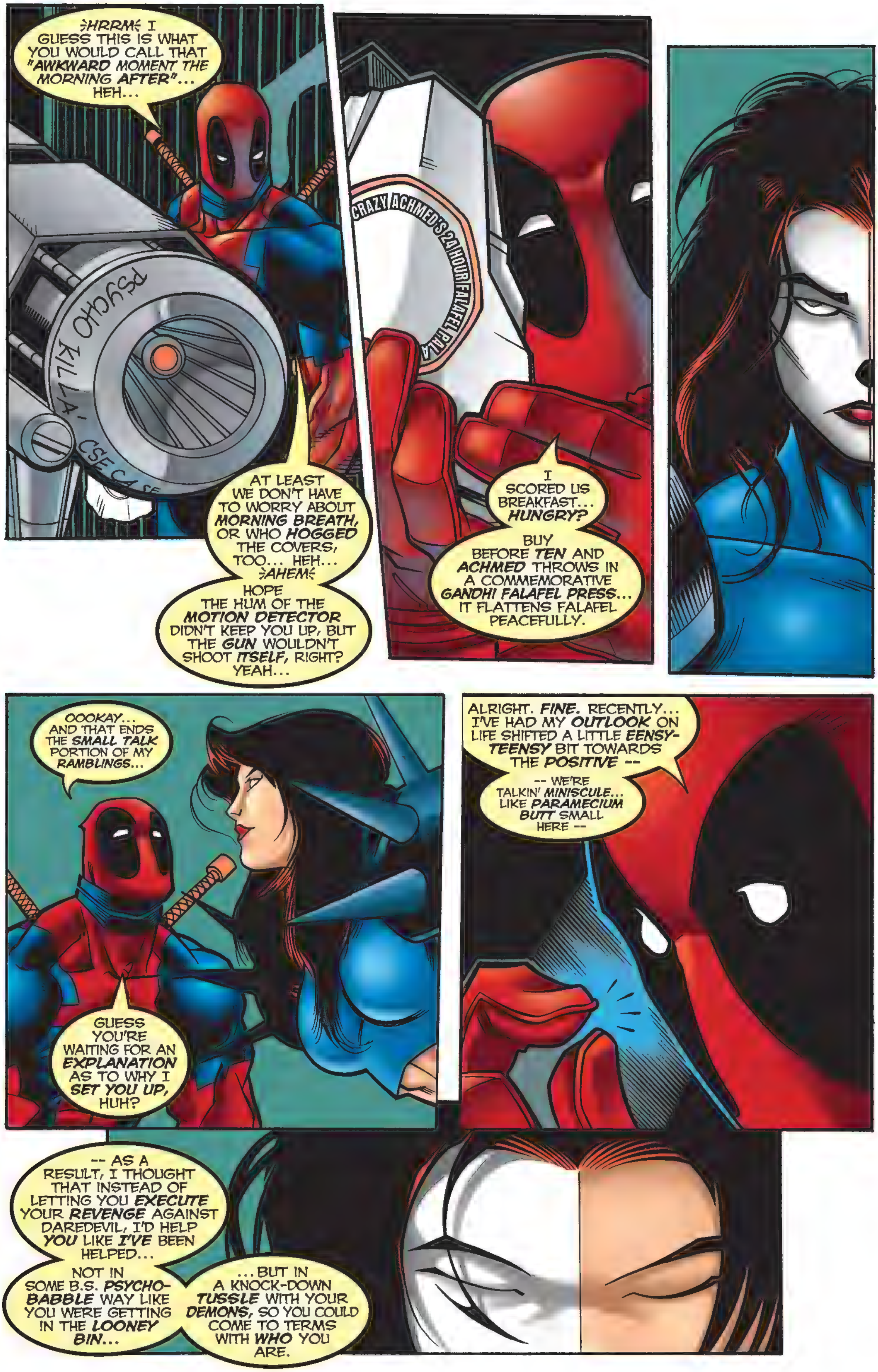
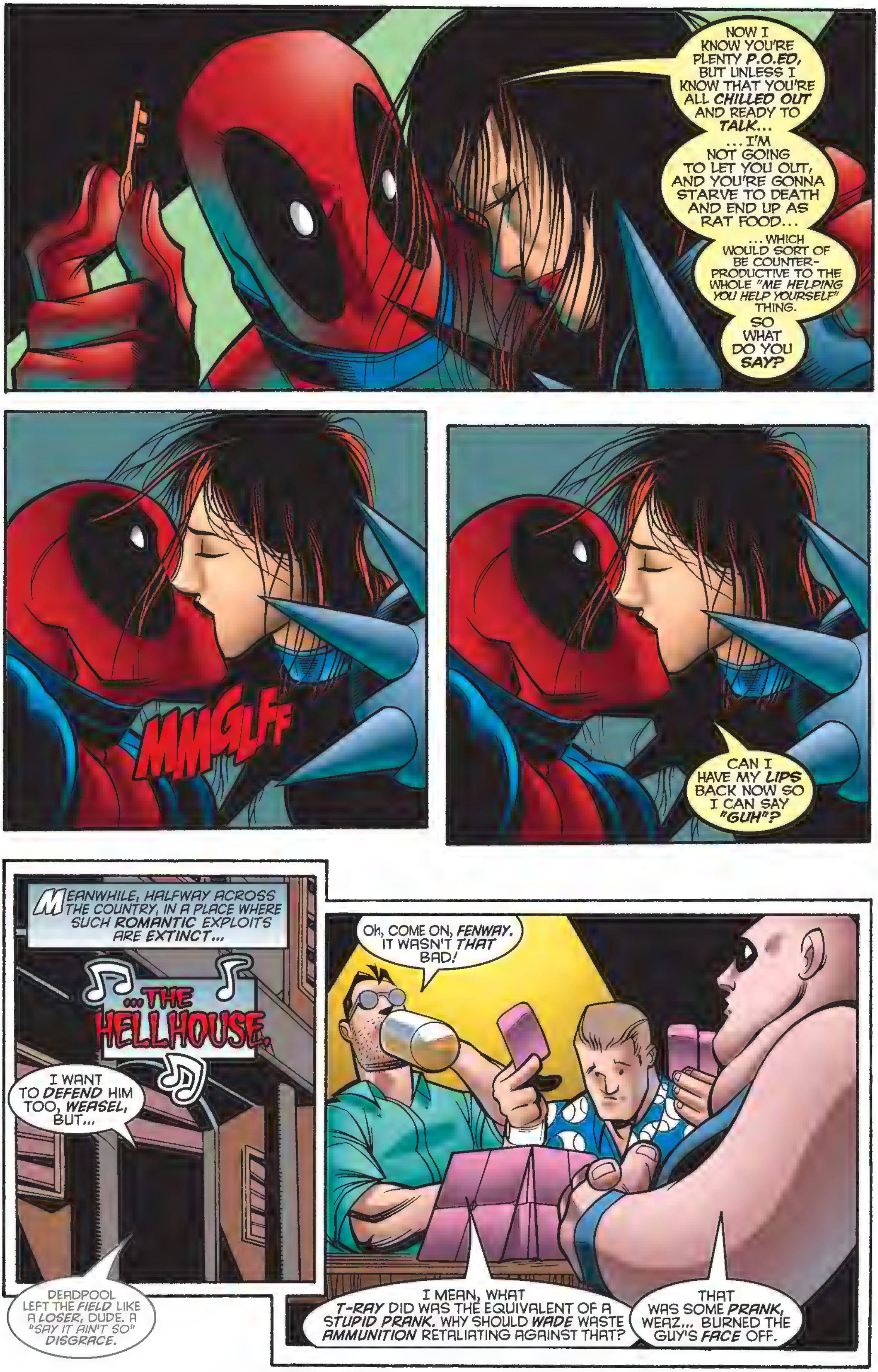

SAN FRANCISCO.
WHERE A SUBLIME SUN BEGINS ITS GENTLE ARC OVER A NONDESCRIPT ROW OF PRESS BOARD HOUSES...
...AND ALL GOOD LITTLE ANIMALS BEGIN THEIR DAY WITH A SMILE --
WAAAADE!
Y'EVER GET THAT FEELING THAT BY SOME BIZARRE COSMIC TWIST OF FATE...
...EVERY SWEET OUNCE OF COMMON SENSE YOU EVER HAD SLOSHING AWAY AT YOUR BRAINPAN...
...EVAPORATED OUT THROUGH YOUR PORES ALL AT ONCE AND LEFT YOU A FEW PEAS SHORT OF A CASSEROLE?
MAKE IT STOP! MAKE IT STOP OR SO HELP ME --!
LICK LICK LICK
SUGAR
I MEAN, I THINK I DONE A GOOD THING... BUT ALL THAT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK WITH MARY, IT'S GOT ME SECOND GUESSING...
GONNA MAKE GERMAN SHEPHERD CAKES IF YOU DON'T GET OFF OF ME --!
ROWLF? PANT PANT

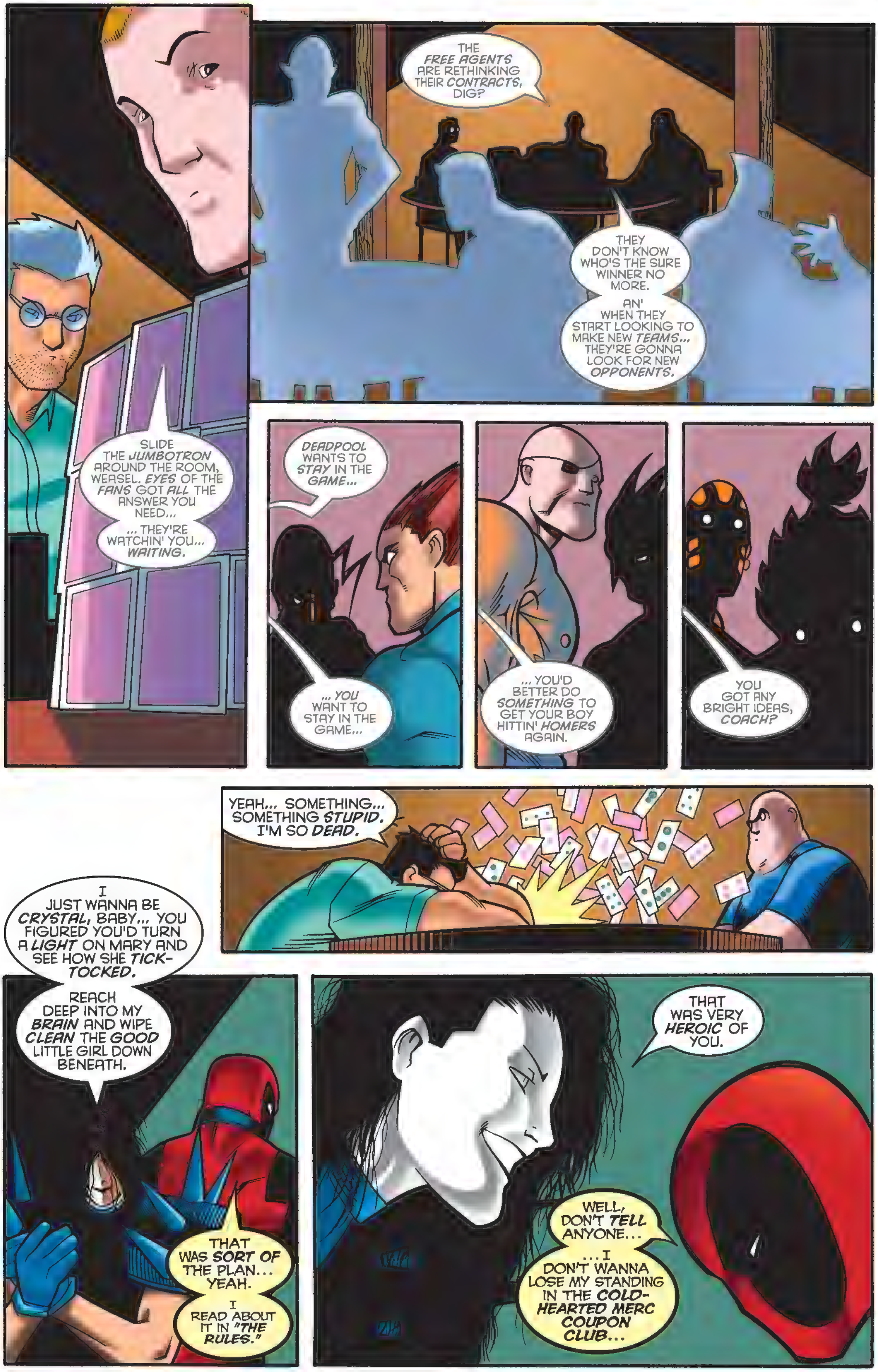

BUT ISN'T THIS WHAT THE "SORT OF GOOD GUYS" ARE SUPPOSED TO DO...
...HELP INSANE BROADS GET BACK ON TRACK INSTEAD OF JUST BLOWING THEM OUTTA THEIR KEDS WITH A BAZOOKA?
I MEAN, THAT'S WHAT SIRYN DID FOR ME (MINUS THE BROAD TECHNICALITY) SO WHY WOULDN'T I DO THE SAME FOR MARY?
STILL, SOMETHING ISN'T KOSHER -- SHE TOOK IT A LITTLE TOO WELL...
⊰KAK⊱ DOG BREATH... I'M GONNA BE SICK... ⊰COUGH⊱ WADE, I'M BEGGING HERE --
IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT YOU, ISN'T IT, AL?
"DEADPOOL, I FORGOT HOW TO WORK THE SALT SHAKER AGAIN...
"WADE, I CAN'T STOP THE BLEEDING...
"HELP. I'VE FALLEN AND I CAN'T REACH MY BEER..."
WHEN I GET UP, I SWEAR I'M GOING TO MAKE YOUR LIFE AN UNDREAMED OF HELL ON EARTH.
I'M STARTING TO GET THE IMPRESSION THAT YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR PRESENT, AL!
KEEP IT UP WITH THE INGRATITUDE AND I MIGHT HAVE TO SEND HIM BACK!
PLEASE! PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING! JUST GET THIS FLEA BAG OUT OF HERE.
NAH, YOU ALREADY DO ANYTHING... EVERYTHING, IN FACT. YOU'RE THE COOK, THE MAID, AND THE PRISONER, 'MEMBER?
NEXT WE'LL REVIEW TABLE MANNERS AND THE LOST BRADY EPISODES...
I'M GONNA GO BACK AND FIGURE THIS THING OUT. THANKS FOR NOTHING, AL. NEXT TIME, I'LL WRITE DEAR FLABBY...
WAAADE!
YOU EVER BEEN FIXED WITH A CHAINSAW, POOCHIE?
RUFFF

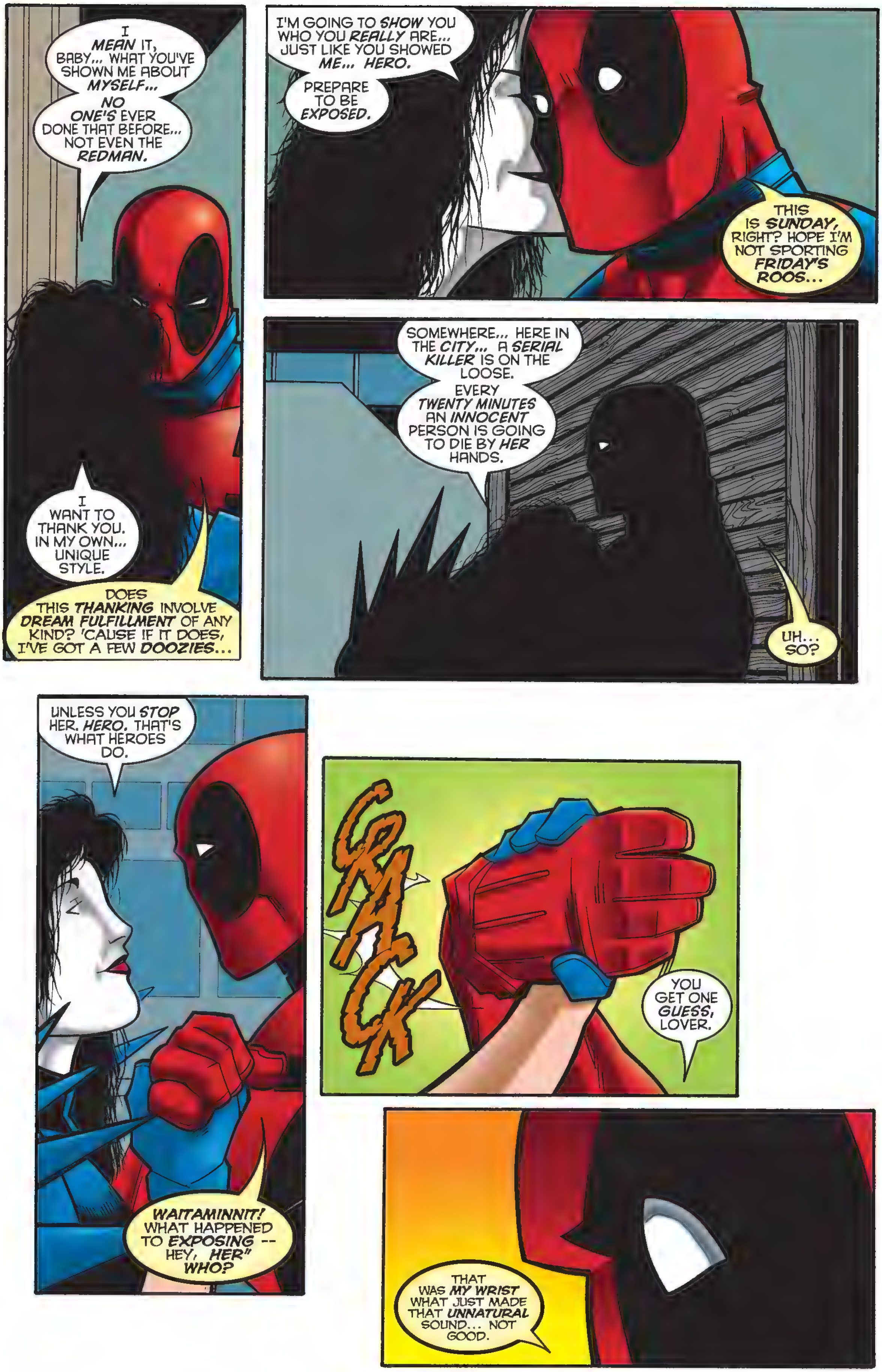

THE MERC WITH A MOUTH
Stan Lee PRESENTS
WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER HERO...
A RARELY USED WAREHOUSE IN QUEENS, NEW YORK.
ABANDONED, SAVE FOR THE VERMIN WHICH ARE LEGION HERE...
...AND THE PESTILENCE THAT FESTERS ON THEIR BACKS.
KELLY
WOODS
McGUINNES
DENTON
FANG
MASSENGILL
LEE
SOTOMAYOR
RS/COMICRAFT/AD
DIGITAL CHAMELEON
IDELSON
HARRAS
SO... YOU SLEEP OKAY?
...
NOT MUCH OF A MORNING PERSON, ARE YOU?

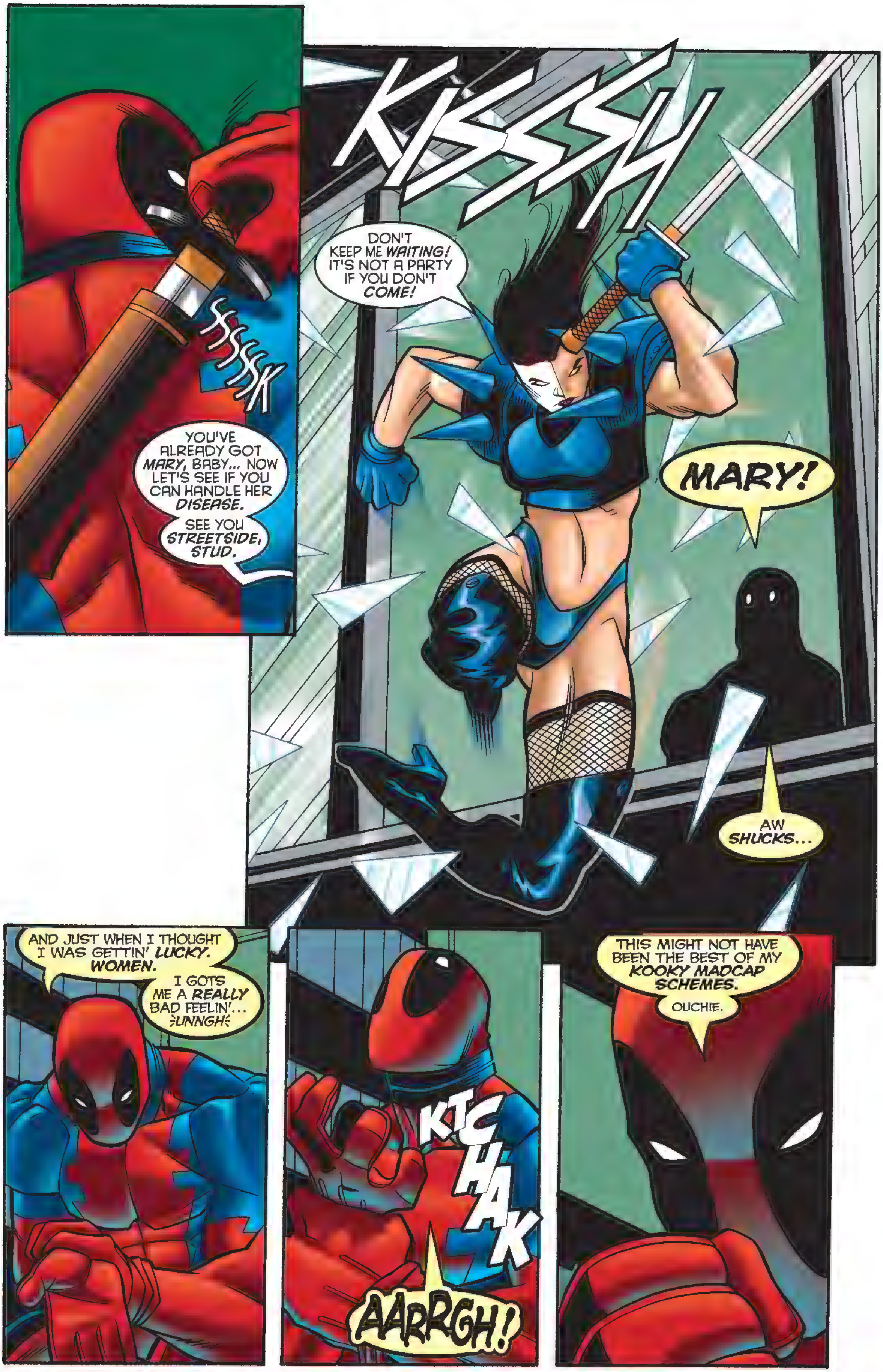


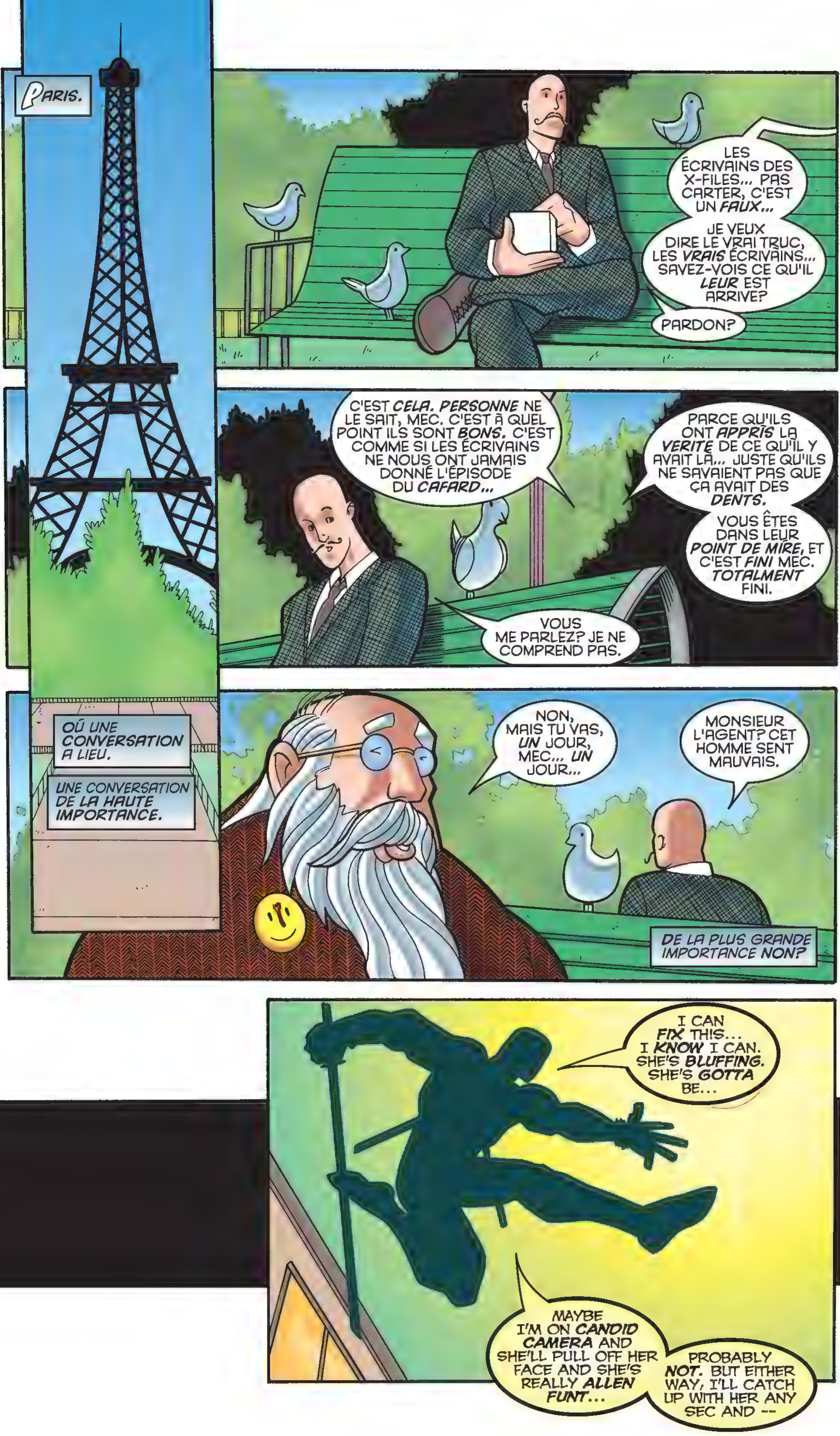
⋟HRRM⋞ I GUESS THIS IS WHAT YOU WOULD CALL THAT "AWKWARD MOMENT THE MORNING AFTER"... HEH...
PSYCHO KILLA'
CSE CASE
AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MORNING BREATH, OR WHO HOGGED THE COVERS, TOO... HEH... ⋟AHEM⋞
HOPE THE HUM OF THE MOTION DETECTOR DIDN'T KEEP YOU UP, BUT THE GUN WOULDN'T SHOOT ITSELF, RIGHT? YEAH...
CRAZY ACHMED'S 24 HOUR FALAFEL PALA
I SCORED US BREAKFAST... HUNGRY?
BUY BEFORE TEN AND ACHMED THROWS IN A COMMEMORATIVE GANDHI FALAFEL PRESS... IT FLATTENS FALAFEL PEACEFULLY.
OOOKAY... AND THAT ENDS THE SMALL TALK PORTION OF MY RAMBLINGS...
GUESS YOU'RE WAITING FOR AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHY I SET YOU UP, HUH?
ALRIGHT. FINE. RECENTLY... I'VE HAD MY OUTLOOK ON LIFE SHIFTED A LITTLE EENSY-TEENSY BIT TOWARDS THE POSITIVE --
-- WE'RE TALKIN' MINISCULE... LIKE PARAMECIUM BUTT SMALL HERE --
-- AS A RESULT, I THOUGHT THAT INSTEAD OF LETTING YOU EXECUTE YOUR REVENGE AGAINST DAREDEVIL, I'D HELP YOU LIKE I'VE BEEN HELPED...
NOT IN SOME B.S. PSYCHO-BABBLE WAY LIKE YOU WERE GETTING IN THE LOONEY BIN...
...BUT IN A KNOCK-DOWN TUSSLE WITH YOUR DEMONS, SO YOU COULD COME TO TERMS WITH WHO YOU ARE.

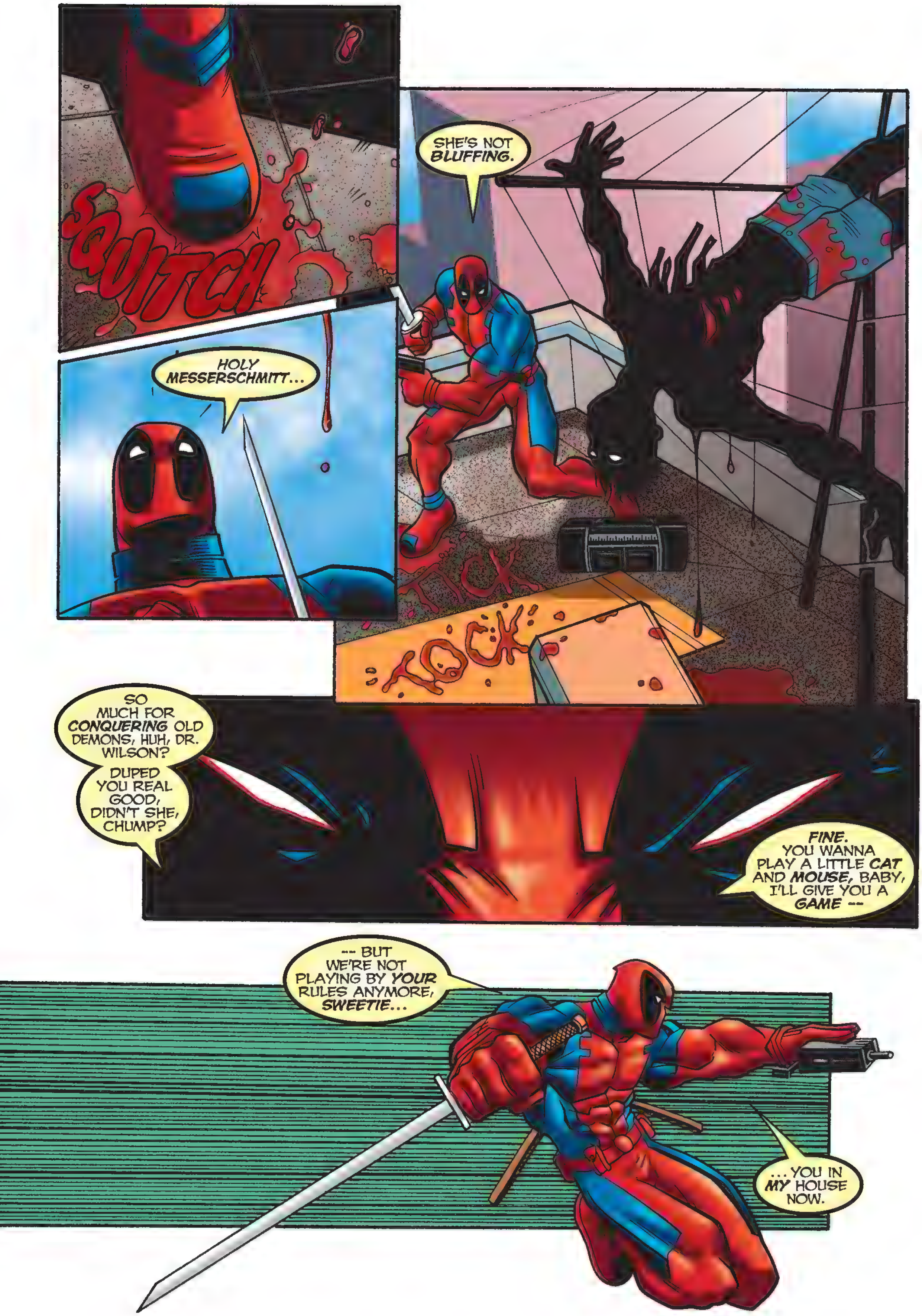

NOW I KNOW YOU'RE PLENTY *P.O.ED,* BUT UNLESS I KNOW THAT YOU'RE ALL *CHILLED OUT* AND READY TO *TALK...*
...I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU OUT, AND YOU'RE GONNA STARVE TO DEATH AND END UP AS RAT FOOD...
...WHICH WOULD SORT OF BE COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE TO THE WHOLE *"ME HELPING YOU HELP YOURSELF"* THING.
SO WHAT DO YOU *SAY?*
MMGLFF
CAN I HAVE MY *LIPS* BACK NOW SO I CAN SAY *"GUH"?*
MEANWHILE, HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY, IN A PLACE WHERE SUCH *ROMANTIC* EXPLOITS ARE *EXTINCT...*
...THE HELLHOUSE.
I WANT TO *DEFEND* HIM TOO, *WEASEL,* BUT...
DEADPOOL LEFT THE *FIELD* LIKE A *LOSER,* DUDE. A *"SAY IT AIN'T SO" DISGRACE.*
Oh, COME ON, *FENWAY.* IT WASN'T *THAT* BAD!
I MEAN, WHAT *T-RAY* DID WAS THE EQUIVALENT OF A *STUPID PRANK.* WHY SHOULD *WADE* WASTE *AMMUNITION* RETALIATING AGAINST THAT?
THAT WAS SOME *PRANK,* WEAZ... BURNED THE GUY'S *FACE* OFF.

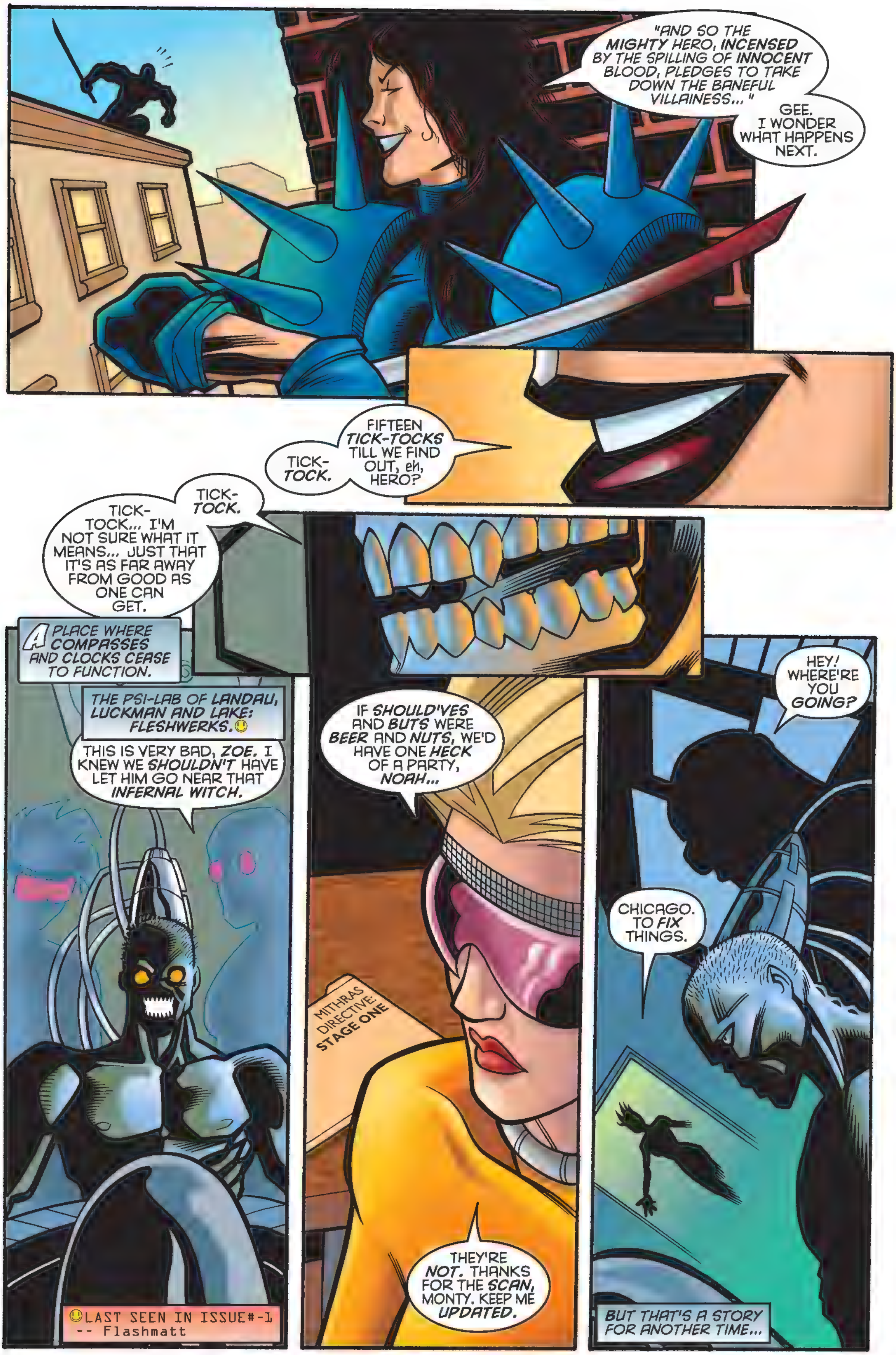

SLIDE THE *JUMBOTRON* AROUND THE ROOM, WEASEL. *EYES* OF THE *FANS* GOT *ALL* THE ANSWER YOU NEED...
...THEY'RE WATCHIN' YOU... *WAITING.*
THE *FREE AGENTS* ARE RETHINKING THEIR *CONTRACTS,* DIG?
THEY DON'T KNOW WHO'S THE SURE WINNER NO MORE.
AN' WHEN THEY START LOOKING TO MAKE NEW *TEAMS...* THEY'RE GONNA LOOK FOR NEW *OPPONENTS.*
DEADPOOL WANTS TO *STAY* IN THE *GAME...*
...*YOU* WANT TO STAY IN THE GAME...
...YOU'D BETTER DO *SOMETHING* TO GET YOUR BOY HITTIN' *HOMERS* AGAIN.
YOU GOT ANY BRIGHT IDEAS, *COACH?*
YEAH... SOMETHING... SOMETHING *STUPID.* I'M SO *DEAD.*
I JUST WANNA BE *CRYSTAL,* BABY... YOU FIGURED YOU'D TURN A *LIGHT* ON MARY AND SEE HOW SHE *TICK-TOCKED.*
REACH DEEP INTO MY *BRAIN* AND WIPE *CLEAN* THE *GOOD* LITTLE GIRL DOWN BENEATH.
THAT WAS *SORT OF* THE PLAN... YEAH.
I READ ABOUT IT IN *"THE RULES."*
THAT WAS VERY *HEROIC* OF YOU.
WELL, DON'T *TELL* ANYONE...
...I DON'T WANNA LOSE MY STANDING IN THE *COLD-HEARTED MERC COUPON CLUB...*

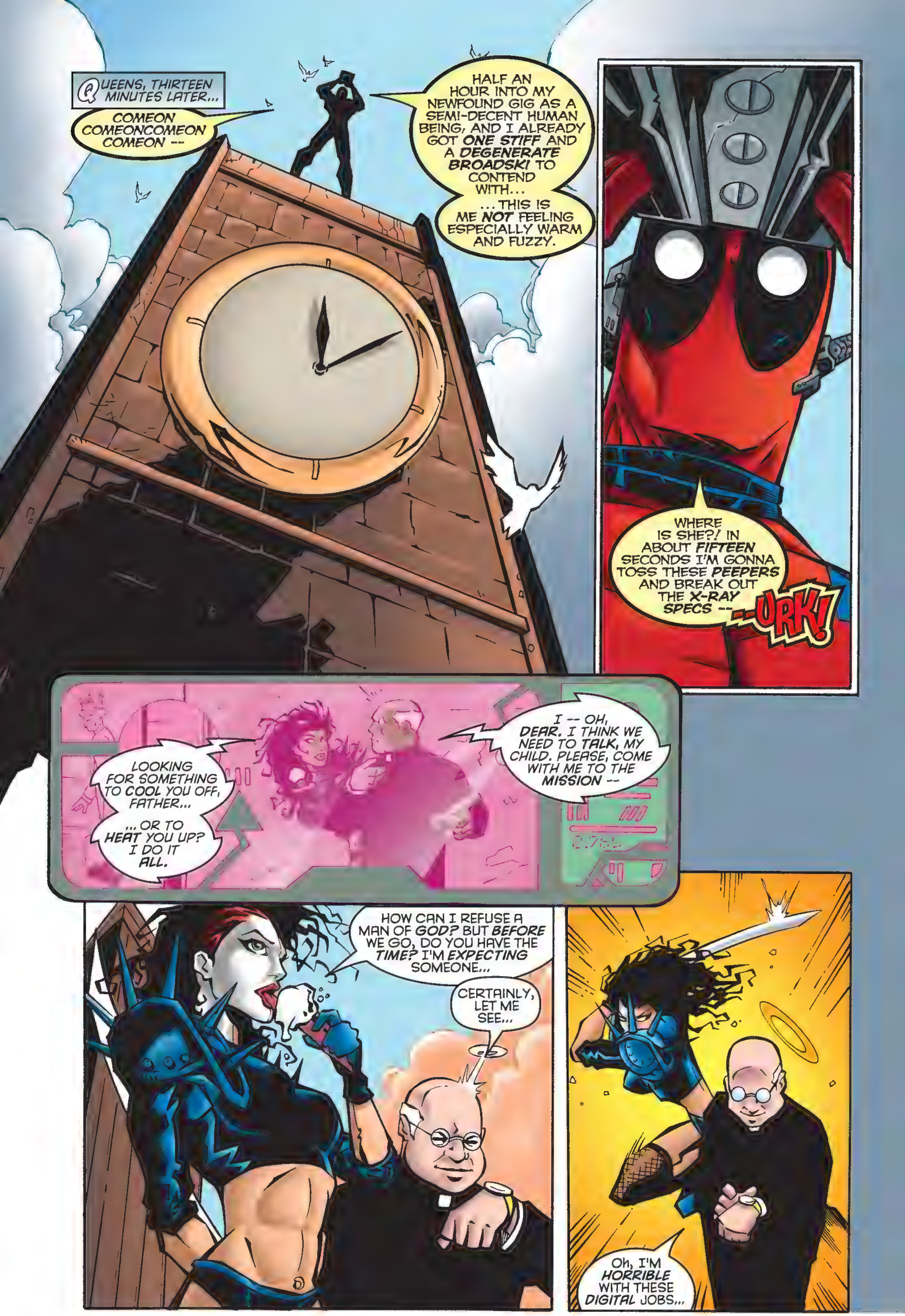

I MEAN IT, BABY... WHAT YOU'VE SHOWN ME ABOUT MYSELF...
NO ONE'S EVER DONE THAT BEFORE... NOT EVEN THE REDMAN.
I WANT TO THANK YOU. IN MY OWN... UNIQUE STYLE.
DOES THIS THANKING INVOLVE DREAM FULFILLMENT OF ANY KIND? 'CAUSE IF IT DOES, I'VE GOT A FEW DOOZIES...
I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHO YOU REALLY ARE... JUST LIKE YOU SHOWED ME... HERO.
PREPARE TO BE EXPOSED.
THIS IS SUNDAY, RIGHT? HOPE I'M NOT SPORTING FRIDAY'S ROOS...
SOMEWHERE... HERE IN THE CITY... A SERIAL KILLER IS ON THE LOOSE.
EVERY TWENTY MINUTES AN INNOCENT PERSON IS GOING TO DIE BY HER HANDS.
UH... SO?
UNLESS YOU STOP HER, HERO. THAT'S WHAT HEROES DO.
WAITAMINNIT! WHAT HAPPENED TO EXPOSING -- HEY, "HER" WHO?
CRACK
YOU GET ONE GUESS, LOVER.
THAT WAS MY WRIST WHAT JUST MADE THAT UNNATURAL SOUND... NOT GOOD.

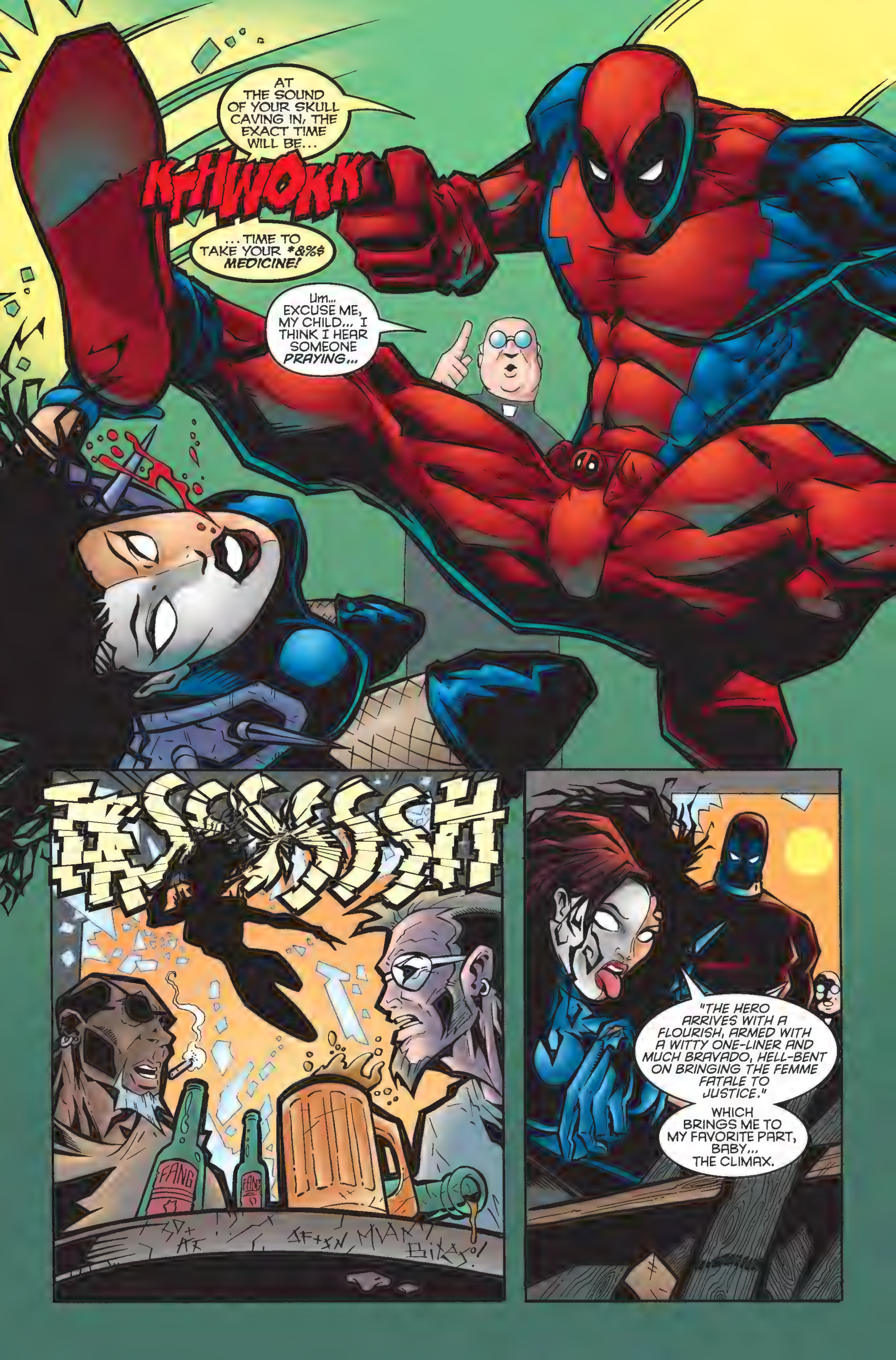

SSSSK
YOU'VE ALREADY GOT MARY, BABY... NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN HANDLE HER DISEASE.
SEE YOU STREETSIDE, STUD.
KISSSH
DON'T KEEP ME WAITING! IT'S NOT A PARTY IF YOU DON'T COME!
MARY!
AW SHUCKS...
AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS GETTIN' LUCKY. WOMEN.
I GOTS ME A REALLY BAD FEELIN'... UNNGH
KTCHAK
AARRGH!
THIS MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN THE BEST OF MY KOOKY MADCAP SCHEMES.
OUCHIE.

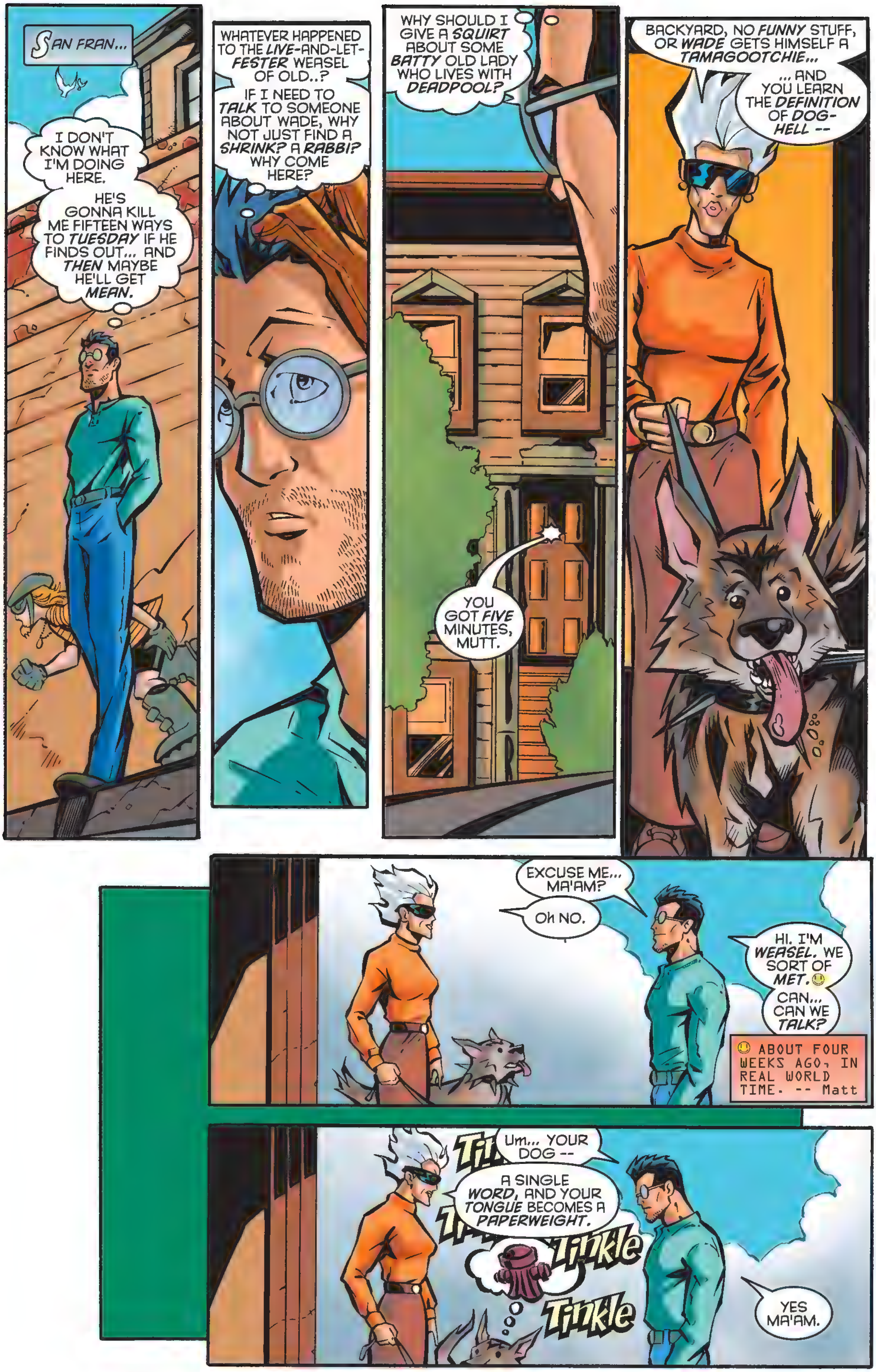

PARIS.
LES ÉCRIVAINS DES X-FILES... PAS CARTER, C'EST UN *FAUX*...
JE VEUX DIRE LE VRAI TRUC, LES *VRAIS* ÉCRIVAINS... SAVEZ-VOIS CE QU'IL *LEUR* EST ARRIVE?
PARDON?
C'EST *CELA. PERSONNE* NE LE SAIT, MEC. C'EST À QUEL POINT ILS SONT *BONS.* C'EST COMME SI LES ÉCRIVAINS NE NOUS ONT JAMAIS DONNÉ L'ÉPISODE DU *CAFARD*...
PARCE QU'ILS ONT *APPRIS* LA *VERITE* DE CE QU'IL Y AVAIT LÀ... JUSTE QU'ILS NE SAVAIENT PAS QUE ÇA AVAIT DES *DENTS.*
VOUS ÊTES DANS LEUR *POINT DE MIRE,* ET C'EST *FINI* MEC. *TOTALMENT* FINI.
VOUS ME PARLEZ? JE NE COMPREND PAS.
OÚ UNE CONVERSATION A LIEU.
UNE CONVERSATION DE LA HAUTE IMPORTANCE.
NON, MAIS TU VAS, *UN* JOUR, MEC... *UN* JOUR...
MONSIEUR L'AGENT? CET HOMME SENT MAUVAIS.
DE LA PLUS GRANDE IMPORTANCE NON?
I CAN *FIX* THIS... I *KNOW* I CAN. SHE'S *BLUFFING.* SHE'S *GOTTA* BE...
MAYBE I'M ON *CANDID CAMERA* AND SHE'LL PULL OFF HER FACE AND SHE'S REALLY *ALLEN FUNT*...
PROBABLY *NOT.* BUT EITHER WAY, I'LL CATCH UP WITH HER ANY SEC AND --

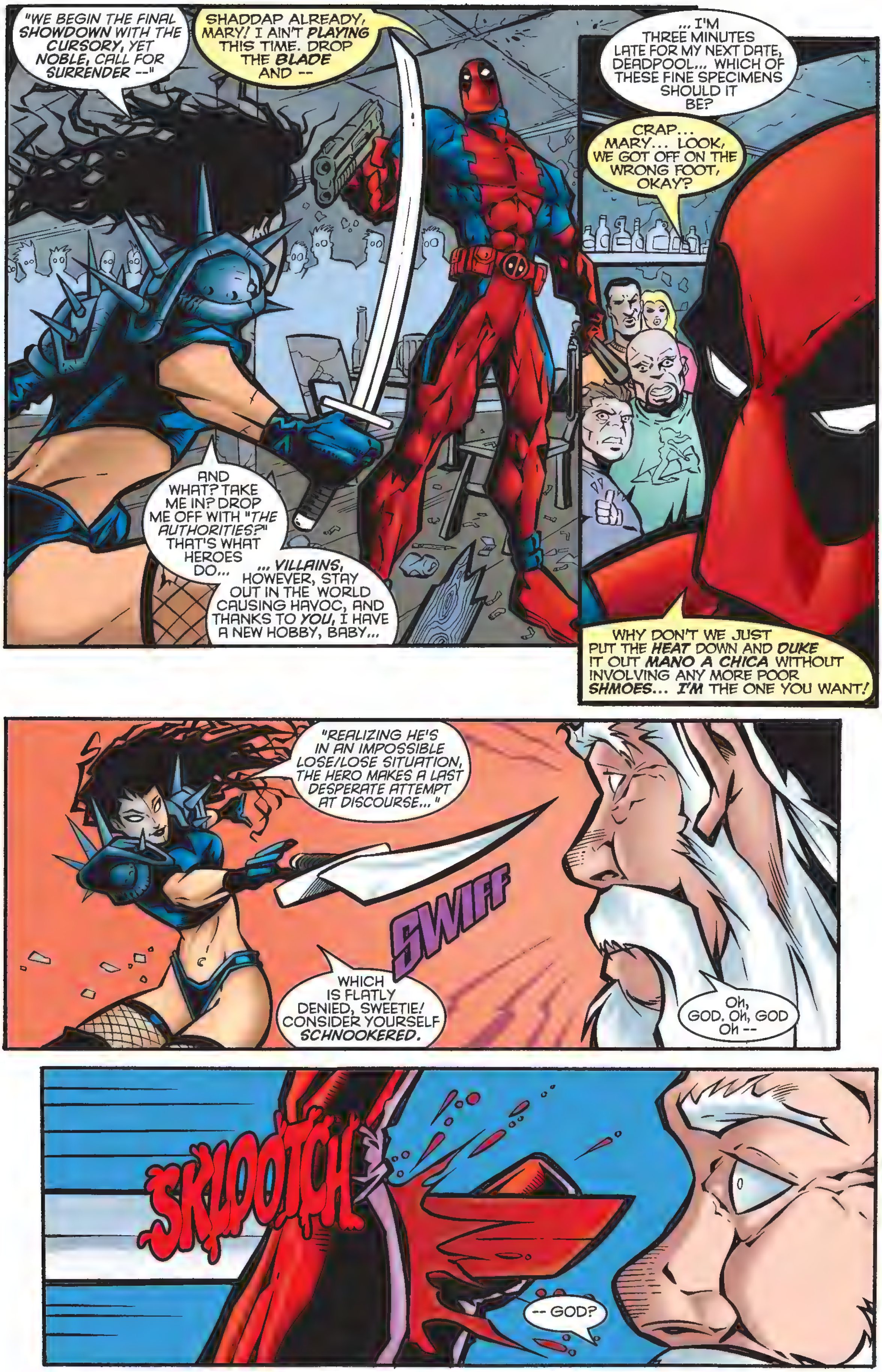

SQUITCH
HOLY MESSERSCHMITT...
SHE'S NOT BLUFFING.
TICK
TOCK
SO MUCH FOR CONQUERING OLD DEMONS, HUH, DR. WILSON?
DUPED YOU REAL GOOD, DIDN'T SHE, CHUMP?
FINE. YOU WANNA PLAY A LITTLE CAT AND MOUSE, BABY, I'LL GIVE YOU A GAME --
-- BUT WE'RE NOT PLAYING BY YOUR RULES ANYMORE, SWEETIE...
...YOU IN MY HOUSE NOW.

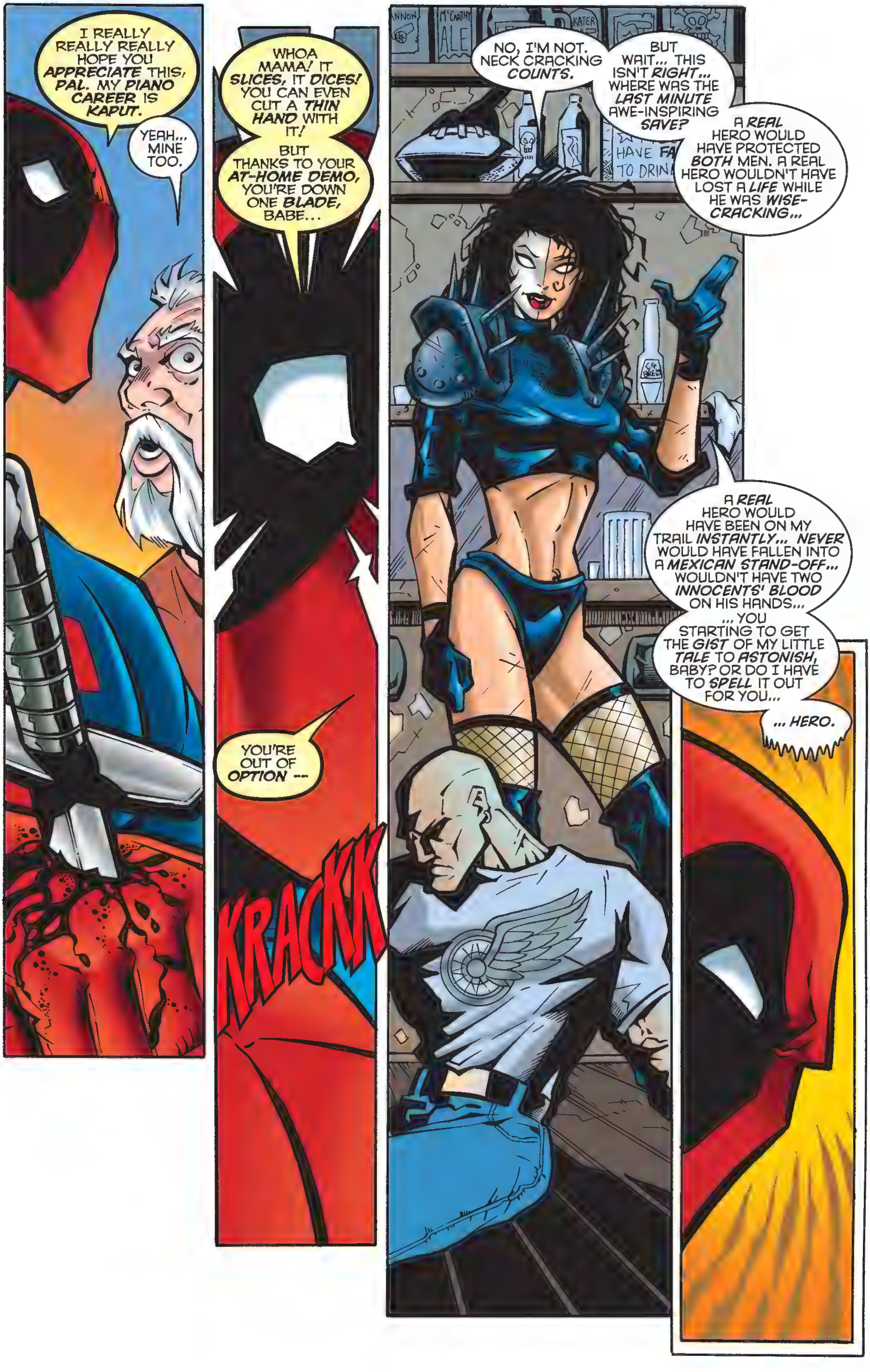

"AND SO THE MIGHTY HERO, INCENSED BY THE SPILLING OF INNOCENT BLOOD, PLEDGES TO TAKE DOWN THE BANEFUL VILLAINESS..."
GEE. I WONDER WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
FIFTEEN TICK-TOCKS TILL WE FIND OUT, eh, HERO?
TICK-TOCK.
TICK-TOCK.
TICK-TOCK... I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT MEANS... JUST THAT IT'S AS FAR AWAY FROM GOOD AS ONE CAN GET.
A PLACE WHERE COMPASSES AND CLOCKS CEASE TO FUNCTION.
THE PSI-LAB OF LANDAU, LUCKMAN AND LAKE: FLESHWERKS.
THIS IS VERY BAD, ZOE. I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM GO NEAR THAT INFERNAL WITCH.
LAST SEEN IN ISSUE #-1 -- Flashmatt
IF SHOULD'VES AND BUTS WERE BEER AND NUTS, WE'D HAVE ONE HECK OF A PARTY, NOAH...
MITHRAS DIRECTIVE: STAGE ONE
THEY'RE NOT. THANKS FOR THE SCAN, MONTY. KEEP ME UPDATED.
HEY! WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
CHICAGO. TO FIX THINGS.
BUT THAT'S A STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME...

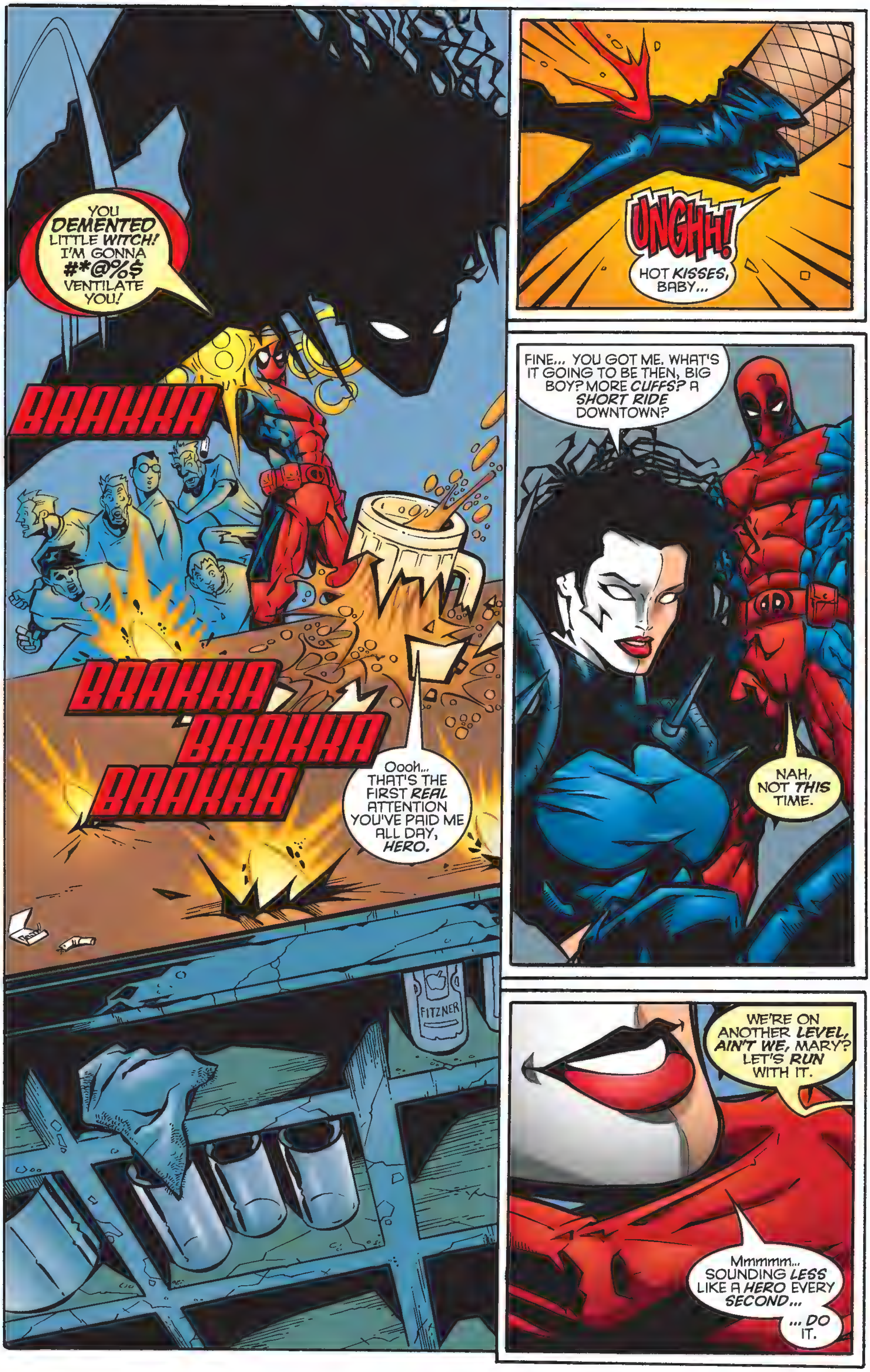

QUEENS, THIRTEEN MINUTES LATER...
COMEON COMEONCOMEON COMEON --
HALF AN HOUR INTO MY NEWFOUND GIG AS A SEMI-DECENT HUMAN BEING, AND I ALREADY GOT ONE STIFF AND A DEGENERATE BROADSKI TO CONTEND WITH...
...THIS IS ME NOT FEELING ESPECIALLY WARM AND FUZZY.
WHERE IS SHE?! IN ABOUT FIFTEEN SECONDS I'M GONNA TOSS THESE PEEPERS AND BREAK OUT THE X-RAY SPECS --
--URK!
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO COOL YOU OFF, FATHER...
...OR TO HEAT YOU UP? I DO IT ALL.
I -- OH, DEAR. I THINK WE NEED TO TALK, MY CHILD. PLEASE, COME WITH ME TO THE MISSION --
HOW CAN I REFUSE A MAN OF GOD? BUT BEFORE WE GO, DO YOU HAVE THE TIME? I'M EXPECTING SOMEONE...
CERTAINLY, LET ME SEE...
Oh, I'M HORRIBLE WITH THESE DIGITAL JOBS...

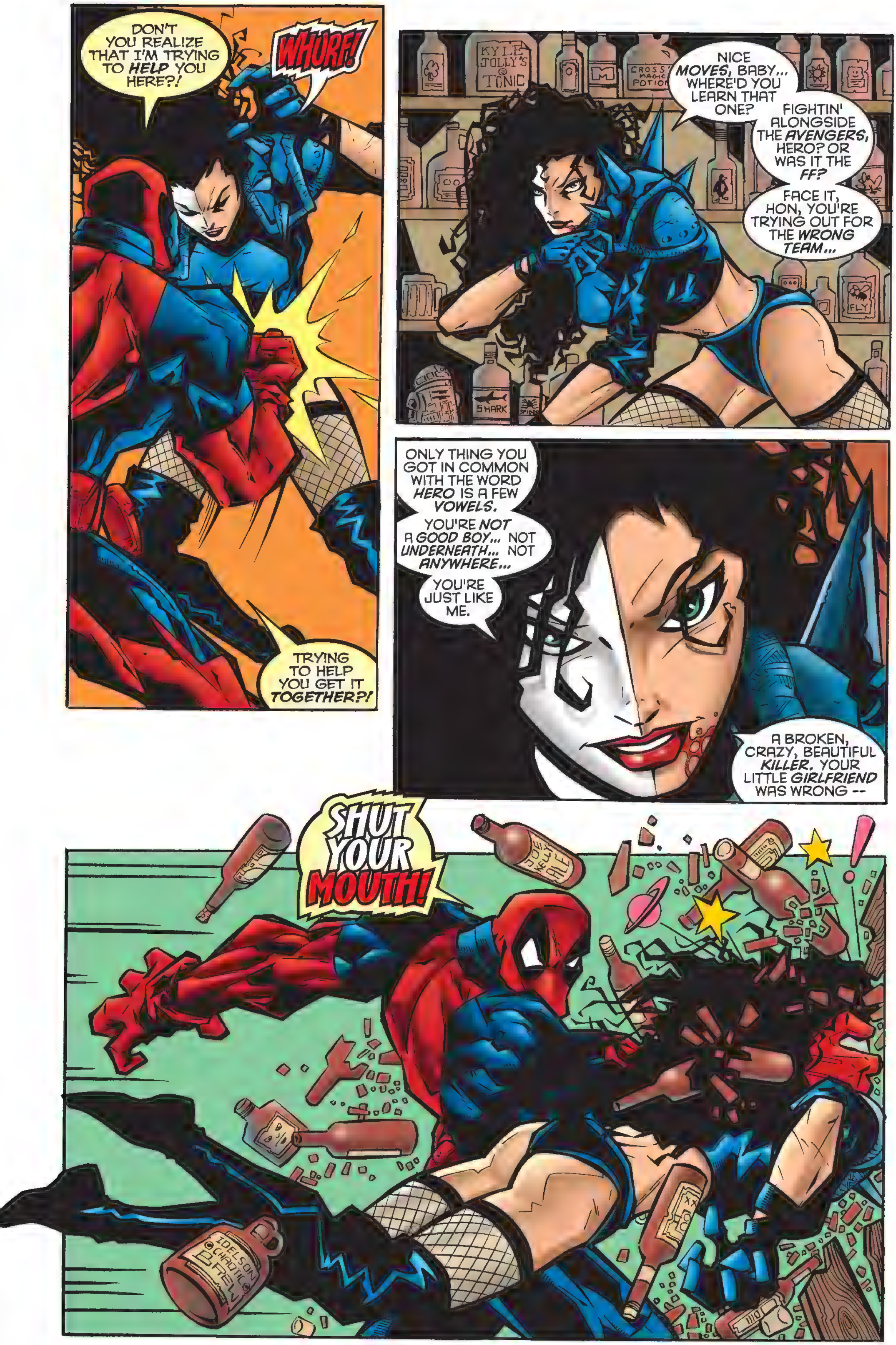

AT THE SOUND OF YOUR SKULL CAVING IN, THE EXACT TIME WILL BE...
KRHWOKK
...TIME TO TAKE YOUR *&%$ *MEDICINE!*
Um... EXCUSE ME, MY CHILD... I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE *PRAYING...*
KRSSSSSSH
FANG
FANG
SD + AT
JF + IN
Bikers!
"THE HERO ARRIVES WITH A FLOURISH, ARMED WITH A WITTY ONE-LINER AND MUCH BRAVADO, HELL-BENT ON BRINGING THE FEMME FATALE TO JUSTICE."
WHICH BRINGS ME TO MY FAVORITE PART, BABY... THE CLIMAX.

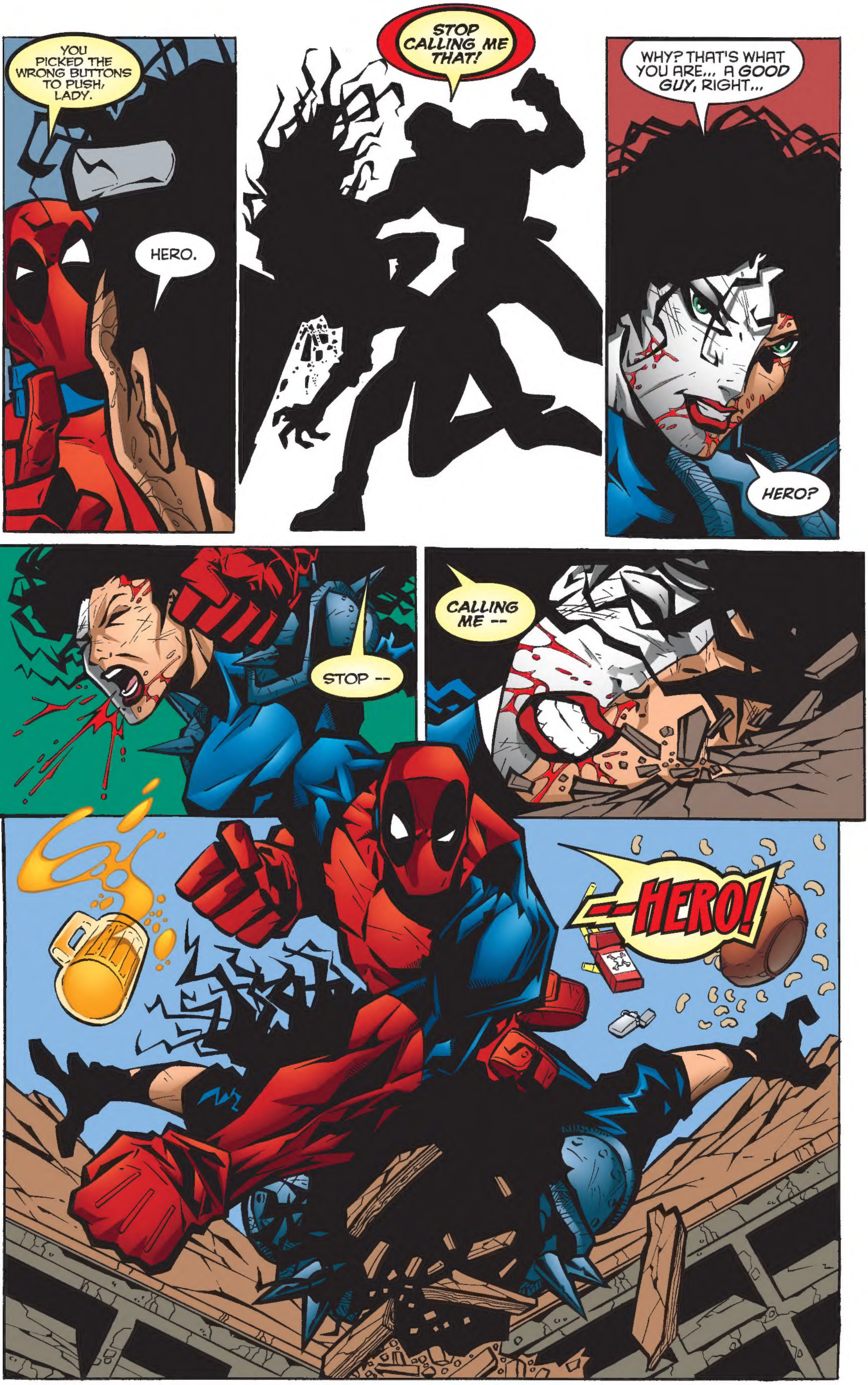

SAN FRAN...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE.
HE'S GONNA KILL ME FIFTEEN WAYS TO *TUESDAY* IF HE FINDS OUT... AND *THEN* MAYBE HE'LL GET *MEAN.*
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE *LIVE*-AND-LET-*FESTER* WEASEL OF OLD..?
IF I NEED TO *TALK* TO SOMEONE ABOUT WADE, WHY NOT JUST FIND A *SHRINK?* A *RABBI?* WHY COME HERE?
WHY SHOULD I GIVE A *SQUIRT* ABOUT SOME *BATTY* OLD LADY WHO LIVES WITH *DEADPOOL?*
YOU GOT *FIVE* MINUTES, MUTT.
BACKYARD, NO *FUNNY* STUFF, OR *WADE* GETS HIMSELF A *TAMAGOOTCHIE...*
... AND YOU LEARN THE *DEFINITION* OF *DOG-HELL* --
EXCUSE ME... MA'AM?
Oh NO.
HI. I'M *WEASEL.* WE SORT OF *MET.*☺
CAN... CAN WE *TALK?*
☺ ABOUT FOUR WEEKS AGO, IN REAL WORLD TIME. -- Matt
Um... YOUR DOG --
Tinkle
A SINGLE *WORD,* AND YOUR *TONGUE* BECOMES A *PAPERWEIGHT.*
Tinkle
Tinkle
Tinkle
YES MA'AM.

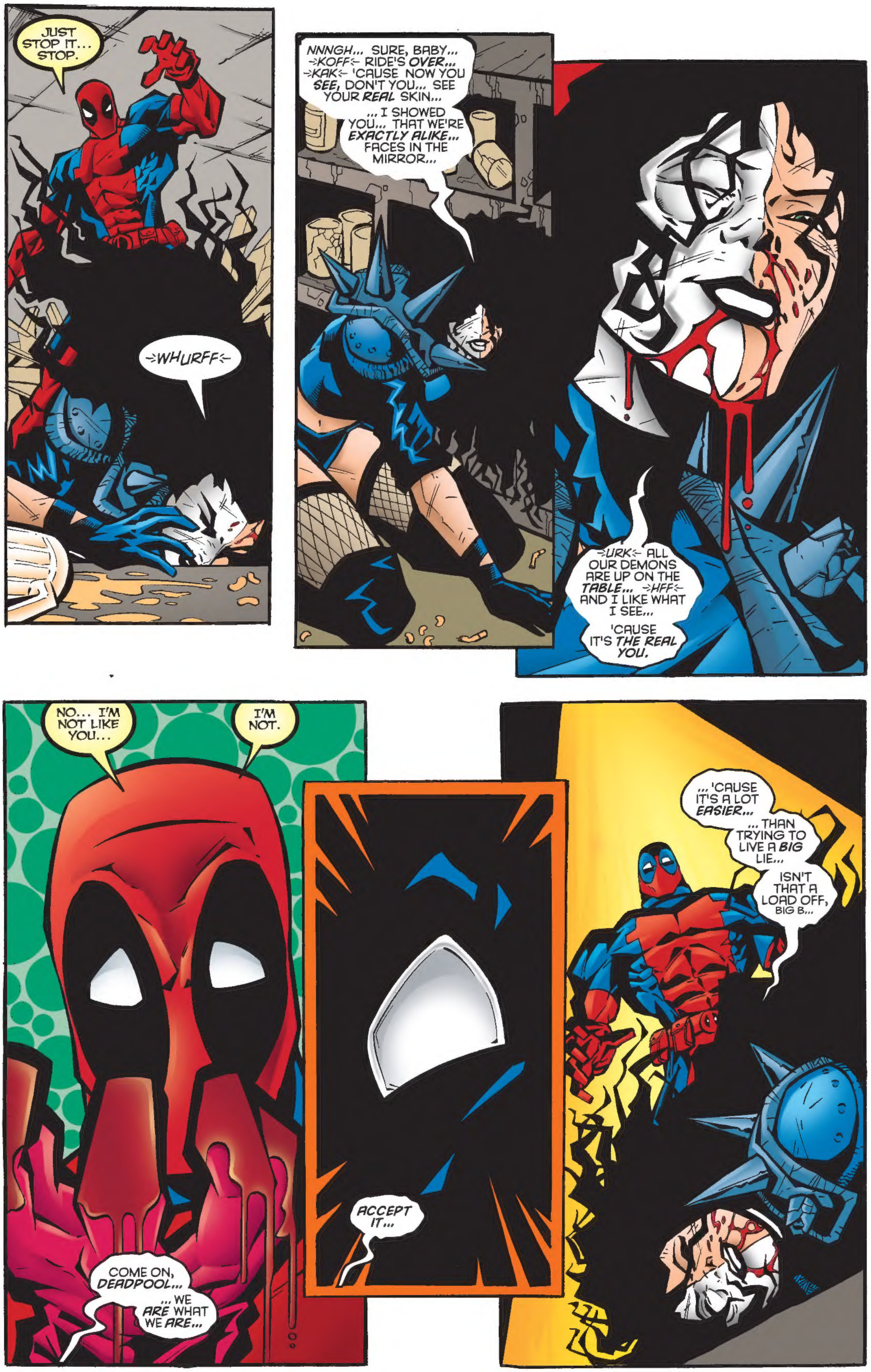

"WE BEGIN THE FINAL *SHOWDOWN* WITH THE *CURSORY*, YET *NOBLE*, CALL FOR *SURRENDER* --"
SHADDAP ALREADY, MARY! I AIN'T *PLAYING* THIS TIME. DROP THE *BLADE* AND --
AND WHAT? TAKE ME IN? DROP ME OFF WITH "*THE AUTHORITIES?*" THAT'S WHAT HEROES DO...
...*VILLAINS*, HOWEVER, STAY OUT IN THE WORLD CAUSING HAVOC, AND THANKS TO *YOU*, I HAVE A NEW HOBBY, BABY...
...I'M THREE MINUTES LATE FOR MY NEXT DATE, DEADPOOL... WHICH OF THESE FINE SPECIMENS SHOULD IT BE?
CRAP... MARY... LOOK, WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT, OKAY?
WHY DON'T WE JUST PUT THE ***HEAT*** DOWN AND ***DUKE*** IT OUT ***MANO A CHICA*** WITHOUT INVOLVING ANY MORE POOR ***SHMOES... I'M*** THE ONE YOU WANT!
"REALIZING HE'S IN AN IMPOSSIBLE LOSE/LOSE SITUATION, THE HERO MAKES A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT AT DISCOURSE..."
SWIFF
WHICH IS FLATLY DENIED, SWEETIE! CONSIDER YOURSELF ***SCHNOOKERED.***
Oh, GOD. Oh, GOD Oh --
SKLOOTCH
-- GOD?

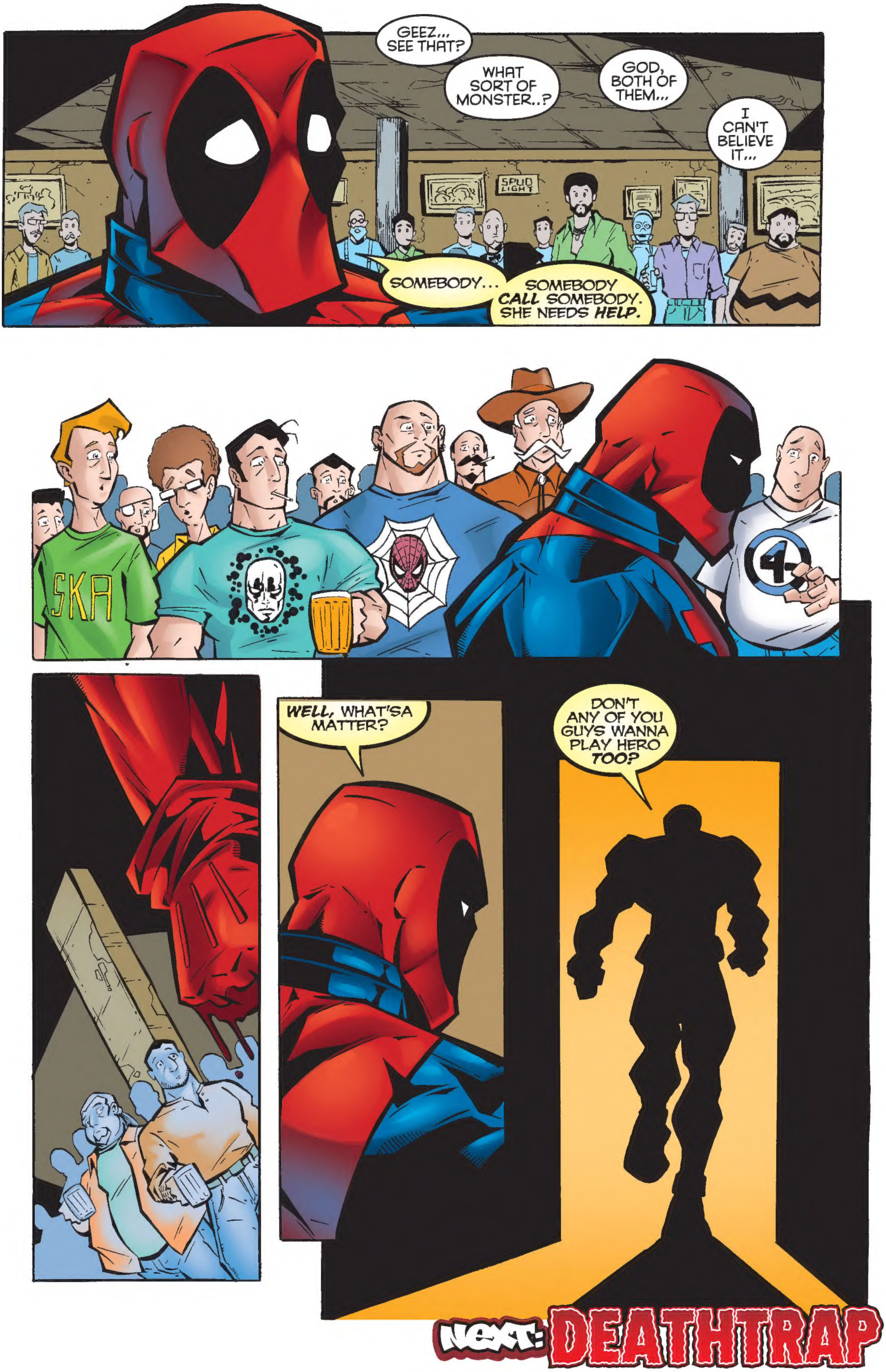

I REALLY REALLY REALLY HOPE YOU *APPRECIATE* THIS, *PAL*. MY *PIANO CAREER* IS *KAPUT*.
YEAH... MINE TOO.
WHOA *MAMA!* IT *SLICES*, IT *DICES!* YOU CAN EVEN CUT A *THIN HAND* WITH IT!
BUT THANKS TO YOUR *AT-HOME DEMO*, YOU'RE DOWN ONE *BLADE*, BABE...
YOU'RE OUT OF *OPTION* ---
KRACKK
NO, I'M NOT. NECK CRACKING *COUNTS*.
BUT WAIT... THIS ISN'T *RIGHT*... WHERE WAS THE *LAST MINUTE* AWE-INSPIRING *SAVE?*
A *REAL* HERO WOULD HAVE PROTECTED *BOTH* MEN. A REAL HERO WOULDN'T HAVE LOST A *LIFE* WHILE HE WAS *WISE-CRACKING*...
A *REAL* HERO WOULD HAVE BEEN ON MY TRAIL *INSTANTLY*... *NEVER* WOULD HAVE FALLEN INTO A *MEXICAN STAND-OFF*... WOULDN'T HAVE TWO *INNOCENTS' BLOOD* ON HIS HANDS...
...YOU STARTING TO GET THE *GIST* OF MY LITTLE *TALE* TO *ASTONISH*, BABY? OR DO I HAVE TO *SPELL* IT OUT FOR YOU...
...*HERO*.


YOU DEMENTED LITTLE WITCH! I'M GONNA #*@%$ VENTILATE YOU!
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
Oooh... THAT'S THE FIRST REAL ATTENTION YOU'VE PAID ME ALL DAY, HERO.
FITZNER
UNGHH!
HOT KISSES, BABY...
FINE... YOU GOT ME. WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE THEN, BIG BOY? MORE CUFFS? A SHORT RIDE DOWNTOWN?
NAH, NOT THIS TIME.
WE'RE ON ANOTHER LEVEL, AIN'T WE, MARY? LET'S RUN WITH IT.
Mmmmm... SOUNDING LESS LIKE A HERO EVERY SECOND...
...DO IT.


DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU HERE?!
WHURF!
TRYING TO HELP YOU GET IT TOGETHER?!
KYLE JOLLY'S TONIC
CROSS MAGIC POTION
NICE MOVES, BABY... WHERE'D YOU LEARN THAT ONE?
FIGHTIN' ALONGSIDE THE AVENGERS, HERO? OR WAS IT THE FF?
FACE IT, HON, YOU'RE TRYING OUT FOR THE WRONG TEAM...
FLY
SHARK
SPIDER
ONLY THING YOU GOT IN COMMON WITH THE WORD HERO IS A FEW VOWELS.
YOU'RE NOT A GOOD BOY... NOT UNDERNEATH... NOT ANYWHERE...
YOU'RE JUST LIKE ME.
A BROKEN, CRAZY, BEAUTIFUL KILLER. YOUR LITTLE GIRLFRIEND WAS WRONG --
SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
JOE KELLY ALE
IDELSON CHAOTIC BREW


YOU PICKED THE WRONG BUTTONS TO PUSH, LADY.
HERO.
STOP CALLING ME THAT!
WHY? THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE... A *GOOD GUY*, RIGHT...
HERO?
STOP --
CALLING ME --
--HERO!


JUST STOP IT... STOP.
⇒WHURFF⇐
NNNGH... SURE, BABY... ⇒KOFF⇐ RIDE'S OVER... ⇒KAK⇐ 'CAUSE NOW YOU SEE, DON'T YOU... SEE YOUR REAL SKIN...
... I SHOWED YOU... THAT WE'RE EXACTLY ALIKE... FACES IN THE MIRROR...
⇒URK⇐ ALL OUR DEMONS ARE UP ON THE TABLE... ⇒HFF⇐ AND I LIKE WHAT I SEE...
'CAUSE IT'S THE REAL YOU.
NO... I'M NOT LIKE YOU...
I'M NOT.
COME ON, DEADPOOL...
... WE ARE WHAT WE ARE...
ACCEPT IT...
... 'CAUSE IT'S A LOT EASIER...
... THAN TRYING TO LIVE A BIG LIE...
ISN'T THAT A LOAD OFF, BIG B...


GEEZ... SEE THAT?
WHAT SORT OF MONSTER..?
GOD, BOTH OF THEM...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...
SPUD LIGHT
SOMEBODY... SOMEBODY CALL SOMEBODY. SHE NEEDS HELP.
SKA
4
WELL, WHAT'SA MATTER?
DON'T ANY OF YOU GUYS WANNA PLAY HERO TOO?
NEXT: DEATHTRAP

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